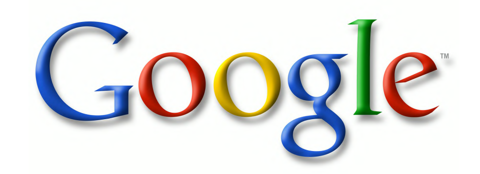
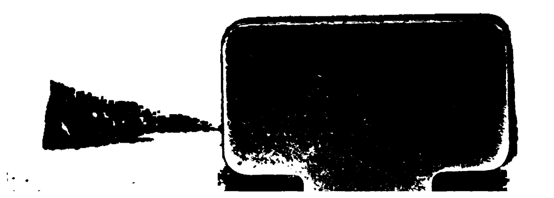




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LETTERS.



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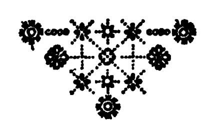
LETTERS

OF

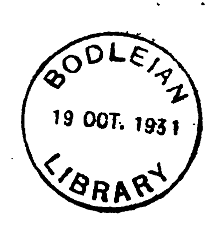
Madame de MAINTENON.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

VOLUME the FIRST.



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19 OCT. 1931
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PREFACE.

I Shall give myſelf very little Trouble in proving the Authenticity of theſe Letters: Whoever peruſes them, will find in them Marks of Genuineneſs much too ſtrong to admit of the leaſt Doubt.

It muſt be own'd however, that they have leſs of Humour, of Levity, of Wit, than thoſe of Madame *Sevigné*; but they are at leaſt as natural, more intereſting, and abound with ſtronger Senſe. Madame *de Maintenon* will from henceforth hold her Rank among the beſt Writers of the Age of *Lewis* XIV.

By a Promiſe of Secrecy, I am not at Liberty to ſay from what Hand theſe Letters came: Why this ſhould be required I know not, for my own Part; I ſee nothing in them either to prejudice

prejudice or displease any one: But, Secrecy has been enjoined, and it was my Business to acquiesce.

Hitherto Mankind have been much divided in their Sentiments of Madame *de Maintenon*. Some have looked upon her as a designing Coquette; others have taken her for a Woman of precise affected Piety: But I cannot be of Opinion that these Characters will be found in her Letters. Some will say she was of an unsettled Disposition; others, that she owed her Elevation more to Chance, than to good Sense and Virtue; The Coxcomb will allow her to be a very narrow Genius; the Pensive will regard her uncommon Piety as a political Refinement only, and fancy he can deduce Proofs of Dissimulation from her devout and mystical Stile.

For myself, who would esteem nothing that appears unworthy of it, I must be suffered to admire this Lady, leaving others to look into her Heart, and pass Judgment on it. Her Character is too conspicuous in these art-

less

lefs Billets, wrote to Perfons with whom fhe had not the leaft Neceffity for political Fetches, not to prevail at length over the Malignity of the human Heart.

Let thofe who doubt of her fuperior Genius, reflect only on her Fortune: Is it poffible to foar on high without Wings? or can fuch a Flight be maintained without Efforts and without Vigour?

It is true Madame *de Maintenon* was devout, perhaps more fo than was neceffary at *Verfailles*: But how many good Qualities muft not fhe have had, who, whilft fome at Court were imitating her Piety, could induce the reft to excufe her in the Exercife of it!

The Publication of thefe Letters, it is prefumed, will have its Ufe; they will at leaft fhew that refined political Schemes are no Ways incompatible with a Tafte for the moft fublime Devotion, and that it is poffible at the fame Time to love St. *Therefa* and *Tacitus*.

Thofe

Thoſe who look for Intrigue, may ſpare themſelves the Trouble of reading theſe Letters. The Elevation of Madame *de Maintenon* had nothing in it but what was lawful and natural; and ſhe was therefore the Wonder of the Age ſhe lived in.

In this Collection are inſerted many that were written to her by eminent Perſons; not in order to ſwell the Volume, but ſolely with a View of adding to the Pleaſure of the Reader: I am not certain whether every one of them may be placed in exact Order of Time.

There are other Letters of Madame *de Maintenon* (and ſome of Madame *de Monteſpan*) not printed in this Volume, which will ſhortly be publiſhed.

In this new Edition, the Tranſlator has thought proper to add the 266th Letter, from the firſt Volume of the *Tatler*, where it was formerly publiſhed.

LETTERS
OF
Madame De Maintenon.

LETTER I.

To Mademoiselle De St. Hermant.

Niort, ———, 1660.

YOU flatter me, Madam, indeed too much, and treat me, almoſt, as if I were of the other Sex. Your Encomiums on me really carry more Flattery in them than thoſe of Monſieur *De M*———: His Praiſes are more paſſionate, but they are leſs tender than yours: I ſhould, in Truth, be ſhy of a Lover that could find a Way to my Heart with the ſame Addreſs as you get Admittance to it. *Paris* would be little regretted by me, were you abſent from it: You eclipſe every Thing that pleaſes me in that City. The Tears we have

ſhed together I ſhall never forget; every Time I think of them, I weep again; and as often as I ſit upon that Chair of your own working, what new Delight does it afford me! When I find myſelf in the Humour to write to you, I am neither ſatisfied with my Expreſſions nor my Thoughts, unleſs I make uſe of your very Paper and Pens. I beg you would diſpenſe with me from uſing all the Paper in Letters to you: I have neither Confidence nor Abilities ſufficient for ſuch a Taſk. I promiſe you Half of it, and you ſhall have the Remainder when I have as much Wit as Monſieur *Scarron*. I have a great Affection for Mademoiſelle *de Neuillan*: Pray acquaint her with it, and thank her for the Service ſhe has done me in giving me ſuch a Friend as yourſelf, who might afford me ſome Comfort in the Loſs of a Mother, were any Thing in this World capable of doing ſo.

LETTER II.

From Mr. Scarron *to Mademoiſelle* *D'Aubigné.

I EVER ſuſpected, that the little Girl, who came into my Chamber ſix Months ago in a Gown too ſhort, and fell a-crying, I know not for what, had as much good Senſe as her Looks ſeemed to diſcover. The Letter you wrote to Mademoiſelle

* Afterwards Madame *de Maintenon.*

Mademoiselle *de St. Hermant* abounds with ſo much Wit, that I am out of Temper with my own, for not having ſooner made me ſenſible of all the Merit of yours. To deal ingenuouſly with you, I ſhould never have imagined, that in the *American* Iſlands, or among the Nuns of *Niort*, we might learn to write elegant Letters: And I cannot well conceive the Reaſon why you have taken the ſame Care to conceal your Wit, as others do to diſplay theirs. Now that you are diſcovered, you ſhould make no more Difficulty of writing to me than to Mademoiſelle *de St. Hermant.* I'll muſter up my whole Skill to return you as good a Letter as your own; but you will have the Pleaſure to find how far I come ſhort of you. Such as I am, I ſhall ever remain, *&c.*

LETTER III.

From the ſame to the ſame.

YOU are then ill of a Tertian Ague: If it turns to a Quartan, we ſhall have a troubleſome Gueſt the whole Winter, for you'll not doubt of its being as great a Plague to me as to yourſelf. Pray let me know how many Returns of it we have already had, and what the Phyſicians ſay of it, for *you* will ſee them firſt: It's not a little odd indeed, that you ſhould hear

how I am four or five Days before I know myſelf. Overwhelm'd as I am with Ills, I certainly rely much on my own Strength to bear ſo great a Share in your Sickneſs. I know not whether I had not done better to have been upon my Guard the firſt Time I ſaw you: To judge by the Event, I certainly ought to have been ſo. But then, how unlikely was it, that a young Girl ſhould diſcompoſe the Mind of an old Batchelor? Who could have ever ſuſpected her of doing me Miſchief enough to make me regret being no longer in a Condition to take Revenge? But, Compliments a part,—I know you are ill, and am ignorant whether they attend you as they ought; this increaſes the Vexation I have in ſeeing you as unfortunate as I am uſeleſs to you. For,

Whilſt you, my *Iris*, ſtretch'd at Eaſe,
Can find Repoſe whene'er you pleaſe,
  In Sheets of dirty Hue;
Poor I, your reſtleſs love-ſick Swain,
Tumble and toſs all Night, with Pain,
  In dirtier Sheets than you.

And all this for loving you more than I was ſenſible of. Oh, how I adore you! What Folly thus to love! It's conſtantly in my Mind to take a Journey to *Poitou*; but in this ſharp Weather is

is it not Madneſs? Oh! return, return, for I am diſorder'd enough to regret abſent Beauties. I ſhould have known my Caſe better, and conſidered my Infirmities as more than enough, in being maim'd and crippled from Head to Foot, without adding another Diſtemper, that of Impatience to ſee you. 'Tis a curs'd Diſeaſe. Don't I well know how it is with poor *M*——, becauſe he ſees you not ſo often as he would, though he ſees you every Day? He writes about it like one in deſpair; and I'll warrant you he is by this Time damned, not for being a Heretic, but becauſe he loves *you*; this is ſaying every Thing. You ought, however, to ſit down contented with your Conqueſts; and leave Mankind at laſt to enjoy a little Peace.

You are very happy in not having me to deal with; I ſhould handle you to good Purpoſe. You laugh, perhaps, at my Menaces; but know, proud Beauty, Men of Reſolution are not wanting in an Affair the public are ſo greatly intereſted in: They will not ſuffer their Sex to be killed with Impunity. And now tell me, Charmer, are you a Chriſtian? you are a Turk upon my Honour; I am too ſenſible of it; and that too of the moſt malicious Caſt: Nay, the better Sort of theſe People are great Alms-givers; but, from what I know in your

Temper, you would not do a Kindneſs for an Empire, no, not even to them that love you. You are then in reality good for nothing, tho' a Compoſition of many fine Qualities and good Things. You verify, better than any Body, the Proverb, *all that glitters is not Gold:* in fine, you are as deviliſhly miſchievous as fair: And notwithſtanding all this, (ſuch is the Power of Beauty) I am, more than any one living,

Your's, *&c.*

LETTER IV.

From the ſame to the ſame.

HOW peeviſh are you? If you had not many good Qualities, what Plagues muſt I endure in cultivating a Friendſhip with you? Well, when once I break my Word with you, you will be ſadly diſconcerted. And ſhould I break it a hundred Times over, I ſhall never love you leſs. You ſee, I have ſo great an Affection for my Friends that I am aſhamed of it. But I confeſs too there are ſome ſmall Inconveniences to be met with from me. I am deviliſh lazy; to ſhew you how true this is, mere Sloth hinders me from finding the Verſes for you; though I long more to ſend them to you, than you do to receive them; and 'tis the utmoſt I may do, after you have well rated me. But you ſhall ſee

ſee how patiently I will bear it, and may thence conclude that I am at leaſt fit to bear chiding, if fit for nothing better. It is needleſs for any one to ſtrive to ſet us at Variance; we can quarrel well enough by ourſelves, without others having a Hand in it: We ſhall indeed quickly be reconciled, but fall to it again with redoubled Malice. Adieu. If I am any thing leſs than your moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant, the Devil take me.

LETTER V.

From the ſame to the ſame.

NOW for it! Here are the Verſes, which will convince you, my little Tygreſs, that I had done well, to have been upon my Guard againſt you.

To IRIS.

I.

WHILST I was with you ev'ry Day,
My Dove, my blooming Fair,
I view'd your Charms, I heard your Wit,
Regardleſs of the Snare.

II.

But from your Sight when once debarr'd,
What Torturers I endur'd !
Too fierce, too violent, alas !
By Reaſon to be cur'd.

III.

Parting, which ought to give Relief,
But added to my Pain ;
For in your Chains ſtill faſter link'd,
I ſtruggled ſtill in vain.

IV.

Obdurate *Iris !* cruel Fair !
To kindle ſuch a Flame ;
To make me burn, conſume, and long
For what I durſt not Name.

V.

Should I my Paſſion once reveal,
Your Anger 'twould procure ;
And ſhould I keep the Secret cloſe,
My Diſſolution's ſure.
Luckleſs Dilemma !--Death--or your Diſdain.--
With Patience die, rather than live in Pain.

M. *De Mioſſens* is ill of the Gout: It's plain he's fond of you. Love me, and I ſhall be Cured of all my Ills.

L E T-

LETTER VI.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I SEND you, Madam, my Confeſſion. Tho' I ſtand, before the World as a Penitent, no Soul living is to be truſted ſo much as yourſelf: To you my Heart lies open.

Iris, your Eyes have pierc'd me through,
'Tis you I love, and only you,
You only I adore;
Ah! lovely *Iris*, when you hear,
That I addreſs another Fair,
Then never ſee me more.

This is ſwearing by the River *Styx*: And can I, my Charmer, bind myſelf to you by too ſacred an Oath? Nay more,

The VOW.

By *Styx!* I love you, and 'tis true:—
Alas! that heath'niſh Oath won't do;
Then mind my Chriſtian Vow, my Dear,
By *Heav'ns*, I'll ever prove ſincere!
Tho' you ſhould frown, and prove unkind,
Yet will I never change my Mind.

"This Flame I'm born to; but 'tis you must tell,
" Whether they're *Beams* of *Heav'n*, or Flames
of *Hell.*

What the Devil had I to do in that Galley? Why should I love one, who will never love me? You are ever telling me with a Gaiety that cuts me to the Heart, that I love you because you are *handsome*, and that you don't love *me* because I am *ugly*.

Tho' Reason tells me, *Womankind*
Are false, inconstant as the Wind,
And Rocks which *Men* should fly;
Yet *Iris* has such Airs, such Graces,
And so divinely fair her Face is,
For *her* I'd freely die.

LETTER VII.

From Madame Scarron *to Mademoiselle* de Lenclos.*

I SEND you some Verses which Mr. *Scarron* has made *for* you, after having tried in vain to make some *against* you. I would not suffer him to send them to you, and told him, by which you see how much I rely on you, that

* *Ninon de Lenclos*, born at *Paris* the 15th of *May*, 6, died the 17th of *October*, 1706.

they

they would be more acceptable from my Hands than from his.

Your Friends all long for your Return. Ever ſince your Abſence my Court has been more numerous; but that's a poor Amends to them: They chat and play, they drink and yawn. The Marquis ſeems juſt as heavy and melancholy as he was the firſt Day after your Departure; he cannot inure himſelf to your Abſence; 'tis an heroic Conſtancy. Return, my moſt Amiable; all *Paris* begs it of you. If M. *de Villarceaux* knew all the Reports that Madame *de Fieſque* ſpreads againſt him, he would be aſhamed of detaining you longer. St. *Evremond* talks of ſending *Chatillon*, *Mioſſens* and *Rincy*, in Quality of Knights-errant, in order to ſtorm your old Caſtle and carry you off. Return, deareſt *Ninon*, and bring back to us the Graces with all their Train of Pleaſures. Theſe are my hearty Wiſhes, and thoſe of Mr. *Scarron* follow.

The WISH.

I.

My lovely *Ninon*, beauteous Maid,
Whoſe Orders are at Court obey'd
By all the fluttering Beaux:
Such are thy Charms, and ſuch thy Wit,
That all admiring, ſilent ſit,
Nor durſt thy Pow'r oppoſe!

LETTER IX.

To Madame de Palaiſeau.*

Paris, 1654.

I HAVE told *Souvré* all that you yourſelf would have ſaid to him. I doubt his Succeſs; however, be aſſured he will attempt Impoſſibilities; he has promiſed me as much. He allows his Friend's Behaviour to be baſe, but he inſiſts his Faults are leſſen'd by your Haughtineſs. The Affair is without Remedy; all he can do is to prevail on him to double the Sum. With this you may be happy, if you really know how to be ſo: Reputation may be regained. Give yourſelf up to God; at leaſt retire for ſome time from the World; you may ſoon appear in it again, as if this Accident had never made any Noiſe. You have indeed always loved Virtue; and when the World ſhall be perſuaded of this, which may be effected by your Retirement, they will forget your Frailties.

* *Celeſte de Palaiſeau*, Prioreſs of *Argenteuil*. *Scarron* had a great Affection for her in his Youth, but ſhe jilted him. Having been deceived by a Gentleman, who promiſed to marry her, ſhe came back to her firſt Lover, who had then loſt his Regard for her, but aſſiſted her as if he ſtill loved her. It is remarkable, that though ſhe had an annual Income of 4000 Livres, ſhe could not avoid being ſtarved to Death.

ties. Mr. *Scarron*, who forms a right Judgment of Things when he considers them seriously, is of my Opinion. Apply to some honest, pious Man, that may lead you into the right Way. All is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit; you must know it by Experience. Throw yourself into the Arms of God: He's the only Being of whom we are never tired; nor will he ever cast off those that put their Trust in him.

LETTER X.

To Madame de Pommereuil.

Paris, *July* 10, 1655.

I Believe, Madam, the whole World cannot produce an Instance of so refined a Passion, as that of Mr. *Scarron*'s for you, ever since he had the Honour to see you at his Bed's Head. He allows none so beautiful as yourself, not even Madame *de Longueville*: To you he gives the Prize of Beauty, the Prize of Wit, the Prize of Virtue. You, Madam, are the only Person whose Name he pronounces with Respect. For your Sake he has forgot the fair Unknown, and pardon'd *Madaillan*. Madame *de Brienne* is jealous of you, and so is Madame *de Fiesque*; judge then how jealous ought I to be. I shall

not thank you for that magnificent * *Chasuble*; 'tis a Present from too formidable a Rival: If I would be advised by my Friends, I should get you deprived of the Prayers of the Church, and forbid the Priest of M. *Deslandes Payen* to remember his Benefactress. Madame *de Bonneau* is just returning home from hence: She is so much your Friend, and declares it with such Chearfulness and Zeal, that one is ashamed not to love you as much as she does.

LETTER XI.

To Madame Fouquet.

Paris, May 25, 1658.

I WILL no more importune you, Madam, upon the Affair of the Unloaders; it is happily terminated by the Protection of that Hero, to whom we owe all Things, and whom you have the Pleasure of loving. The Provost of the Merchants listen'd to Reason, as soon as he heard the great Name of *Fouquet*. Give me leave, I beseech you, Madam, to come and thank you for it at *Vaux*. Madame *de Vasse* assures me that your Kindness still continues for me, and that you would not look upon me as one too many in those Walks and Arbours,

* A Vestment worn by Priests at Mass.

where

where you think ſo ſenſibly, or amuſe yourſelves ſo agreeably.

LETTER XII.

To the ſame.

Paris, Sept. 4, 1659.

THE Loſs you have juſt met with, becomes a public one, Madam, by the Share the Court and City take in it. If any Thing could alleviate your Grief, it would doubtleſs be the Proof this Event gives you of the Eſteem which all *France* ſhews for you, and the Superintendant of the Finances. The Nation could not have wept more for the Death of the Duke of *Anjou.* As for me, who am your Debtor on ſo many Accounts, I have much more need of receiving Conſolation, than Capacity to give any. I loved that Child with infinite Tenderneſs, and read in his Looks a Felicity and Glory which God has not ſuffered him to arrive at. His holy Name be praiſed: Heaven, Madam, has ſnatch'd him from you, but it is to give him Happineſs.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

To the same.

Paris, January 18, 1660.

THE Obligations you have laid me under have not permitted me, Madam, to hesitate about the Proposal Madame *de Bonneau* has made me in your Name: It is so honourable for me, I am so weary of my present Situation, and have so great a Veneration for you, that I would not have demurr'd a Moment, even though the Gratitude I owe you had been silent in the Case. But Mr. *Scarron*, though your Debtor and most humble Servant, cannot consent to it. My Instances have not softened him, nor my Reasons persuaded him. He conjures you to love me less, or give me Proofs of it that may be less grating to his Affection for me. Read his Petition, Madam, and forgive the Vivacity of it in a Husband who has no other Preservative against Melancholy, no other Comfort in all his Afflictions and Infirmities than his beloved Wife. I told Madame *Bonneau*, that if you would shorten the Term, I might perhaps gain his Consent; but I now plainly see it is in vain to flatter myself so far, and that I presumed too much on my Power. I beseech you, Madam, continue me your Protection: Nobody is more devoted

devoted to you than I am; and my Gratitude will end but with my Life.

LETTER XIV.

To Madame de Villarçeaux.*

I Pretend not to give you a Relation of the King's Entry: I can only tell you it's impossible to make you conceive the Magnificence of it. Nothing I think could exceed it; the Queen must needs have gone to Bed sufficiently contented with the Husband she has chosen. The Cardinal's Houshold was far from the worst Part of the Sight: It began with seventy-two† Mules; the first 24 were simply enough caparison'd; the second 24 made a better Figure; and the rest had Trappings of red Velvet embroidered with Gold, with Silver Bits and Bells. Next came 24 Pages, and the Gentlemen and Officers of his Houshold; and after them 12 Coaches and his Guards: In fine, the Cardinal's Houshold were above an Hour passing by. That

* Wife of *Louis de Mornay*, Marquis of *Villarceaux*, was a Lady of great Sense, excessively jealous of her Husband, the most amiable and most unfaithful Man of his Time.

† In the Posthumous Works of *La Fontaine* we find a Letter to M. *Fouquet* on this Entry, wrote half in Prose and half in Verse, in which his Eminency's Mules are often mentioned.

of

of † *Monsieur* came next. I forgot to tell you, that among the Cardinal's Houshold there were 24 led Horses, adorned with such magnificent Trappings, that I could not take my Eyes from them. Monsieur's Houshold on this account made but a very poor Figure; some say there was a Design in this, and that it was done in order to expose the excessive Opulence of the Cardinal; Count *d'Estrées* calls this a proud Simplicity. The King's Houshold was truly Royal; the Pages of the great and small Stables dextrously managed their Horses; the several Brigades of Mousquetaires were distinguished by different Feathers in their Hats; the Pages of the Bed Chamber were in Velvet embroidered with Gold; M. *de Noailles* at the Head of the Light Horse; *Vardes* at the Head of the Hundred *Swiss*: Then——no——the Lords of the Court followed the Light Horse: There were so many of them, and every one making so great a Figure, it was impossible to give the Preference to either. I looked for my Friends among them: *Beuvron* passed by first, and looked about for me, but his Eyes did not happen to meet mine. I watched for M. *de Villarceaux*, but he was mounted on so fiery a Steed, that he had got 20 Yards beyond me before I got sight of

† The King's Brother, so called, without any er Title.

him:

him : He was one of the least magnificent, but most elegantly dressed ; his brown Head was conspicuous; and great Notice was taken of him by the Spectators. These Noblemen all stopt to bow at the Balcony of the Abbé *d'Aumont* : You know who was there. The Count *de Guiche*, adorned with Jewels sparkling in the Sun, surrounded with splendid Liveries, and followed by several Officers of the Guards, went up into the Balcony, where his Figure, as you may judge, was much admired. The Marshals of *France* preceded the King, before whom a Brocade Canopy was carried.——(*Part of the MS. is torn here.*)——With surprising Grace and Majesty appeared the Chancellor, surrounded with Pages dressed in violet coloured Sattin laced with Silver, and Feathers in their Hats. It is hard to say what made the finest Appearance in this Procession ; were I to dispose of the Prize, I should give it to the Horse that carried the Seals. *La Feuillade* affected a Singularity that did not answer his Expectations: He wore black Ribbands and Black Feathers. The Chevalier *de Gramont*, *Rouville*, *Bellefonds*, and some others, followed the Cardinal's Houshold; every Body was surprized at it: Some say they did it out of Flattery, and 'tis probable there may be some Truth in this Assertion. The Presidents *à Mortier* look'd ridiculous enough with their

Mortar

[illegible] might
[illegible] Sunday
[illegible] River.
[illegible]
[illegible] than
[illegible] of my

[illegible]

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[illegible]

LETTER XVI.

To M. de Hermilli.

St. Germain, Sept. 18, 1664.

WE have made a Vow, my dear Coufin, to fpend Part of the Autumn here; you will therefore make your Vintage without us: Believe me, nothing but fo ftrong a Refolution as that which we have taken, could have made us refufe your Offers. We lead a very uniform, yet pleafant Life here. Madame *de Fiefque, Beuvron,* Mademoifelle *de Pralin,* and *Coulanges,* give us every Evening a little Concert. The Abbé makes Verfes, or reads fuch as come to us from *Paris.* We have the Morning to ourfelves, and the reft of the Day we dedicate to Play, Converfation and Mufic. At *St. Germain* there is nothing but Pleafure; at *Paris* they do nothing but mope or fleep. The Days here are more ferene, the Air purer, the Zephyrs milder. Adieu, dear Coufin, you have my Wifhes for a good Vintage.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To the Duchefs de Richelieu.

Feb. 20, 1666.

I Thank you, Madam, for the Retreat you offer me; but am now quite averfe to removing from *St. James's-Street*: Nothing but a reclufe Life can fuit me in the Condition to which I am reduced by the Death of the Queen Dowager. I will do myfelf the Honour to wait on you with the Veil, fuch as you have befpoke it. My Mourning is very different from that of the Court: I have my Benefactrefs, my Tranquility and my Happinefs to weep for. Have you read the Sonnet which the Abbé has made on the Queen's Death? Tis much the fineft Piece of the Kind. The Abbé muft certainly be a Lover of Virtue, fince he praifes it with fo much Warmth.

LETTER XVIII.

To the fame

March 3, 1666.

I Swear, Madam, in the Prefence of God, that could I have forefeen the Queen's Death, I would not have accepted of that Match: I fhould have

have loved my Liberty much more, and reſpected my Indigence. My Friends are cruel, they blame me for rejecting the Offers of a Man *of Birth and Fortune* indeed, but void of *Senſe and Manners.* I have urged on this Subject to the Marſhal's Lady, the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſenſible Arguments I was Miſtreſs of; yet ſhe condemns me, and ſays I am the Author of my own Miſfortunes. 'Tis true I ought not to be thus regretting the Loſs of the Penſion that ſupported me, God will make Amends for it; I ſhould be lamenting the Loſs of my Solitude, my Liberty, my Repoſe; Bleſſings which could not be reſtored to me without a Miracle. Was the Refuſal yet to be made, I would again do the ſame, notwithſtanding the extreme Poverty by which Heaven is pleaſed to try me: I have conſulted my Heart; I have viewed, I have conſidered, and well weighed every Thing: And I am not guilty, Madam, I am unfortunate; and that is indeed ſufficient.

LETTER XIX.

To Mademoiſelle de Lenclos.

March 8, 1666.

YOUR Approbation comforts me for the Cruelty of my Friends: In my preſent Condition I cannot too often repeat to myſelf,

that you approve the Courage I have had to make what it is. At the Royal Square they blame me, at *St. Germain* they commend me, but no where do they think of pitying, or of ſerving me. What think you of the Compariſon they have dared to make to me between that Man and Mr. *Scarron?* O Heavens! what a Difference? The latter, without Wealth, without the Pleaſures of Life, brought good Company about me; the other would have hated them and made them keep their diſtance. Mr. *Scarron* had not only Facetiouſneſs of Temper, which all the World ſaw, he had a Solidity which ſcarce any Body perceived in him: This other is neither ſprightly, humorous, nor ſolid; if he talks, he is ridiculous. My Huſband was excellent upon the whole; I had corrected his too great Freedoms; he was neither mad nor vicious: His Probity would ſtand any Teſt, his Diſintereſtedneſs was not to be matched. *C*—— loves nothing but Pleaſure, and has the Eſteem of none but profligate Youths; the Prey of Women, the Dupe of his Acquaintance, haughty, choleric, avaritious and prodigal; at leaſt I thought I ſaw all theſe Qualities in him. I congratulate you for not having received him, notwithſtanding the Recommendations of *La Châtre:* You could never have made him ſenſible that the firſt Viſit ought to be the laſt. Aſſure thoſe who

who attribute my Refusal to an Engagement, that my Heart is perfectly free, and will always remain so: I have too much experienced, that the happiest Marriage carries with it no great Share of Delight, but Liberty I find does. Pray, make my Compliments to M. *de la Rouchefoucault*, and tell him the Book of *Job* and the Book of *Maxims* are the only things I read. I shall give you no thanks, since you are determined not to receive any; my Gratitude however will suffer no Diminution by the Silence you injoin me. How many things do I owe you, my most amiable Friend, and how pleasing is it to be your Debtor!

LETTER XX.

To Madame de Chantelou.

Passy, April 28.

YOU see, Madam, how far I am from the predicted Grandeur: I submit to Providence; and, indeed, what would it avail me to murmur against the Almighty? My Friends have advised me to apply to M. * * *, as if they had forgot the Reasons I have to expect nothing from him. Shall I go to win him again by my Submissions, and sue for the Honour of being his Pensioner? I have been sent

to M. *Colbert*, and to what Purpose? Two Petitions have been presented to the King, in which the *Abbé Testu* exhausted his Rhetoric, and they have not even obtained a reading. Oh! were it my Fate to be in high Favour, how differently should I treat the Unfortunate! How little are Men to be depended on! When I wanted nothing, I might have obtained a Diocese; and now that I am in Want of every Thing, all is denied me. Madame *de Chalais* * has offered me her Protection and Interest, but 'tis all outside: Madame *de Lyonne* said, *I will see about it, I will speak*—in the very Tone that means just the contrary. Every one has indeed offered me Services, but no body has done me any. The Duke has no Interest at Court, the Marshal is begging for himself: In short, Madam, it is too certain that my Pension will not be restored. I believe God calls me to him by these Trials: He calls his Children by Adversities. Let him call me; I will follow him through the austerest Rules: I am as tired of the World, as the Courtiers can be of me. I thank you, Madam, for the Christian Consolations you offer me, and for the Kindness which my Brother tells me you shew to him.

* Afterwards Princess *des Ursins*.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

To Mademoiselle d'Artigni.

Paris, June 30, 1666.

IF all that the *Portugueze* Ambaſſador's Lady relates to me concerning *Donna Almera* is true, I ſhall have no Reaſon to regret either *Poitou* or *Paris*. That Princeſs is rich, generous and beneficent: She was educated here, and loves every thing that comes from hence: She is not upon ill Terms at Court, and her Children are amiable and good natured. The *Portugueze* are exceſſively polite, very ingenious, and magnificent. At *Liſbon* there is more good Company than we commonly imagine; and the Heat there is not exceſſive: In ſhort, they promiſe me I ſhall find every Kind of Satisfaction and Delight. Now, what do I leave behind me here? Friends to whom I am a Burthen, People that know not how to reſpect the Unfortunate. The Marſhall *d'Albret* is the only one left: But Things are much altered; he was formerly my Friend, he is now my Protector. He has been good enough to make Intereſt for me with Madame *de Monteſpan*: Pray, manage Matters ſo as to procure me the Honour of being preſented to her, when I come to return you my Thanks

and take Leave of you, that I may not reproach myſelf with quitting *France* without ſeeing the Wonder of it.

LETTER XXII.

To Madame de Chantelou.

Paris, July 11, 1666.

IT is determined, Madam, that I am not to go to *Portugal.* A few Days ago Madame *Thiange* introduced me to her Siſter, and told her that I was to ſet out immediately for *Liſbon.* ' For *Liſbon*, cry'd ſhe? That's a very remote ' Place: My dear Child, you muſt ſtay here; ' *Albret* has ſpoke to me about you, and ac- ' quainted me with your Merit.' He had done much better, ſaid I to myſelf, had he told you my wretched Condition. I deſcribed it to her, but with ſome Dignity; and ſhe gave me an attentive Hearing, though at her Toilet. I told her my Penſion was cut of; that I had in vain ſolicited M. *Colbert*; that my Friends had, with no better Succeſs, preſented Petitions to the King; that I was obliged to ſeek a decent Subſiſtence Abroad; that the Length of the Voyage did not frighten me, having in my Infancy made one to *America*: In fine, Madame *de la Fayette* herſelf would have been ſatisfied

with

with *the* * *Truth of my Expreſſions and the Brevity of my Story*. Madame *de Monteſpan* ſeemed affected with it, and deſired me to enlarge upon it in a Memorial, which ſhe engaged to preſent to the King. I thanked her in the moſt affectionate Terms; drew up my Petition in haſte, and was as well pleaſed with it, as if the Abbé had embelliſhed it with ſome of his own Thoughts. It was delivered by this obliging Lady. The King, I am told, received it graciouſly; perhaps the Hand that preſented it procured it the favourable Reception. M. *de Villeroi*, who is almoſt the only Man of my Acquaintance that I did not ſolicit to ſerve me, and the only one who has done ſo, joined her in the Application. In ſhort, my Penſion is reſtored, and on the ſame Footing as the late Queen granted it. Two thouſand Livres is a Sum more than ſufficient for my Solitude, much more ſo for my Salvation. At my riſing I found a Billet from M. *d'Albret*, acquainting me with this News, and that too by expreſs Order. To impart the News to you is I think the beſt Anſwer I can make to your Farewell-Letter. To-morrow I ſhall wait upon Madame *de Monteſpan* and M. *de Villeroi* with my Thanks.

* A favourite Phraſe of Mad. *de la Fayette*'s.

LETTER XXIII.

To Mademoiſelle de Lenclos.

Paris, July 18, 1666.

THE Marſhal *d'Albret* has always been my Friend, I know not that he ever was my Lover: An extreme Delicacy of Spirit, *Ninon*, is the Conſequence of having ſerved you. I ſee him every Day, and you know one may ſee him ſafely. You complain of his Abſence: I am too faithful in Friendſhip, to afford you room to lay the Blame upon me. Come and ſup with me this Evening, and prepare to do your worſt. Madame *de Fieſque* and Madame *de Coulanges* have laid their Heads together to get the Marſhal in a merry Mood. I expect you, unleſs the Marquis prevents it: If you don't bring your Lute, bring *him* with you, but remember that we have either the Lute or the Marquis.

LETTER XXIV.

To Mademoiſelle de Pons.*

Paris, Auguſt 2, 1666.

SUFFER me to begin with Reproaches, and I will end with Compliments. Madame *d'Aiguillon* has told a Friend of yours of your Marriage

* Some time after married to M. *d'Hudicour*.

Marriage with one of the moſt amiable and the moſt worthy Men at Court: This Affair is now public: Every Creature is talking to me of it inceſſantly; and I am ever upon the Inquiry about it, while People think I carry on a Farce, and am all the while in the Secret. I cannot forgive you this Reſerve. M. *d'Hudicour*, I am certain, never required it in the Marriage Articles: Nay, had he done ſo, you ought to have permitted it, for the Laws of Friendſhip are ſacred. Whilſt you have been the Depoſitory of my moſt ſecret Thoughts, I have been as little informed of yours as the public. It is ſaid here, that Madame *de Chalais* managed this Affair; that Madame *de Thiange* is preparing for you a Preſent worthy of herſelf and of you; that M. *d'Hudicour* is amorous as our Friend was; that you go to the Altar with the moſt noble and diſintereſted Air; and that the King has in few Words given great Hopes.—Is all this true? I have promiſed you Compliments; but you ſhall have none till you ſatisfy me in theſe Queſtions: Friendſhip dictates, let Confidence anſwer them.

LETTER XXV.

To the Abbé Teſtu.

Paris, November 15.

BE not alarmed, my poor Abbé, at my Devotion; diſpel their Uneaſineſs at the *Hotel de Richelieu:* In my Solitude I am not apt to forget thoſe Friends to whom I am indebted for all the Pleaſures of it. My Life, you ſay, needs no Reformation: Father *Bourdaloue* would talk to me in another Strain. You are now become a Man of this World; but you will not always be ſo; a Day will come, when you'll prefer Heaven to Earth: You are made for God. Such as attribute my Retirement to Spleen or Sullenneſs, doubtleſs know nothing of me: Have I ever given room for ſuch Suſpicions? It is the Reſult of ſerious Reflection. I withdraw from the World, only becauſe I have loved and do ſtill love it too much. You tell me indeed I may work out my Salvation in it, but you muſt needs be ſenſible how hard that Taſk is: I highly approve of Father *Joſeph*'s Maxim, that to be virtuous in *Paris*, it is not enough that we are *willing to be ſo*. However, I am not yet for leaving it; too many Engagements keep me here; and I am thoroughly ſenſible my Efforts

would

would be fruitless. They told you the Truth, if they described my * Director as a rigid Man: But you ought not therefore to have fancied him ridiculous. He forbids no innocent Pleasures; but neither will he allow us to call those Pleasures innocent, which are really criminal. His Piety is easy, affable, and without Pride: He requires not a Life wholly mortified; but he contends for a Christian, and an active Life. He is a most admirable Man. If you desire it, I will send him to you and to *Guebriant*. He begins with Attacks upon the Passions; he conquers them, and in the room of them substitutes contrary Impulses. He has injoined me to strict Gravity in Company, in order to mortify the Passion he perceives in me of rendering myself agreeable by my Wit: And I obey; but really when I find myself yawning, and others in Consequence doing the same Thing, I am sometimes almost ready to renounce Devotion.

LETTER XXVI.

To M. d'Aubigné.

Paris, Jan. 3.

I AM sorry, my dear Brother, that I have nothing more than Wishes to offer you this Year. As yet I have not paid all my Debts, and

* The Abbé *Gobelin*, Doctor of *Sorbonne*.

and you are fenfible this is the very firft Ufe I ought to make of my Penfion. With a little Œconomy furely you might live comfortably: Your Extravagance pierces me to the very Heart; break off from Pleafures; they ever prove confiderably more expenfive than the Neceffaries of Life. Be fomewhat delicate in the Choice of Friends: Your Fortune and your Salvation depend alike on the firft Steps you take at fetting out in the World. I fpeak to you now as a Friend; apply yourfelf to your Duty, love God, be honeft, arm yourfelf with Patience, and you can want for nothing. Madame *de Neuillan* has often given me this Counfel, and hitherto I have found the Benefit of it. Adieu, dear Brother; pardon this fhort, friendly Sermon: I fhall be happy no farther than you are fo; and you will be happy exactly in Proportion as you are virtuous.

LETTER XXVII.

To Madame d'Hudicour.

Paris, March 14.

M. *De Vivonne* has already fpoke to me: I am very fenfibly affected with the Honour intended me; but I own to you that I think myfelf abfolutely unfit for it. I live quietly; and

and is it proper for me to facrifice both my Repofe and my Liberty? Befides, that myfterious Behaviour, that profound Secrecy which they require of me, without pofitively giving me the Key of it, may induce my Friends to think a Snare is laid for me. However, if the Children belong to the King, I confent to it: I fhould have great Scruple to take Charge of Madame *de Montefpan's* Children; therefore the King himfelf muft order me to do it. This is my Refolution. I have wrote pretty much to the fame Purpofe to Madame *de Thiange*; and 'tis a Precaution infpired by Prudence. I fhould have been lefs nice three Years ago; but I have fince learned many Things, which prefcribe it to me as a Duty.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the fame.

Paris, Dec. 24, 1670.

THE little one is better; *Martha* gave you a falfe Alarm: For my part, I never had a Moment's Uneafinefs about it, and you know a little Matter is fufficient to make me fearful: The Pains were fharp, but not attended with Convulfions. Make yourfelf eafy then, my dear Madam. The Children were yefterday at *Clagni*; the Nurfe came in, and I ftaid in the Anti-

Anti-Chamber. Whose Children are these? said the King to her. They belong, answered she, to be sure, to the Lady that lives with us; at least I judge so from the Uneasiness she discovers at every thing that ails them. And who do you think is their Father, replied the King? I don't indeed know that, said the Nurse, but I imagine him to be some Duke, or a President of the Parliament. The * Lady was wonderfully pleased with the Answer, and the King laughed at it excessively.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

Paris, March 6, 1671.

I HEAR you have been sick; judge yourself of my Uneasiness; I should be inconsolable in losing you. Madame *de Montespan* leads me a wretched Life; the King was yesterday an Eye-witness of it; these Quarrels, together with the continual Ailments of her Children, throw me into a Condition that I shall not long be able to bear. God be praised for all Things: Forsake me not.

* Madame *de Montespan*.

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LETTER XXX.

To Madame des G * * *.

WHAT you write to me about is no longer a Myſtery any where but in the Country. I will tell you the Fact juſt a I had it from Madame *de N*——. The * Lady having confeſſed to a Prieſt who refuſed her Abſolution, was extremely chagrined at it, and complained to the King, who, though much ſurprized, would not condemn that Prieſt without aſking the Duke *de Montauſier*, whoſe Probity he reſpects, and M. *Boſſuet*, whom he eſteems for his Doctrine, what they thought of the Affair. *Boſſuet* did not heſitate to ſay the Prieſt had done his Duty: *Montauſier* took up the Matter in a rougher manner; upon which *Boſſuet* reſumed his Argument, ſpoke ſo forcibly, and ſo opportunely on the Subjects of Glory and Religion, that the King, who needed only to be told the Truth, roſe up greatly affected, and preſſing the Duke's Hand, ſaid to him, I promiſe to you I will never ſee her more. Hitherto he has kept his Word: The little one ſends me Word that her Miſtreſs is inexpreſſibly enraged: That ſhe has ſeen no body theſe two Days; that ſhe

* Mad. *de Monteſpan*. Vid. Life of *Maintenon*, pag. 181.

writes

writes from Morning till Night, and at going to Bed tears her Paper to pieces. I commiserate her Condition: Few pity her, though ſhe has done good to every body. The Queen ſent yeſterday to inquire about her Health: You ſee how I am, replied ſhe to the Gentleman; give my hearty Thanks to her Majeſty, and tell her, that though at Death's Door, I am ſtill but too well. All the Courtiers are about Madame *de Montauſier*. The Queſtion now is, whether the King will ſet out for *Flanders*, without taking Leave. That Day is a deciſive one. It is expected with as much Impatience as I expect Letters from you, with the Account of your having recovered your Health.

LETTER XXXI.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

June 16.

MADAME *de Monteſpan* and I have had a very ſmart Dialogue, and I, who was the Party aggrieved, wept plentifully: She has given an Account of it to the King in her own Way. I own to you it is with great Reluctance I remain in a Station that expoſes me to ſuch Incidents, and with great Pleaſure could I wiſh myſelf at Liberty. It has run in my Mind a thouſand Times to be a Nun, and the Fear of

repenting

repenting it has made me ſlight Impulſes which other Women would have taken for real Calls: I long exceedingly to retire, and the ſame Fear prevents me. 'Tis a very timorous Prudence, and makes me ſpend my Life in ſtrange Agitations. I am very ſenſible I may work out my Salvation here; but I think it might be done with more Safety any where elſe. I cannot think God intends I ſhould ſuffer by Madame *de Monteſpan*: She is incapable of Friendſhip; ſhe paints me to the King in what Colours ſhe pleaſes, and makes me loſe his Eſteem: He thinks me one of thoſe odd Tempers which it's often proper one ſhould bear with; a delicate Genius that muſt be tenderly dealt by; a preciſe Mortal apt to take Umbrage. I dare not preſume to ſpeak to him alone, for ſhe would never forgive it me; nay ſhould I even do this, my Obligations to Madame *de Monteſpan* don't permit me to ſay any thing againſt her. Thus is there no Remedy for my Afflictions; yet Death advances, and Time ſlips away.

LETTER XXXII.

To the ſame.

July 19.

I AM ſtill in the ſame Way of thinking. As I would deal ſincerely with you, I don't tell you it is in order to ſerve God better, that I would

would quit the Court ; I think I can fecure my Salvation here ; but I don't find we are any where forbid to confult our Repofe, and get rid of a State of perpetual Trouble and Vexation. I did not very clearly explain my Thoughts, if you underftood that I dream'd of being a Nun ; I am too old to change my Condition ; and according to the Fortune I may have, I fhall think of fettling myfelf in full Tranquility, fhould the ill Humours of Madame *de Montefpan* continue. In the World all Returns are towards God ; in a Convent all Returns are towards the World. This is my principal Reafon ; the Confideration of my Age comes next.—They will not give me wherewithal to purchafe an Eftate.—I confume away with Vexations and long Watchings ; I decay vifibly, and am oppreffed with the Vapours and Melancholy. I am willing to fuffer, and as I have cured my Impatience, and have nothing left but Sorrow to bear, it may be faid I have made fome Progrefs. I do all I can to find Comfort in God. I confeffed myfelf yefterday to a Man, who affured me I did not tell him of one Sin. I am fure you would judge far otherwife of me.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

Versailles, Jan. 15, 1672.

WHether I write to you or not, you ought to be equally persuaded of my Friendship, and of the Care I will take of your Fortune. I love you most tenderly, and am persuaded you have no less regard for me. Thus, my dear Brother, are our Fortunes in common, and they will be far less scanty than in the Beginning. I have spoke to M. *de Louvois*, who will get you a Post in a Regiment. Adieu; neither you nor I are fond of long Letters.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the same.

I Am surprized at hearing nothing concerning you, since the King honoured you with a Command at *Armsdorf*: I shall make no Answer to your Surmize of being on ill Terms with me: You know this can never happen, and that whether I caress you or quarrel with you, I still equally love you, and more too than any thing else in this World. I own that your Establishment is not solid; but the King has begun to be kind

to

to you; and he will go through with it: M. *de Louvois* will not oppose it. It is very strange you should think I have no longer any Affection for you, because I'm free enough to reprimand you; which is the best and the surest Sign of my Tenderness.

LETTER XXXV.

To the same.

I Am overjoy'd to see you contented. The greatest Encouragement to do a Kindness is to find the Receiver sensible of it. Think of nothing but discharging your Duty at *Armsdorff*: Leave to me the Care of your Affairs here. I am exceeding glad to hear you keep a Table. Your Praying-Desk enchants me: I could wish to see you at it, and be a Witness of your Devotion. Be chearful, dear Brother, but think of your Salvation.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the same.

I Have received Complaints of your Conduct, which do you no Honour: You use the *Hugonots* ill; you study the Means to vex them, and seek Occasions to do it: This is unbecoming a Man of Quality. Be merciful to Men that

that are more unfortunate than criminal: They are attached to Errors, in which we ourſelves have been, and which Violence could never have made us forſake. *Henry* IV. profeſſed the ſame Religion, and ſo did ſeveral great Princes. Do not then moleſt them: Men muſt be drawn by the Cords of Lenity and Charity: *Jeſus Chriſt* has ſet us an Example of it; and ſuch is the King's Intention. 'Tis your Duty to keep every one within due Obedience: 'Tis the Province of the Biſhops and Curates to make Converſions by their Doctrine and Example. Neither God nor the King have committed Souls to your Care. Sanctify your own Soul, and be ſevere to yourſelf only. I ſhall be very glad to ſee you here; but all in good Time. I have good Hopes, and M. *de Louvois* does Wonders; we are greatly obliged to him. I repeat it, dear Brother, let not M. * *de Ruvigni* ever complain of you again.

* Deputy General of the reformed Churches of *France*; he took Refuge in *England*, where he was created Earl of *Galloway*.

LETTER XXXVII.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

LET your Nephew write me ſuch a Letter as I may ſhew: It muſt be merely Thanks for having ſhewn him the Princes at *Verſailles*. Let him praiſe every thing he has ſeen, and ſay ſomething about Education; but all this ſimply, and at the ſame time with Energy. I know the Taſte of this Place, and what is fit for them. Madame *de Monteſpan* is actually treating about a Match for me, which will come to nothing; 'tis with a very poor Duke: Such a Marriage would be to me a Source of Evils: I have Afflictions enough in my preſent Condition, envied by all the World, without going to ſeek for Vexations in a Station that makes three Fourths of Mankind unhappy. The little † Duke is ſtill very ill; I love this Child not leſs than the other: There cannot be a greater Weakneſs than to love exceſſively a Child that is none of one's own; one whom I ſhall never have at my Diſpoſal, and who will in Proceſs of Time give me a deal of Trouble. It is, in Truth, a great Folly to remain in ſo diſagreeable a Station. I conceive

† Duke *de Maine*, one of Madame *de Monteſpan*'s hildren, by the King. See Life of *Maintenon*, g. 201.

how

how much you regret your conducting me so slowly to God: I do but little Honour to my Confessor: Not that I do more Harm here than at *Paris*; on the contrary, I much oftener think of my Salvation. It's true, they are but fruitless Thoughts; for the same Humour of running into Extremes, which makes me desire to quit my Place, because I am plagued in it, makes me give over many pious Practices, because I do not order my Life as I could wish. I have not forgot to perform my Devotions to St. *Mary Magdalen*. Give me your Opinion of the * *Media Noche*: I am well pleased to be at it with the King, if you judge there is no Harm in it; and if there be any, I shall not hesitate to absent myself for the future. You should be very scrupulous in your Encomiums on me, they serve but too much to sooth the Vanity of a Person compounded, as I am, of Vain-Glory and Self-Love.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Madame d'Hudicour.

THE Marriage you have heard of was proposed, but in a very vague Manner; and that was indeed sufficient. The Man was never design'd

* *A Flesh Meal just after Midnight, among the Roman Catholics.*

design'd for me; he has neither Fortune nor Merit; so that I had no great Struggle with myself in refusing a Duke. I have thanked Madame *de Montespan*, and ascribed the Cause of my Refusal to my tender Affection for the Princes. I have so firmly persuaded her of it, that I am sure she now repents her having had Recourse to this Means to get rid of me. She suspects not I saw through her Drift, and loves me the more for it. This Morning she insisted on my giving her my Word that I would not leave her: I have promised her every Thing, and buried in Oblivion all past Bickerings: We embraced each other, and from henceforth shall live in Peace together: She offered me to sign the Treaty of Reconciliation. It is a great Misfortune to live in a Place where good Faith and Friendship depend on Oaths: We must mould ourselves to every Thing: I have already renounced my Humour, my Taste, my Pleasures; I see I must also renounce my Sentiments; but be in no fear that I will ever part with those that attach me to yourself.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

SAINT *Bernard* I firmly believe is right, and 'tis with Grief I perceive, that merely to keep clear of criminal Things is not ſufficient: If other Matters do not obſtruct one's Salvation in ſo great a Degree, they are, at leaſt, Obſtructions to the Perfection you would have me arrive at. Your Letter is replete with Devotion and Friendſhip, the very Things I would have my Life alternately ſpent in; but I am in a Place where People are Strangers to both. Would to God my extreme Impatience to forſake it proceeded from heavenly Views, and not from a Diſguſt for the Perſon you know. Our Princes are as ill-natured as they can be, and I cannot too ſoon leave them for the Quiet of my Conſcience. Beg of God whatever is neceſſary for me.

LETTER XL.

To Madame de Coulanges.

I Return you a thouſand Thanks, Madam, for the many kind Expreſſions in your Letter concerning me. The two thouſand Crowns are indeed more than I deſerve, yet is it not too

much for my great Care and Pains: I ſpend my beſt Days in the Service of others; am always in miſerable Inquietudes; and you cannot well think how much the Vexations incident to my Station have increaſed the Vivacity of my Temper. I want Reſt; I live in continual Action; not a Moment to enjoy my Friends. The King's Favours cannot make me Amends for all theſe Loſſes. I thank Madame *de Sevigné*: Let her know how much I deſerve her Love. The lovely *Victoire* is juſt gone out of my Apartment, nettled, I ſuppoſe, at not having been able to perſuade me to ſup this Evening at her Mother's. I ſhould never have a Moment to myſelf, was I not always giving Denials. My Servitude will have an End, but alas! perhaps it may end in another Kind of Servitude. The little * one has retained very well the Verſes of Mr. *de Coulanges*, and rehearſed them gracefully: Inquiry was made after the Author of them, and I named him, which occaſioned a Smile; in this Place nothing eſcapes Notice.

LETTER XLI.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

THEY have ſhewn me ſome Tenderneſs, but have not yet perſuaded me; I cannot think of laying aſide the Project I have formed with you:

* Duke *du Maine*.

you: It presents me with a Prospect extremely agreeable; and however kind the Usage, I may meet with here, I foresee it will be attended with great Mortifications. Lead me where you please: Favour would not be sufficient to detain me; judge then whether the Appearance only might do it. I am quite sunk with Melancholy. They murder these poor Infants before my Face, and I am incapable of preventing it. My tender Affection for them only renders me intolerable to those they belong to; and the Impossibility of concealing my Thoughts, incurs the Hatred of those with whom I pass my Life, and whom I would by no Means offend, even tho' they were not what they are. Sometimes I determine to check my Vivacity, and leave these Children to the Management of their Mother: But should I not offend God, by thus abandoning them, and betraying the Confidence their Father has placed in me? My every Day's Vexation renews daily my Cares; and Concern augments a Friendship for them, that serves only to afford me fresh Mortifications. Those who impute to me M. *de Lauzun's* Disgrace, do indeed hate me more than they know me. Had my Advice been regarded, he would still have been in Favour, and a deal of Pains and many false Steps been prevented. I am sometimes, 'tis true, consulted, but the Resolution

is perhaps previously taken; they are in no want of my Opinion, they desire only to get my Assent to the Advice of others. There is nothing more in my Credit than a Kind of Decency and political Fetch: I am made use of for their own Ends. Pray to God for me, ask of him nothing but my Salvation. I——*—— of the rest.

LETTER XLII.

To the same.

COOLNESS encreases, and my Friends, you know which of them I mean, compliment me on my Disgrace. Yesterday I told Madame *de Montespan* that she had set me at Variance with the King; to which she made me some lame Answers, and a very smart, yet very decent Dialogue ensued. In the Evening M. *de Louvois* was sent, to enduce me to hear Reason. I talk'd with him, perhaps with too much Sincerity; but you know it is impossible for me to use Dissimulation: In short, the Conclusion was, that I should endeavour a Reconciliation. I shall speak to Madame *de Montespan* with great Calmness and Submission, but still with a firm

* This Passage could not be made out in the Manuscript.

Resolution

Resolution to leave her at the Year's End. Let us renounce Places, where we must both speak and act against Conscience.

LETTER XLIII.

To the same.

I AM relapsing into the Disease I had this Winter, which is the Effect of Blood over-heated by deep Melancholy. I am unable to divert it by Visiting, for I am for ever shut up with the King, Madame *de Montespan*, and the Duke *du Maine*. God who knows the Ground of my Heart, will I hope break my Chains. The King has given me an hundred thousand Livres more; so that this makes two hundred thousand. I am content, and my Mind must very greatly alter if ever I ask them for a single Penny. It's Wealth enough for the Necessaries of Life: For the rest it is nothing but Covetousness that knows no Bounds. Don't mention this new Benefaction to any one. The Count *de Vexin* is a little better: The little Duke *du Maine* is an Object of Pity; like a Mother I feel all his Ailments; he is under the Hands of the Physicians and Surgeons, one half of whom would be sufficient to dispatch him. They heap Riches on me, but kill the poor Child before my Face. They give my Counsels the hearing,

and take them in good Part, but without the least Degree of Intention ever to follow them.

LETTER XLIV.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

YOU want to know, Madam, how I came by so fine a Present; the simplest Means in the World procured it. The Public believe that I am indebted for it to Madame *de Montespan*, but they are mistaken, I owe it to the little Duke. The King amusing himself with him, and pleased with the Manner in which he answered his Questions, said to him, "You "are very sagacious. How can I be otherwise? "answered the Child; I have a Gouvernante "who is Wisdom itself. Go and tell her, "replied the King, that you will give her this "Evening an hundred thousand Livres for "your Sugar Plumbs." The Mother constantly prejudices me against the King, and her Son as often reconciles me with him: I am not two Days together in the same Situation. I can't inure myself to this Life, though I once thought myself capable of bearing any Thing. None would envy my Condition, if they knew what Cares and Pains attend it, and how many Vexations it exposes me to. 'Tis a Subjection that

that has no Precedent: I have no Leisure to write, nor even to say my Prayers; 'tis a down-right Slavery. My Friends all apply to me, without perceiving I can do nothing even for my Relations. The Regiment I have been soliciting this Fortnight past, will not be granted me. I am heard only when there is nobody else to listen to. I have spoken thrice to M. *Colbert*; I have represented to him the Justice of your Pretensions: He has started a thousand Objections, and told me that the King only can resolve them. I will get Madame *de Montespan* to speak for you; but I must wait a favourable Hour, and who knows whether it will offer? If it does not, I will charge my Friend with your Affair, and he will speak to the King: I rely much upon him.

LETTER XLV.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

Sept. 6. 1674.

I AM very seriously thinking of a Match for you: Save your Money therefore for the Charges of your Wedding, which, I believe, will soon happen. The little Duke has been ill. The Princess is beautiful as an Angel. *Matta* died without Confession. *Villandri* has been found dead in his Closet. Think of God

 while

while you may, and defer not your Converſion to the laſt Hour: We are at that time capable of doing very little. Excuſe this ſhort Sermon, it flows from ſolid Friendſhip. I am treating about an Eſtate, for which I have offered two hundred and forty thouſand Livres: Say nothing about it. I hope we ſhall find our old Age pretty comfortable, if it be poſſible for Age to be ſo.

LETTER XLVI.

To the ſame.

October 16, 1674.

I HAVE bought the Eſtate; the Bargain was ſtruck at two hundred and fifty thouſand Livres: It lies fourteen Leagues from *Paris*, ten from *Verſailles*, and four from *Chartres*. It is pleaſant and noble, and brings in 11 or 12,000 Livres a Year. They call it *Maintenon*: It is a ſpacious Caſtle at the End of a large Borough; a Situation that juſt ſuits my Taſte. It may ſerve as a Retreat for you, which will be the worſt that can happen to you. Madame *de Monteſpan*, who does not want good Senſe, and to whom I have ſhewn your Letter, thinks you ought not to heſitate about the Marriage I propoſe for you. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

To the same.

November 20, 1674.

I DID not write to you fooner, becaufe I am not Miftrefs of my own Time. You have feen fome Inftances of my Servitude, but you have not feen all. I defire Leave to go to *Maintenon* for one Day only, and cannot obtain it. I have People at work there, and muftn't go to give them Directions. 'Tis a paffionate Fondnefs I have for that Eftate, and a new Paffion too; fo you may judge how much I fuffer when it is thwarted. I never fee M. *de Louvois* without fpeaking to him about you; and putting him in mind of his Promifes, which he repeats to me every Time; the true Court-ftile. Enjoy what you have, till fomething better happens; and to comfort you in your heavy, gloomy Hours, confider that for my Part I can neither lie down nor rife when I pleafe; that when in Company I long for nothing fo much as to be alone; and that ever occupied I am always wifhing for nothing to do. Think of God, which is the beft Confolation. I believe we fhall go next Summer to *Barege*.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the same.

November 30, 1674.

GO to M. *de Louvois*, and return him Thanks: Love me; be an honest Man; apply yourself to your Profession; make no Enemies, and all Things will go well. Adieu. I am setting out for *Maintenon*.

LETTER XLIX.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

Decemb. 1674.

I Perform as well as I can what you have ordered me for the Advent Season; as I can have no Merit by my Prayers, I have at least the Merit of Obedience. I pray, and tho' my Thoughts wander much in this Duty, 'tis at least so much Time given to God. I pine away, and wait for the Spring. God grant that the Acquisition of *Maintenon* may not involve me in Law Suits, at a Season which I wish to employ better. The King is actually sitting in Judgment on the Affair you know of: I have done my Duty: You may well suppose that the Court is for Madame *de Verneuil*, and that they think it just to oppress the Citizen. I perceive that a Matter of so great Consequence will be tried

tried by a very ſmall Number of Judges: They are but ſix, and the King, who certainly is upright in his Intentions, is as yet not burthened with too much Knowledge: Madam *de Monteſpan* has not engaged on either Side; at leaſt ſhe has endeavoured to perſuade me ſo.

LETTER L.

To the ſame.

IT is a long while ſince I heard from you; and tho' one's Life is ſpent here in great Diſſipation, I ſtill feel with Sorrow the Value of your Correſpondence: Your Letters are become one of my Neceſſaries of Life. I am dying with the Fear of loſing all the Fruit I may hope from it whilſt I can have it, and of loſing you when I ſhall have put myſelf in a Situation to ſee you oftener. This is frankly enough giving you a Proſpect of your Death; but I believe you are not frighted at it. My Sentiments and Reſolutions are always the ſame: The Return from the Journey to *Barege* muſt be waited for. The Affair of *Maintenon* is concluded. Pray to God earneſtly that he would break my Chains, if my Liberty is at all eſſential to my Salvation: 'Tis what I daily beg of him.

LETTER LI.

To Madame de Coulanges.

February, 1675.

I AM more impatient to send you News of *Maintenon* than you are to receive it. I have been there two Days, which seemed only a Moment to me: My Heart is rivetted to that Place. Don't you wonder that at my Age I should be attached to such Things like a Child? The House is fine enough; a little too spacious for the Retinue I design to bring into it. It has Appurtenances of Woods and Groves, where Madame *de Sevigné* might dream most agreeably of Madame *de Grignan*. I wish I could live there, but the Time is not yet come. It is true that the King has stiled me Madame *de Maintenon*, and I had the Weakness to blush at it; and 'tis as true, that I might shew him greater Complaisance than that of bearing the Name of an Estate which is his own Gift. I shall plainly tell Madame *de Montespan*, that there are false Brethren, and that the Town is very punctually informed in the Morning of all that is done here the preceding Night. My Husband's Friends are wrong in accusing me with having concerted with the King this Change of Name: They are not his Friends who say so, but my Enemies, and

and thoſe who envy me: A little Proſperity creates many ſuch. The Journey to *Barege* is not yet fixed; when I return from thence, I ſhall be more at Liberty, and have the Pleaſure at leaſt of writing to you oftner. M. *de Coulanges* is here, and we are not a little ſenſible of it; he makes us all chearful.

LETTER LII.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

Feb. 9, 1675.

I BEG you would preſcribe me ſomething for this Lent: I have found the Benefit of the Advent, by my Fidelity in performing what you ordered me. I am afraid we ſhall not go to *Barege*: The Morrow always ſets aſide the firmeſt Reſolutions of the Eve; the Phyſicians can't agree. I hoped for more bodily Reſt, and Peace of Mind, from that Journey than I find here. I have juſt heard a fine Declamation of Father *Maſcaron*'s: He diverts the Mind, but reaches not the Heart; his Eloquence is unfit for the Pulpit, but he's in Vogue. He told us, that the Hero was a Robber who did at the Head of an Army what a Highwayman would do alone. Our Maſter was diſpleaſed with the Compariſon.

LETTER LIII.

From the Countess de B* * *to Madame* de Maintenon.

INDEED, Madam, one pays so dear for the Pleasure of seeing you by the Pain of your Absence, that I am scarcely obliged to you for your Visit on Account of the Uneasiness it has left me under: The World, in you, appears to so great Advantage, that I could have quitted my Solitude, and launched out into it again, had I not recollected, that among all I have seen in it, there is scarcely one like yourself. This Consideration has made me cheerfully return into my Hermitage, with an Intent to make the Freedom of Solitude subservient to thinking often of you, tho' without the least Pretence to the same Returns from you; the Court has too many Persons present, for the absent to expect to find a Place there. But should the Remembrance of me sometimes by Accident come into your Mind, think of me, Madam, as of a Person who honours you more than any one living, and who is as sincerely

Yours, &c.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. d'Aubigné *to Mad.* de Maintenon.

IT is juſt as impoſſible for me, my dear Siſter, to ceaſe loving *you*, as 'tis for you to leave off chiding *me*. Not to anſwer your Reproaches, by availing myſelf of that pitiful Right of Seniority, which I owe to Chance alone, I ſhall follow your Counſels, which are the Fruit of a Syſtem of Wiſdom formed by your own Reflections. I will never more ſee the Count *de*———; for though I might ſee him without Danger, I find it's not to be done without giving you Uneaſineſs. I ſhould be ſorry to afflict you. 'Tis from the ſame Conſiderations I promiſe to ſacrifice to you the *Paſſion I am ſo fond of, and which you are ſo extremely averſe to, though it has not hitherto hurt me ſo much as you have been told. Entreat Madame *de Monteſpan* and M. *de Louvois* to let me languiſh no longer. The Vexation of ſeeing ſo many climbing to the firſt Employments, whilſt I remain in the Subaltern Poſts, does indeed greatly increaſe my natural Melancholy. I ſhould be rid of low Spirits were my Mind freed from theſe Inquietudes. From one Thought to another, from Project to Project, I ſink into Dreams that conſume me like a ſlow Poiſon. I ride out every

* A Paſſion for Gaming.

every Day, and find myſelf the better for it. Circe's little one is a very pretty Creature: His Mother recommends him to me, not as to a Relation, but as a Favourite: You plainly ſee ſhe is miſtaken: I will ſend him to you. The wither'd Beauty ſends you a thouſand Compliments, and ſays that you grow young again: Nothing keeps off old Age bettter than Favour. Love me, my dear Siſter: I ſhall think myſelf no longer beloved, when you leave off telling me my own. I daily pray to God that he would make me as much his as I am yours. I have ſeen M. *Briſacier*, who is I think more than a Man. Nothing ever inſpired me with ſo ſtrong a Deſire to be a good Chriſtian, as to ſee Virtue thus practiſed by the Preacher of it.

LETTER LV.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

MADAME *Durfort* has not told you the thouſandth Part of my Sentiments of Eſteem, Friendſhip and Reſpect for you: Believe me, they are not to be expreſſed by the moſt eloquent Tongue. I ſhall never forget the ...ances you gave me of yours, at a Juncture ...he *Villars*'s had perfidiouſly alarmed my ...hip. All I have to wiſh for, is to find

in

in Madame *de Montespan* a Heart like yours: I ſhould then be the happieſt Woman on Earth, in a Place, where, if one has ever ſo little Grandeur, it always exceeds the Felicity attending it. But it is vain to expect it. I have tried her on every Side by all the Ways I could imagine: Her Diſpoſition is bad; ſhe is kind by Freaks and Starts; even her Virtue is mere Caprice: never two Days in the ſame Humour. I am as much tired with all thoſe Ecclairciſſements which tye me faſter to her, as with all the Bickerings that make me pine away. We are Friends to-day; but who knows how it will be to-morrow? I ſhould really be better pleaſed with a little conſtant Adverſity, than much Proſperity without a good Foundation. In vain I renounce my Taſtes and Inclinations, and even my Sentiments, whilſt they ſcruple not to lay horrible Things to my Charge. The Feaſt of *St. Hubert* is to be kept at *Villers-Cottrets*; they have given me four hundred Louis d'Ors for Cloaths. Every Thing ſent in by *La Bretigni* is in the moſt elegant Taſte. But what are all theſe Vanities, all theſe Pleaſures, to one who is ſick of the World and its Works? I greatly envy your Tranquility. You can ſerve God in Peace; a Fortnight ſpent in my Place is the only Thing wanting to make you fully ſenſible of your Felicity. Nothing can be compared to

what

what I go through, and I daily pray God to give me a Soul leſs ſenſible. The Biſhop of *Senlis*'s Diſcourſe with me has given me great Comfort. Pray acquaint him with the Eſteem I have for him.

LETTER LVI.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

NO Man is unhappy but by his own Fault. This ſhall always be my Text, and my Anſwer to your Lamentations. Think, my dear Brother, on the Voyage to *America*, on the Misfortunes of your Father, the Miſeries of our Infancy, the Wretchedneſs of our Youth; and you will bleſs Providence, inſtead of murmuring againſt Fortune. 'Tis but ten Years ſince we were very diſtant from the Station we are now in: Our Hopes were ſo ſmall, that we even limited our Deſires to three thouſand Livres a Year. We have at preſent four times as much; and ſhould we ſtill wiſh for more? We now enjoy that happy Competency, which formerly you ſo ardently wiſhed for. Let us then be content. If Riches increaſe, let us receive them as from the Hand of God, but let us not ſuffer our Views to be too extenſive. We have not only the Neceſſaries, we have the Conveniences of Life; the reſt is all ſuperfluous. This ſtrange Thirſt

Thirst after Grandeur arises solely from the Emptiness of an unquiet Heart. Your Debts are all paid; and you may live genteely without contracting new ones. What more can you wish for? Are Schemes to grow rich and great, to be pursued at the Expence of your Repose and your Health? Read the Life of *St. Louis*, there you will see how utterly incapable all worldly Grandeur is of satisfying the Heart of Man. 'Tis God alone can satisfy it. I must repeat it, you are unhappy only thro' your own Fault. Your Inquietudes impair your Health; which you should endeavour to preserve for my Sake, for you know I love you. Work upon your Humour; if you can render it less bilious and gloomy, it will be one Point gained; but this is not the Work of Reflection solely; you must add Exercise, Diversions, and an uniform and regular Life. You will never think right, whilst you are ill: When the Body is cast down, the Soul has lost its Vigour. Adieu. Write to me oftener, but in a Stile more chearful.

LETTER LVII.

To the same.

Bazas, May 28, 1675.

WE have fine Weather and every Conveniency, and had no more Fatigue in our Journey, than in going from *Paris* to *Versailles*.

We are received in all Places as the King himself would be. *Guyenne* diſtinguiſhes itſelf. The Duke *de St. Simon* treated us magnificently at *Blayes*, and the Corporation of *Bourdeaux* provided a very fine Veſſel in readineſs for us. One of our Retinue was drowned juſt as we were going on board, and the Chaplain judged it imprudent not to take Warning from that Accident. We went on ſafely with forty Oars, and paſſed by the City. Ships were ſent off to ſalute us, ſome with Violins, others with Trumpets: A prodigious Concourſe of People covered the Banks of the River, the Air rung with Shouts of *Long live the King*. The Marſhal *d'Albret* conducted the * Prince, to whom the Corporation made a Speech.——*The Remainder of this Letter is loſt.*

LETTER LVIII.

To Madame de Monteſpan.

Barege, June 10, 1675.

THE Prince is in Health; we are this Moment arrived. This, inſtead of a Journey may be called a fine Walk. The Province of *Guyenne* has done Wonders, and I have promiſed the Marſhal *d'Albret* and the Duke *de St. Simon* to write you an Account of it. It's impoſſible the King

* The Duke *du Maine*.

himſelf

himſelf could have been better received: In every Place infinite Honours and Acclamations. You would have been charmed, Madam. It is not to be imagined to what a Degree his Majeſty is adored by theſe People. The Prince anſwered the Harangue of the Corporation of *Bourdeaux*; M. *le Ragois* has taken upon him to ſend you all theſe Particulars. In four or five Days we ſhall begin to uſe the Baths; they relate Wonders of them; but Patience is very requiſite. Here's a deal of Company; we ſhall however be as free as if alone; the Reſpect paid us is indeed rather too much not to lay us under a little Conſtraint.

LETTER LIX.

To the ſame

Antwerp, *April* 18, 1676.

OUR Journey, Madam, has been very favourable, and the Prince is in as good Health as the Marchioneſs * *de Suger*; both equally unknown, both extremely fatigued, and both not a little ſurprized at finding here no Commands from you: We wait for them impatiently. The ſame Weather we had on the Road

* Madam *Scarron* took this Name in the Journey ſhe made to *Antwerp* for the Cure of the Duke *du Maine*, who paſſed for her Son.

continues, and that is the fineſt you can imagine. The Prince is chearful, has a good Appetite, and ſleeps ſound. It is but Juſtice ſurely I ſhould paſs for his Mother, ſeeing I have all the Tenderneſs of one, and am not leſs affected than you with every Ailment and Infirmity he ſuffers under.

LETTER LX.

To the ſame.

Antwerp, April 20.

Madam,

THE Phyſician viſited the Prince Yeſterday, and ſpoke very ſenſibly concerning his Infirmity: He anſwers the Deſcription you have had of him, very gentle, modeſt, and no * Quack. Yet I confeſs to you, Madam, I am quite unwilling to truſt him with the Prince; but I muſt obey. He give us this one Day more, to recruit ourſelves after the Fatigues of the Journey, and to-morrow he goes to work. I ſuffer already all that the poor Infant is like to do. 'Tis now, Madam, that you might indeed reproach me with loving him exceſſively. I

* This Phyſician was however an Empyric, whoſe Skill was greatly cried up: His Remedies were ſo [vio]lent; that they lengthen'd the Child's Leg without [stre]ngthening it.

ſhall

ſhall never be able to bear the Sight of the Apparatus: He has promiſed me to treat the Diſtemper gently, and pretends it is only a Weakneſs; this in ſome meaſure removes my Uneaſineſs. The Prince ſaid to him, 'Sir, I 'was not born ſo; look at Mamma; and my 'Papa is not lame.' He ſpoke this very gracefully, and with much Vivacity. We are entirely unknown here, and ſhall live quite retired: Happy, if we can but bring back Health from this Place. I beg it of God every Hour of the Day, and will order a hundred Maſſes to be ſaid with that Intention. My little Prince moſt humbly kiſſes the fair Lady's Hand.

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

Barege, July 8.

WE have been here ever ſince the 10th of *July*. The little Duke has uſed the Baths, but we find as yet no Effect from them. We muſt both have Patience, you upon your Rocks, I in the *Pyrenees*. We ſhall meet again, if God pleaſes: I often write to M. *de Louvois*, but never without mentioning you; he will keep his Word with me, if it's only to get rid of my Importunities, of which I myſelf am indeed al-

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most ashamed; but my tender Affection for you constantly gets the better of it. At the worst we shall have *Maintenon:* And if I cannot live in it, I will at least die there. Court the Favour of Madame *du Fresnoy* by Letters; she is all-powerful in a certain Sphere: You see I am not cast down in a Place which is more frightful than I can express: To complete the Misfortune, we are freezing here, and have very wretched Company: They shew us much Respect, but make us yawn. However, I have less Care and Vexation here than I have at Court. You cannot be too intimate with *Vauban:* The Friendship of that Man singly is more valuable than that of all the Courtiers put together. All our Women are sick: They are mere *Paris Badaudes**, who found the World very wide when they had got as far as *Estampes.*

LETTER LXII.

To the same.

Brion, Sept. 1.

I AM in a Country where they speak *Poitevin,* and this single Merit makes me find good Company in all Places. My Intelligence from

* A Word used in the same Sense as *Cockneys* in English.

Court makes me hope that I shall [illegible] my [illegible] agreeably there, and be [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

flicts me; be wise and sober; give no Place to Melancholy, and ever bear in Mind that Good and Evil are to be found in all Stations. Be frugal, and lay up: All Things are subject to Vicissitudes: Favour and Disgrace go Hand-in-Hand. Adieu, my dear Brother.

LETTER LXIV.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

Little Niort.

I Receive no Letters from the Lady. People here use me very well; I can't say as much of the Absent; they forget me: And you also, even you forsake me! Vex me no longer,

Or dread the Wrath of my offended Glory.

The Mountaineers are not squeamish, and will perhaps put up with my Decrepidness: I shall be as faithful to them as you are unfaithful to me. You'll judge by my Stile that the Prince is in good Health. I am this Day preparing to go to Confession at *Bourdeaux*, if I can find there a Confessor that may understand me. I persuade myself more and more every Day, that Solitude is necessary for me, and Dissipation dangerous: I do every Thing you have prescribed me. Our Almoner does not often see me, because he sits in the second Coach: He is merry or sad, according to the Accommodation he meets with at the different Inns. He wonders at his being

able

able to hold out under the Fatigue of a Journey, perform'd in a Coach that travels three Hours in the Morning, and as much in the Afternoon; and at every Place Dinner and Supper are got ready for him. I hear Mass before we set out in the Morning, that he may not go without his Breakfast; for he piques himself on having hot Blood and a canine Appetite. He bled at the Nose one Day as he was at his mental Prayers, and was very much frighted at it. You'll find me at my Return still resolved to be guided by you as a Child, with the utmost Indifference as to the Station in Life that may be allotted me; and I will leave the Court the Moment you advise me to do so: Were it not for you, I should be now at *Maintenon*.

LETTER LXV.

To the same.

NEVER did I long so much to converse with you. You are to understand, that I saw the King yesterday, and methinks I spoke to him as a Christian, and like a true Friend of Madame *de Montespan*. I am uneasy, and so is every Body here more or less, but from very different Causes. When I was but in a bad Way at Court, I was advised not to withdraw from it: Now that I am well here, I know not how to manage, in order to break loose

from People that detain me by Complaisance and Friendship. These Chains are harder to break than if my Stay were forcibly required. However, my Sentiments don't alter: It is impossible for me to make a Sacrifice, all my Life, of my Liberty, my Health, and my Salvation; but this certainly is not a Season to withdraw.

LETTER LXVI.

To the same.

NO one can be more affected and taken up with your Grief than I am, nor is there any Thing that I would not do to alleviate it. I am very sensible that your resigned Temper is the most solid of all Remedies; but though this serves to keep one from murmuring and complaining, it does not prevent the Impressions of Sorrow, nor hinder the Heart from pining under a Loss so great as that which you have lately met with. Treat yourself then as you'd treat another, to whom you would prescribe Diversion. I am ever your Friend. Would to God I could supply the Place of the Person Heaven has deprived you of! I saw yesterday our Friend *Gartigny*, and cannot be easy while I see his Merit so ill rewarded.

LETTER LXVII.

To the same.

I Have received the Treatise on the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, which you have been kind enough to send me. The King is silent in regard to M. *Gartigni*, and I cannot guess the Cause of it. There are some Persons, whose Misfortune it is to have a sinister Construction put on all their Actions, and be suspected of Intrigues because they have good Sense. Though I have little Pretension to this, it has been my own Case. I doubt not but our Friend is of an excellent Character: But these are not made for him; Merit makes but a poor Figure here without Protection; and those who might be Protectors, are not fond of encumbering themselves with it. I have drawn up a Scheme of Life, for a Time when I shall be free and far enough from Court. Add or retrench, as you think fit, in the Margin.

1. Rise between seven and eight, and spend an Hour in Prayer.

2. Go abroad two Days in the Week upon Visits of Necessity: Retire at ten in the Evening, and go to Prayers with my Family.

3. Allow two Days in the Week for visiting the Poor and Prisoners.

4. Be modeſtly cloathed, wear neither Gold nor Silver, and give the Tenth of my Income to the Poor.

Thus would I ſet out, 'till my Zeal ſhould enable me to do more, in Expectation of that calm, tranquil Time, of which I form to myſelf ſo delightful a Proſpect. I do nothing of any Conſequence, and give Way to Sloth; which makes me fear that the Courſe of Devotion I am projecting, may proceed from the ſame methodical Spirit which I have ſhewn in the Furniture at *Maintenon*.

LETTER LXVIII.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

September.

WHILST you labour under Cares and Vexations of your own, you participate ſo much in mine as to make me forbear diſcovering any more to you: And yet, with whom can I ſo properly lament as with you, the common Loſs we have juſt met with? The Marſhal *d'Albret* is dead; he wrote me a Letter, before he expired, expreſſive of his Eſteem and Friendſhip for me. I have juſt now read it again, and could not refrain from Tears. He died like a Saint: But how know we whether he had Time enough to atone for his Faults? Yes, he has had leiſure ſufficient, and has atoned for them: For

For ſeveral Years paſt he has walked in the Ways of Salvation: In ſhort, I hate to doubt of the Salvation of my Friends. Let us, dear Brother, turn our Thoughts inwards to ourſelves; we are both growing old, and infirm: Let us then, by living well, ſmooth over the Horrors of Death, which to thoſe who have led bad Lives, are indeed moſt terrible.

LETTER LXIX.

To the ſame.

October 18.

I Cannot reconcile myſelf to the Loſs we have ſuſtained: It is a Misfortune to be ſo tender hearted. Your State of Health makes me tremble; and my own Indolence in the Service of God makes me dread your reſembling me in this Point. I preſs M. *de Louvois*; and he gives me Promiſes; Time will bring about all Things: We ſhall fare tolerably enough here: Let us think of our Lot in the other World. I have been at *Maintenon*, which is greatly embelliſhed: Upon entering the Gallery, the firſt Thing I obſerved was the Marſhal's Picture, which drew Tears from me. The King intends to make that Caſtle a delightful Place; he has ſent thither M. *Le Nautre*, and I daily find there ſome Preſent from the fine Lady. You have a violent Longing to come into the Great World, and I

to get out of it. Thus every one has his Uneasiness, and I am as much affected with yours as with my own; though the Share that properly falls to my Lot, is, perhaps, not less than yours.

LETTER LXX.

To the same.

1677.

I Use all my Endeavours to remove you from your present Post. M. *de Louvois* positively promised it me yesterday, and Madame *de Montespan* spoke of it to the King. Arm yourself with Patience, and remember that while you are complaining, there are some in the World who without a Moment's Rest, are in a continual Slavery, and spend all their Life in doing the Will of others; but give yourself no Uneasiness from this.

LETTER LXXI.

To the same.

1677.

I Could wish to have all the Failings, which I have reproached you with, and to be capable of receiving a Reprimand in the Manner you have taken mine. Be persuaded that, from one of my Temper, it is the greatest Proof of Tenderness that could be given you. Be content; you

you are going to the fineſt Place in the World. Dream of nothing but how to ſpend your Time chearfully there; and think of marrying, that you may meet with no more Oppoſition at *Coignac*. I have ſuffered a great deal theſe ſeveral Days: But Madame *de Monteſpan*'s Turbulence will ſoon ſubſide; were it laſting, 'twould be impoſſible to bear it.

LETTER LXXII.

To the ſame.

Maintenon, May 12.

WE ſhall ſhortly ſet out for *Barege*, ſhall ſtop at *Fontevrault*, and probably meet again about the Middle of next Month. Live, my dear Brother, as chearfully as you can. You are in a fine Place, in a good Poſt, and your own Maſter: I well know ſome who are more wretched. My own Afflictions touch me leſs than yours. Don't think of being ſlighted at Court; we ſhall keep our Ground there. Enjoy what you have like a Philoſopher. The King arrives at *Verſailles* on *Monday*, we ſhall be there on *Sunday*. They thought themſelves rid of us; but you know me; I am not eaſily ſhaken off:

LETTER LXXIII.

To the same.

Fontevrault, June 12, 1677.

WE ſhall ſet out from hence on *Monday* to *Poitiers*, and then directly to *Coignac*. The Prince is attended by M. *Fagon*, M. *Le Ragois*, his Preceptor, Almoner, and ſix Valets de Chambre; and I have three Women. I give you this Detail, that you may take your Meaſures. To amuſe you I ſend you a Copy of a ſhort Letter wrote by the Prince to Madame *de Monteſpan*.

'Madame *de Maintenon* ſpends every Day in 'ſpinning, Madam; and were ſhe left to 'herſelf, ſhe would either do this, or write all 'the Night too. Adieu, my dear Lady; I beg 'you would believe, that notwithſtanding the 'Liberty I take with you, I have that Reſpect 'and ſincere Affection for you which is incom-'prehenſible.'

LETTER LXXIV.

To Madame de Coulanges.

Coignac, June 16, 1677.

I Have Time only to ſay two Words to you: I am as much charmed with having received that Letter, as I am vexed at not being able to anſwer

anſwer it. I thank you for the Advice, and will make good Uſe of it: I always had a Suſpicion of their Sentiments, and I wiſh I had been miſtaken. My Compliments firſt to M. *de Coulanges*, then to the Abbé, and then to the Abbeſſe. I ſhall ever be, *&c.*

LETTER LXXV.

To Madame de Monteſpan,

Barege, *Saturday*.

I Have nothing to add, Madam, to M. *Fagon's* Account. The Prince well deſerves that you ſhould write to him: He ſays your Letters are as fine as your Eyes. Let me relate to you an Anſwer that has pleaſed me, becauſe it ſeemed to me above his Years: I was checking him yeſterday for ſome haughty Ways, and I told him that the King was politer than him. 'It is very eaſy for him to be ſo, anſwered he; he has a certain Knowledge of his Rank, whilſt I am ignorant of mine.' He ſpoke this in a Manner ſo reſolute and ſo concerned, that I could not refrain from ſighing. Madame *du Freſnoy*, Madam, writes to me in the moſt gracious Strain, and I am greatly obliged to you for it; no body can be with more Gratitude and Reſpect, *&c.*

*LETTER LXXVI.

To the same.

1677.

THE youngest of Authors, Madam, begs your Patronage for his Works. He would have been very glad of being eight Years Old before they were sent into the World; but was afraid his Gratitude might have been suspected, had he lived more than seven without giving you a public Testimony of it. In effect, Madam, he's in a good measure indebted to you for what he is. Though his Birth has been happy enough, and there are few Authors to whom Heaven has been so indulgent, he acknowledges that your Conversation has largely contributed to perfect him in what Nature began. If he thinks with Rectitude, if with Gracefulness he expresses himself, if he already knows how to make a tolerable Discernment between Men, these are so many Talents which he has endeavoured to steal from you. For my Part, Madam, who

* This Letter was printed the following Year at the Head of a Book entituled, Oeuvres diverses d'un Auteur de sept Ans, *Diverse Works of an Author of seven Years old.* The Epistle Dedicatory, says *Bayle*, has a most delicate Turn: one would think the Subject was not touched, or that the Writer intended only to skim lightly over it; yet the Phrase is exquisite, and a great deal is said in few Words.

know

know his most secret Thoughts, I cannot but observe with what Admiration he hears you talk; and I can with Truth assure you, that he is much readier to listen to you than to all his Books. You will find in the Work I send you, some pretty good Passages of antient History: But he fears, that, in the Croud of marvellous Events that have happened in our own Days, you will be but little affected with any Information he can give you of former Ages: And he has the more Reason to fear it, as he has experienced the same Thing in the Course of this reading. He sometimes thinks it strange, that Men should have laid themselves under a Necessity to charge their Memory with Authors that tell us Things so much inferior to what we now behold. How is he to find any thing striking in the Victories of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and in all that *Florus* and *Justin* relate to him? when from his Cradle his very Nurses have accustomed his Ears to so much greater Exploits. The taking a certain Town in ten Years by the *Greeks* is related to him as a Prodigy: Yet is he but seven Years old, and has already heard *Te Deum* sung in *France* for the taking of above a hundred Towns. This, Madam, puts him a little out of Conceit with Antiquity. He is naturally proud; I plainly perceive he thinks himself descended from a good House; and with whatever Encomiums

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one might talk to him of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, I doubt whether he would put himſelf upon a Level with the Offspring of either of thoſe great Men. I aſſure myſelf that you will not diſapprove this little Pride in him, and that you will acknowledge he is no bad Judge of Heroes: You will at the ſame Time confeſs, that myſelf am none of the moſt injudicious in making Preſents, and that, ſeeing I had an Intention to dedicate a Book to you, where could an Author more agreeable to you have been pitched upon, or one in whom you have a greater Intereſt? I am, Madam, your moſt humble, &c.

LETTER LXXVII.*

From Madame de Monteſpan *to the King.*

YOU aſked me, my Dear, whether your Crown was not the Charm of your Love? And when I anſwered, that I loved nothing

* This is the famous Letter which Madam *de Maintenon* is ſaid to have dictated to the Marchioneſs *de Monteſpan*, and to which the Fortune of Mad. *de Maintenon* is commonly attributed, in conſequence of the Fancy *Louis* XIV. took to the Writer of it. I think it has appeared in print elſewhere. Some Perſons, who intereſt themſelves in the Memory of Mad. *de Maintenon*, have aſſured me it is apocryphal, and that ſhe diſapproved too much the Amours of Mad. *de Monteſpan*, to be capable of writing Letters of this Nature. However, I would not ſuppreſs it, leſt I ſhould be taxed with a material Omiſſion.

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about you but yourſelf, you told me, that I might poſſibly deceive myſelf. I had anſwered you much better, could I have made you ſenſible how much your Doubt alarmed me. I have ſince examined my Heart in ſecret: And oh! how well has it ſhewn me that Ambition does not act like Love! Theſe Paſſions are eaſily diſtinguiſhed: What Uſe do you make of your Penetration, if you diſcern not the Difference? I ambitious! I, who think I ſee in the Eyes of every Woman the ſame Love I feel in my Heart for the moſt amiable of Men!

Muſt you be reminded of the Words we had a few Days ſince concerning your Coldneſs? I don't remember what I then ſaid to you, but I well know Ambition never talked in that Strain. What did you not ſay to me, to make me eaſy? If I had loved the King only, would I not have been ſatisfied with your Excuſes? Would you have found it ſo difficult to perſuade and appeaſe me? When I ſee Tenderneſs ſpeaking through your Eyes, don't you perceive the ſame Paſſion anſwering you in mine? Could Ambition put on ſuch a Diſguſe? When my Heart yields to the moſt delightful Tranſports, and ſinks under them, tell me, my Dear, is this the Effect of Ambition? You love, without diſcerning Love! I could ſay more to you, but Vexation ſnatches the Pen from my Hand.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Versailles, Monday—1677.

I WAS right in telling you, Madam, that M. *de C*——* would act the Part of a Dupe, throughout this Affair. He is a Man of great Sense, but has no worldly Wisdom. With all his Zeal, he has done the very Thing which *Lauzun* would have been ashamed to have done. He wanted to convert them, and he has reconciled them. These are all idle Projects: There is none besides † *La Chaise* that can make them succeed: He has often deplored with me the King's Irregularities; but if he spoke sincerely, would he not interdict him the Sacraments? You plainly see there is some Truth in the *Provincial Letters*. Father *La Chaise* is an honest Man; but the Air of the Court taints the purest Virtue. I send you two Copies of the Verses under the Prince's Picture: Though they are *Boileau*'s, it runs in my Mind that *Racine*, and even *Coulanges*, could have made better.

* Probably Monf. *Bossuet*, then Bishop of *Condom*. Most Memoirs relate this Fact in a Way that does no Honour to that Prelate, whose Penetration was abused, but whose Probity was so well known, that after the Reconciliation he found himself rather the better for it at Court; nor did this Affair prejudice his Reputation in the least.

† A Jesuit, and Confessor to the King.

LETTER LXXIX.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

Verſailles, 1677.

SEND me ſome News of Siſter *Saint-Baſil.** I believe ſhe is reſolved to leave *Port-Royal*; but I know not whether the Hoſpitallers are reſolved to receive her: I am very ready to conduct her to them. Think of that poor Girl, I beſeech you! You Saints are cruel: Yet we ought to help one another's Weakneſs alternately. I wiſh more ardently than ever to be out of this Place, and confirm myſelf more and more in the Opinion that I cannot ſerve God here: But I ſpeak the leſs of it to you, becauſe you tell every thing to the Abbé *Teſtu*. This is an Inſtance of my native Sincerity; and I believe you will like it better than an Alteration in the Confidence I repoſe in you. I am going to *Maintenon*, to make a Trial of Solitude, and of the Courſe of Life of which I lately ſent you a Sketch.

* Madame *de Maintenon* had been acquainted with her at the Hoſpitalieres in St. *James's-ſtreet*, and had conceived Eſteem enough for her to conſult with her about the Conſtitutions of St. *Cyr*, a religious Community of Ladies.

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LETTER LXXX.

To the Abbé Teſtu.

AND thus it happens that the Inquiſitive are always the worſt informed. My Removal from Court is a Point ſo little decided, that I hold to it by ſtronger Tyes than ever. I have no Cauſe of Diſcontent, and, doubtleſs, you have been purpoſely ill informed. The Idea of becoming a Nun never came into my Mind; therefore make Madame *de la Fayette* eaſy. We have laughed heartily at your honouring me with a Suſpicion, that I have taken it into my Head to give Credit to what People ſay of the Vapours: It is true they are much more rife here than formerly; but you very well know that we muſt go higher up to find the Source of this Faſhion. Every Body here fluctuates between Fear and Hope; we are promiſed great Events: You'll ſee by the Manner in which I ſhall be concerned therein, that I little think of leaving this Place: No, I will never leave it till you are worthy of having an Abbey. The King has poſitively ſaid, that for the future he will have none but pious Clergymen preferred. You are going to ſay, What a Number of Abbeys will be vacant? Adieu, my poor Abbé: Don't write to me when your Fit comes upon you: you ſee and paint every Thing ſo dark, that though

though I was in love with Solitude you would make me hate it.

LETTER LXXXI.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

YOU think too seriously of what I wrote to you about; I don't suspect you of having revealed my Confession to the Abbé *Testu*: But as he's inquisitive, I thought he might get from you more than I would have him know. I imagin'd that he had learned from you the Design I had formed to leave this Place, of which he knew nothing before but aerial Projects. This is all I meant; therefore give yourself no farther Uneasiness.

LETTER LXXXII.

To the same

I Arrived yesterday from *Maintenon*, where I spent eight Days with a Serenity and Content of Mind that makes me relish the Court worse than ever; if I gave Way to my Inclination, I should be ready every Hour of the Day to petition for Leave to retire: It is impossible for me to lead the same Life much longer. I undertake too much for the Body or the Mind, perhaps for both, not to sink under it. It will happen as God pleases: I frequently offer up to him

him my Sufferings, real or imaginary; and if his Will was known to me, I would follow it in all Points, even the most opposite to my Temper. I'm on good Terms with the King, who no longer dreads the Conversation of the * *fine Genius*; and am not upon ill Terms with Madame *de Montespan*: I make use of this Season to let her understand that I want to retire; but she answers little to the Proposal. I recommend the King to your Prayers, as he stands on the Brink of a great Precipice.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

METhinks you want natural Affection for your Relations: I am far otherwise, and feel great Tenderness for them: They have their Failings, and so has every body. We must not break off Friendship with any: There may be a Time when it is necessary to live among Relations, and then a complaisant Habit proves a great Resource. I have found Mademoiselle *de Floigny* very handsome and very amiable; but I know not why you regard this Negotiation as a Thing yet to be done, when I hear that you are satisfied with all the Conditions, and that ·thing remains but to sign the Contract, and

Louis XIV. called Madam *Scarron* the *fine*· 's of Madam *de Montespan*.

go to Church. I make you an Offer of having the Nuptials celebrated at *Maintenon*. I have been told you have loſt fourteen thouſand Livres at play this Winter: I hope you will game no more, if you marry: I believe you are too honeſt to put your Wife and Children in the right Road to a Workhouſe. For my Part, I am in no Humour to ſtreighten myſelf in order to ſupply your Extravagancies, when I hear, that whilſt I am ſaving, even in Neceſſaries, to furniſh my Country Houſe, you ſtake a thouſand Piſtoles at play, and ſpend more in a Month than I do in a Year. From this motherly Admonition conclude, that I have all the Tenderneſs of a Mother. If you marry, let good Motives prompt you to an Affair of ſuch Importance. Adieu. I have already ſent a Cradle to *Maintenon*, as a Piece of Furniture you may probably want.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To the ſame.

LOOK upon your Marriage in the beſt Point of View, ſince it is done: God has permitted it, and you have nothing but Thanks to return him. Game no more, and be frugal. Enjoy Tranquility and Freedom; and eſpecially, my dear Brother, reſiſt that Melancholy

to which you are so naturally inclined. You are not ill looked upon here; they approve of your Marriage. Your Wife is pious, young, affable, and loves you: A richer one would have been less tractable. Lay open your Heart to me without Reserve concerning her, that I may treat her better or worse, according as you are more or less satisfied with her Conduct. She has a Failing, which is an involuntary Kind of laughing, and speaking with an affected Grimace, like Madame *de Longueville*, who acts that Part with the Countenance and Wit of an Angel. For God's Sake let her speak naturally. It is a troublesome Office to set up for her Gouvernante; but I would not do it, if I loved her less than I do. Adieu, dear Brother, be cheerful: Think of the Condition in which we were born, and we shall esteem ourselves happy.

LETTER LXXXV.

To the same.

A WIFE of fifteen is no small Plague: I wonder you should dream of rambling about the Kingdom! The poor Child! Can you think of leaving her alone? She writes to me, that it will break her Heart. Either stay at home, or take her along with you in your Travels. I send you an Account of what I have laid out to cloath her, and for the Wedding; not with a

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View that you ſhould pay it, but to let you ſee that Money runs away faſt, and that the Sum is large for Perſons in our Circumſtances. Your Wife's Shifts are as fine as the Queen wears; and no Man living has Linen to exceed your's: I never had, nor ſhall I ever think of having any ſo curious, tho' I live at Court, where Example carries every thing to Exceſs. You will infallibly ruin me, my dear Brother, if you be not ſaving on your own Part.

LETTER LXXXVI.

To Madame d'Aubigné.

YOU have here, my moſt amiable Siſter, a Calculation of what your daily Expence ought to amount to for twelve Perſons, viz. Monſieur and Madame, three Maid Servants, four Footmen, two Coachmen, and a Valet de Chambre.

	Livres.	Sols.
Fifteen Pound of Meat, at 5 Sols per Pound, — — —	8 —	15
Two Joints of Roaſt Meat, —	2 —	10
Bread, — — — — —	1 —	10
Wine, — — — — —	2 —	10
Wood for Fewel, — — —	2 —	00
Fruit, — — — — — —	1 —	10
Candles, — — — — —	0 —	08
Wax Candles, — — — —	0 —	10
	14 —	13

Adding

Adding to these Washing, Salt, and Spices, your Expences need not exceed fifteen Livres *per Diem*. I reckon four Sols in Wine for four Footmen and your two Coachmen: Madame *de Montespan* allows no more to her's; and if you keep Wine in your Cellar, it will cost you only three Sols. I have set down six Sols for the Valet de Chambre, and twenty for you and your Husband: I reckon every Thing at the least. I allow a Pound of Candles, because the Days are short. I set down forty Sols for firing, though you want only two; and I allow thirty Sols for Fruit, tho' Sugar is but eleven Sols, and a Quarter of a Pound is sufficient to sweeten a * Compote. I set down two Pieces of roast Meat, one of which may be saved when Monsieur or Madame dines or sups abroad: But then I forgot a Fowl in Soup. We understand domestic Oeconomy; you may have too, without exceeding the fifteenth Livre, sometimes a Course of Sausages, sometimes Sheeps Tongues, the eternal Pyramid, and the Compote which you are so fond of. All this granted, which I learn at Court, my dear Child, your Table Ex-

* Stewed Fruit; of the Sweetmeat Kind.

pence ſhould not exceed 6000 Livres.

For cloathing Madame, let us ſet down — — —	1000
For Monſieur, — — —	1000
For Wages and Liveries, —	1000
For Houſe Rent — — —	1000
	10000

Is not all this decent and elegant? If the Calculation be of any Uſe to you, I ſhall not regret the Pains I have taken to make it; it will convince you at leaſt that I know ſomething of Houſhold Affairs. Adieu, dear Child; love me as I value you.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To Madame de Monteſpan.

Maintenon, March 13, 1678.

YOU could not poſſibly have ſent me a more agreeable Piece of News, Madam, than the Surrender of *Ghent*: In all Appearance the Citadel has capitulated by this Time. The King will ſoon return to you, Madam, overflowing with Love, and reſplendent with Glory. I participate infinitely in your Joy. My Siſter and Brother arrived here yeſterday, with a grateful Senſe of your Kindneſs to them. The Prince is in Health: I herewith ſend you a Copy of a Letter he wrote to the King.

From the Duke du Maine *to the King.*

' Sire,

' If your Majeſty goes on taking Towns, 'tis
' out of Diſpute that I muſt be a Dunce; for
' M. *le Ragois* never fails to make me lay aſide
' my Books when the News of it arrives; and
' I riſe from the Letter I have the Honour to
' write to you, only in order to make a Bon-
' fire.'

You will find, Madam, great Alterations at *Maintenon*; *Mignard* has outdone himſelf, and that Picture ecliſpes the fineſt Paintings of *Italy*. I leave you, Madam, to think at Leiſure of your Conqueror. If ever any Paſſion was pardonable, this muſt doubtleſs be ſo; but none of this Kind can be pardonable in the Sight of God.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

1679.

THE beautiful Ducheſs is inconſolable; and I am no leſs grieved that ſhe ſhould think Madame *de Monteſpan* has acted by my Counſels; I beg you would undeceive her: Nobody loves her more than I do. Madame *du Freſnoy* could tell her from what Quarter the Blow came, and teach her to miſtruſt her female Friends.

Madame

Madame *de Montespan* complains of her last Lying-in: She says, that this young Lady has made her lose the King's Heart; and she quarrels with me about it, as if I had not often advised her never to lie-in again. She upbraids herself for not having followed the King to *Flanders*, but it could not be otherwise. She swears that from henceforth he shall never make another Campaign, as if Glory did not influence him more than Love. I pity Madame *de Montespan*. What would it be, if she knew all her Misfortunes? She is very far from thinking the King is unfaithful; she only accuses him of Coldness. None dare venture to inform her of this new Passion, which is no longer a Secret to any but herself.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To the same.

April 1679.

THE Peace is signed: Madame *de Montespan* very seriously declares, that if she could lay hold of the Prince of *Orange*, she would strangle him with her own Hands. She accuses me of loving the King: This Crime, said I, laughing, is common to us both. But, replied she, don't take it in your Head that he loves a Person————————. There she broke off, and 'tis the first Time I have seen her check her

angry Transports. The Favour and Credit you have acquired, added ſhe, will not be more laſting than mine. ' I boldly anſwered her, that a Woman of my Years could not give Umbrage to a well-turned Mind; that my Conduct, of which ſhe had been an Eye-witneſs ten Years ſucceſſively, gave the Lye to her injurious Suſpicions; that I had ſo little dreamed of the Deſign ſhe imputed to me, that I often entreated her to obtain Leave for me to retire; that I would no longer bear with her haughty Airs; that the Oddities of her Temper ſhortened my Days, by the Vexations they expoſed me to. And who detains you here, ſaid ſhe? I anſwered her, The King's Will, my Duty, my Senſe of Gratitude, the Intereſt of my Family. This Dialogue was carried no farther; I withdrew, and am now in my Cloſet, bemoaning my Afflictions, and conſoling myſelf with you. Madame *du Freſnoy* revenges herſelf on me, for the Decline of her Credit. Though devoured with Cares, I am obliged to dry up my Tears, and appear gay and contended. Oh! when ſhall I at leaſt have the Satisfaction of weeping freely?

LET-

LETTER XC.

To the same.

April 19, 1679.

THE Prince of *Marsillac* is just gone out of my Apartment. 'Tis surprizing to see how earnest that Man is to serve me: I know not what Design may be concealed under that eager Officiousness. I receive the Father as coldly as the Son. Horrid Things are imputed to them; to the one Counsels, to the other Actions. The King has spent two Hours in my Closet: He's surely the most amiable Man in his Kingdom. I discoursed with him about his Salvation, and he gave me an attentive Hearing. Perhaps he is not so averse to thinking of it as his Courtiers imagine: He has good Sentiments, and frequently turns his Thoughts towards God. It would be great Pity if God did not enlighten a Soul that's made for him.

LETTER XCI.

To the same.

May 4.

YESTERDAY the King had a fierce Conversation with Madame *de Montespan*, at which I was present. *Diana* was the Subject of it. I wondered at the King's Patience and the Fury of the Marchioness. The whole ended with

these terrible Words; *I have told you before, Madam, I will not be controlled.* Madame *de Montespan* asks Counsel of me; I talk to her of God, and she thinks I have an Understanding with the King. She flies out against the poor Girl, rails at Father *La Chaise* and M. *de Noailles*: She exaggerates the Expences, and invents Calumnies: She spends whole Hours with M. *de Louvois* and Madame *de Thiange*: She deplores the Lot of Princes. The King is so attached to her by Habit, I doubt not but Compassion will make him return to her.

LETTER XCII.

To the same.

May 24, 1679.

NEW Plagues every Day! The King shuns Madame *de Montespan* with a Kind of Affectation: She has retired to *Clagni*: Courtiers all think the Breach will never be made up. The King has owned to me that he still loves her, and more than he could wish. The Duke *du Maine* attaches him to his Mother: He cannot see him without relenting. Madame *Soubize* is too beautiful in * *Mademoiselle's* [illegible]ceit, and too virtuous in the Opinion of † [illegible]*sieur*. *Du Fresnoy* is forsaken: She has had

* The Grand-daughter of *Henry* IV.

† Brother of *Louis* XIV.

Recourse

Recourſe to me, as if I had the Eſteem and Friendſhip of the Public at my Diſpoſal. We embraced each other: I will ſerve her, though certain ſhe will prove ungrateful. My greateſt Pleaſure is to put the Gratitude of my Enemies to the Teſt. The frequent Conferences which the King honours me with, often afford me Opportunities to exerciſe this Humour. Your Son is very pretty. Take Care of your Health: 'Tis the chief Bleſſing next to Virtue.

LETTER XCIII.

To the ſame.

June 14, 1679.

WE are born to ſuffer: Every Day of my Life is remarkable for ſome new Affliction. The King's Favours make me no Sort of Amends for the Loſs of my Tranquility. I endeavour to bring him back to God: It would be a great Pity if ſo good a Soul did not love him. He relates his Faults to me: I am his Confident; and Madame *de Monteſpan* is poſitive that I am his Miſtreſs. But, Madam, ſaid I to her, he muſt then have three: Yes, anſwered ſhe ſmartly, I am but a nominal one, that Girl is ſo in Fact, and you are Miſtreſs of his Heart. I calmly repreſented to her, that ſhe liſten'd too much to her Reſentments: She anſwered me, that ſhe was no Stranger to my

Artifices, and that her Unhappineſs proceeded only from her not having given Ear to Reſentment. She reflected on me on account of her Benefactions, her Preſents and thoſe of the King; and told me that ſhe had harbour'd a Serpent in her Boſom. 'Tis ſtrange we can neither live together, nor part: I love her, and cannot perſuade myſelf that ſhe hates me. I don't live, I die hourly.

LETTER XCIV.

To the ſame.

Auguſt 2.

JEalouſies have ceaſed: Peace is made. It was indeed high Time that the King, after having given Peace to *Europe*, ſhould give Peace to his Court. Madame *de Monteſpan* is more brilliant and more worſhipped than ever; ſhe careſſes me, entruſts me with all her Schemes, conſults me, and gives ear to me. The King of *Spain*'s Marriage with *Mademoiſelle* is agreed upon. They are making Preparations for Feſtivals, and all thoſe Vanities which I have long been diſguſted at, but forced to bear with. The Illneſs of the Abbé *Gobelin* alarms me: Entreat him to take Care of his Health, that we may not loſe ſo good a Friend. Mademoiſelle grows handſomer; 'tis the Marriage. The King has ſaid an Abundance of fine Things

to

to her, and ſhe thanks me for them as if I had any Hand in it.

LETTER XCV.

To the ſame.

October 28,

I THANK you for my fine Gown: You could not have choſen one more to my liking: I ſhall wear it next *Sunday* in Honour of you. The Prince is the King's Idol: The more his Tenderneſs for the Son encreaſes, the more his Love for the Mother ſeems to decreaſe: 'Tis mere Fancy at preſent; there is leſs Paſſion than Habit in it. The King abounds with good Sentiments; He ſometimes reads the Bible, and thinks it the fineſt of all Books. He confeſſes his Weakneſſes to me, he acknowledges his Faults: We muſt wait for the Workings of Grace. He thinks ſeriouſly about the Converſion of Heretics, and in a little Time it will be proſecuted warmly.

LETTER XCVI.

To Mademoiſelle de Lenclos.

Verſailles, Nov. 12. 1679.

CONTINUE to entruſt Mr. *d'Aubigné* with your Counſels. He has great need of the Leſſons of *Leontius*: The Advice of an amiable Friend is always more perſuaſive than the

Counſels of an auſtere Siſter. Madame *de Coulanges* has given me Aſſurances of your Friendſhip, which greatly delight me. What you hear of the Favour I am in, is no more than Report: I am a Stranger in this Place, ſupported only by People who diſlike me, no Friends but ſelf-intereſted ones, whom the ſlighteſt Blaſt of Fortune would turn againſt me, and Relations who are continually aſking, but not always deſerving of Favours. You enjoy full Liberty. I am in a continual Slavery. Believe me, my lovely Girl, for you will never ceaſe being handſome, the Intrigues of the Court are not near ſo agreeable as a Correſpondence between Perſons of good Senſe. My Compliments to our old Friends. Madame *de Coulanges* and I toaſted you yeſterday at *Maintenon*, and did not forget the Chamber of the Elect. Continue, I beſeech you, your Kindneſs to *d'Aubigné*. I am, and ever ſhall be, your, &c.

LETTER XCVII.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Dec. 18, 1679.

THE Court has been taken up with Solicitations from the Beginning of this Month; but they are at laſt at an End. Madame *de Richelieu* has been appointed Lady of Honour.*

* To *Victoria* of *Bavaria*, Dauphineſs of *France*.

The

The two Dreſſers are the Marſhal *de Rochefort's* Lady, who eagerly ſolicited for it, and ———, your Friend, who did not dream of it. This ſurely deſerves a Compliment: I am going to part from Madame the Superintendant.* I ſhall be delivered from all the Vexations annexed to that wretched Condition: No more Quarrels, no more Reconciliations! The Princeſs is ſaid to be very affable and pious; which is an exact Contraſt to Madame *de Monteſpan*: She has congratulated me in ſuch a Manner as to let me underſtand, that I am obliged to her for this Poſt: And yet I know it from a Man who cannot deceive, that I am indebted for it to none but God and the King.

LETTER XCVIII.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

St. Germain, Jan. 7, 1680.

I Send you the Account of my Alms. As for my Cloaths, I am going to change them, and get ſuch as Madame *de Richelieu* wears. I am ſo indifferent about this Point, that nothing comes amiſs to me. I have been cloathed with Gold, when I ſpent my Days in Pleaſures with the King and his Miſtreſs: Now that I am to be

* Madame *de Monteſpan* bought this Year the Poſt of, Superintendant of the Queen's Houſhold, and almoſt forced the Counteſs of *Soiſſons* to ſell it to her.

with

with a Princess, I shall always appear in black Was I not at Court, I should dress like a * *Touriere*; these Changes give me no Uneasiness at all: I spend too much, because I am naturally neat, and little inclined to Avarice. In spight of my Inclination to lead a Life less gay and idle, I shall soon consume a Part of it at the Opera, where sober Reflections may be made, but where, methinks, it is shameful to be seen at the Age of forty, and a Christian too. Pray to God to inform you how it is I ought to act.

LETTER XCIX.

To the same.

MY Days are now pretty regular and very solitary. I pray to God as soon as I rise: I go to Mass twice on *Sundays* and Holidays, and once on other Days. I say my Office daily, and read a Chapter of some pious Book. I pray to God at going to Bed, and when I awake in the Night I say a *Laudate Dominum*, or a *Gloria Patri*. I think often of God in the Course of the Day, and make him an Offering of my Actions; I beg of him to remove me hence, if I am not working out my Salvation here. For the rest, I know not my Sins: I have good Morals and good Inclinations, and by the Help

* A Maid that looks after the Turning-Box in a Nunnery.

of these I commit no Harm: But I have a Desire to please and to be esteemed, which puts me upon my Guard against all my Passions. So that I can scarcely ever reproach myself with Deeds, but only with humane Motives, great Vanity, much Levity and Dissipation of Mind, great Freedom of Thought and Judgment, and a Reserve in speaking that proceeds from nothing but human Prudence. This is the State of my Soul, as near as I can describe it: Prescribe the Remedies. I see no Probability of a speedy Retreat; therefore I must labour here in the Business of my Salvation: Pray contribute towards it as much as lies in your Power; and as it is the most essential of all Services, you may depend on the most perfect Gratitude.

LETTER C.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

July 6, 1680.

I Will speak for you to M. *Colbert*, however ill satisfied I may be with him: He will on that Account be the readier to grant my Request. You would be too rich, if you could leave off gaming and live regularly. Supposing Misfortunes should throw you into this Way of thinking, you would only do what all the World does: Vanity makes us value ourselves upon entertaining

tertaining a contrary Notion; but it is immaterial by what Means we go to God. Speak neither well nor ill of the Favour I have risen to: Nothing borders so near upon Favour as Disgrace. Don't make yourself uneasy at any Thing you hear to my Prejudice. Some People are enraged, and only study to hurt me. If they don't succeed, we shall laugh at it; if they do, we will bear it courageously. Adieu, dear Brother, think of our former Condition, that we may deem ourselves happy in the present. During these first Days I must give constant Attendance on the Dauphiness. Be circumspect in your Conversation concerning me: Some People make you talk strangely, and take Delight in repeating it to me. As to the rest, I am easy; I inure myself to every thing; we must take the Benefice with the Incumbrances.

*LETTER CI.

To Madame de F * * *.

August 19, 1680.

LOUVOIS has procured Madame *de Montespan* a Conference *tete à tete* with the King. For some time past he has been suspected of hav-

* I have been able to recover nothing but Fragments of these Letters to Madame de *F* * * *.

N. B. By the 26th Chapter of *Voltaire*'s Age of *Lewis* XIV. this Lady appears to be Mad. *de Fontenac*, Cousin to Mad. *de Maintenon*.

ing ſuch a Deſign; his Steps were obſerved; Opportunities guarded againſt; Endeavours uſed to break his Meaſures; but they were ſo well laid, that the King has at laſt fallen into the Snare. They are actually coming to an *Ecclairciſſement*, and Love alone is to preſide in Council this Day. The King is reſolute; but Madame *de Monteſpan* is moſt lovely when ſhe weeps. The Dauphineſs is at Prayers: Her Piety has put the King on making ſerious Reflections; but the Fleſh in one Moment is ſufficient to overthrow the Work of Grace. That Princeſs has made it a Point of Conſcience to labour towards the King's Converſion: I am afraid ſhe may grow too importunate, and make him hate Devotion. I beſeech her to moderate her Zeal. She ſometimes admits me to her pious Exerciſes; and I aſſure you that no Heart is more attached to God than hers. Madame *de la Valiere* is a very ſtriking Example of the Power of Grace: The King willingly talks of her; and I cannot perſuade myſelf that *Louvois* and Madame *de Monteſpan* will be able to eraſe thoſe holy Impreſſions from his Mind.

LET-

LETTER CII.

To the same.

August 23, 1680.

THIS *Ecclairciſſement* has ſtrengthened the King's Reſolution: I have congratulated him on his Victory over ſo formidable an Enemy: He confeſſes that *Louvois* is a more dangerous Man than the Prince of *Orange*; but he is neceſſary. Madame *de Monteſpan* wept at firſt, then fell to Reproaches, and at laſt talked arrogantly: She inveighed bitterly againſt me, according to Cuſtom: Nevertheleſs, ſhe has promiſed him to live in Harmony with me. For the Sake of her Honour ſhe ought at leaſt to ſave Appearances. *La Feuillade* has quarrelled with *Colbert*, and made his Peace with *Louvois*. The Prince of *Marſillac* deceives the whole Court. The Ducheſs *du Lude* holds with the Majority. Madame *de Rochefort* is come into the pious Intentions of the Dauphineſs. Madame *du Freſnoy* would fain perſuade me that the King deceives me: But what Intereſt could he have in deceiving me? My Friends don't allow me Time to breathe: I am better pleaſed with the Diſcretion of my Relations. I expect you in two Days at *Maintenon*.

LET-

LETTER CIII.

To the ſame.

I AM devoured with Grief: I flatter'd myſelf that Madame *de Monteſpan* would ceaſe to perſecute me, and that I might at laſt quietly promote my Salvation, in attending on a Princeſs who ſets to the whole Court an Example which is much more admired than followed. She has made up the Breach with the King: *Louvois* has done this. She has omitted nothing that might ruin me; ſhe has drawn my Picture in the moſt frightful Colours. My God! thy Will be done! She came to me yeſterday, and overwhelmed me with Reproaches and injurious Reflections: The King ſurprized us in the midſt of a Converſation that ended better than it began. He ordered us to embrace and to love each other: But this laſt Point you know is not to be commanded. He added, ſmiling, that it was eaſier for him to give Peace to *Europe* than to two Women, and that we took Fire about Trifles.

LETTER CIV.

To the ſame.

I Cannot ſee you: I ſhall go to *Maintenon*; the King wants to ſurprize me there; and that will poſſibly be to-morrow or the next Day.

I have not a Moment's Tranquility. The Dauphiness is in Retirement: I should not be here now, if her Devotion had not detained me. Pray to God for me: I never was so agitated, nor exposed to so many Conflicts.

LETTER CV.

To the same.

Octob. 10, 1680.

I Receive every Day new Favours from the King; but my Health, which is daily impairing, will not allow me to enjoy them long. The Loss of Tranquility counterbalances the Credit I acquire: I cannot bear this Way of living. The King is shy of me, and fears me: He heaps Benefits on me, in order to shut my Mouth; he loves Truth, and will not hear it. In short he lives in a Habit of mortal Sin that makes me tremble. I can no longer endure to see all these Doings. If the Scene does not change, I will withdraw: I am sure it must offend God to live with those who do nothing but offend him. Piety contracts a certain Lukewarmness, without our being sensible of it. I should e'er now have been out of this Place, did I not apprehend that Passion and Spleen might contribute more to my withdrawing than a Desire to save my Soul. I sacrifice to God all that might fix me here, and I cannot resolve to complete this Sacrifice.

Sacrifice. The Piety of the Dauphineſs confirms me in my good Thoughts, and deſtroys all my Projects.

LETTER CVI.

To the ſame.

I NEVER was more ſenſible how much I deceived myſelf: I am yet very far from the Freedom I aſpire at. My Chains never were ſo heavy, nor ſo ſtrong. I know not what to ſay to the Abbé *Gobelin:* I fear to lay my Heart open to him, becauſe I dread the rendering myſelf guilty of an Obſtinacy that would be offenſive to God. I am a Patient that conceals the Diſtemper for fear of Remedies.

LETTER CVII.

To the ſame.

HIS Speeches would grieve me much more ſenſibly, did I not know by whom they are dictated to him. I never had ſo much ſplendid Pleaſure on the one Hand, nor ſo much Sorrow on the other. I have no ſettled Plan, becauſe my Meaſures are daily diſconcerted. I am ſo wretched, and have ſo long been ſo, that there is room to hope I ſhall not be ſpoiled by Proſperity.

LET-

LETTER CVIII.

To the same.

I OBTAIN every Thing; but Envy makes the Purchase dear. My Heart is racked, and his is in no better a Condition. At the Age of Forty it is too late to seek to please; but Virtue is always in Season. All the Compliments you pass on my Intellects have been formerly bestowed on my Face: Those flattering Encomiums never seduced me; judge then whether I shall not be Proof against yours.

LETTER CIX.

To the same

RUVIGNI is intractable: He has told the King that I was born a *Calvinist*, and remained so till my Appearance at Court. This engages me to approve of Things very opposite to my Sentiments: It is a long while since I have had none of my own. How happy should I be, had I made a Sacrifice of them to God!

LETTER CX.

To the same.

GOD only knows the Truth. *He affords me the fairest Hopes; but I am too old to rely on them. Though Madame *de Montespan* was, it is long since I have been, taken by that weak Side:

* Viz. *The King*.

Side: And yet this is not a Place to acquire Fortitude in.——I send him * away always in Affliction, but never in Despair.

LETTER CXI.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

Stenay, Jan. 1, 1681.

HERE is M. *de Louvois*'s Order: You'll be satisfied with my Diligence, and shall always have reason to be so in every thing that may lie in my Power. My Equipage is going to *Versailles*, and nobody is better served than I. M. *Bontems* takes Care of my Apartment; so that I shall find it in good Order. I send your Wife a fine Cushion, which the Princess *de Harcour* has brought me from *Spain*. I think of changing my Livery: It is proper. You are unreasonable in desiring me to ask of the King, while he is loading me with Riches, Honours, and every thing that can make Life agreeable: I shall never ask him for any thing; and I now only think of serving him in the Person of my Mistress with such Zeal, Fidelity, and Assiduity as may manifest my Gratitude. Get ready my Lodging in *Paris*: Let me have a gilt Chimney-piece, and a very large Grate; I love

* See *Voltaire*'s Age of *Lewis* XIV. Chapter 26th, where this Passage is quoted.

a great Fire preferably to all other Conveniencies. Send in a Looking-glafs from your Houfe. There is no need of buying every thing new; as *Maintenon* is fo well furnifhed, why fhould I be expenfive at *Paris*, where I fhall fo feldom be? I wifh you a happy New-Year, and a Chriftian Life and Death.

LETTER CXII.

To Madame d'Aubigné.

Jan. 3, 1681.

MY dear Child, I daily beg of God that he would lead you into his holy Ways. Such Prayers are not commonly made in the World: I make them in the midft of the Court, and thoroughly experience the Truth of *St. Bernard's Words, God only can fatisfy the Heart of Man.* Believe me, dear Child, all thofe Pleafures, which you fancy fo delightful, and which you perhaps long for, are nothing but Vanity and Vexation of Spirit. Love your Hufband, and you will be happy. Difpel his Melancholy by your Cheerfulnefs. You know how much I love you; make me love you more. Don't keep Company with Madame *de L* * * *; it will do you a Prejudice in the World: Be circumfpect in your Connections; make no new ones; know before you love. I am your Sifter, your Mother, your Friend.

LETTER CXIII.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

May 19, 1681.

I ENJOY great Tranquility in confequence of the Refolution I have taken to receive no more Vifits. My Tendernefs will fuffer for it; but I found fo much Inconveniency in the Exceptions I made, that I thought it beft to refolve to put all upon a Level. I am expofed to fome Difcontents about it; but that is not fo bad as the ill Turns they did me before. I heartily wifh that your Capucin could convert you: You would be the happier for it in this World and in the next. The Pregnancy of the Dauphinefs being declared, all the intended Journies are laid afide. The King had a Fall yefterday as he was hunting. You may well fuppofe that every body was alarmed in Proportion to his Friendfhip. He got no Hurt at all. You muft have feen my dear little Prince: My Fondnefs for him does not decreafe. I fancy no *Hugonots* will be left in *Poitou* except our Relations: Don't repine at your Fortune: You were born a Gentleman and without a Farthing: Now you are in a delightful Place, with a yearly Income of above fifteen thoufand Livres: Compare Notes, and you'll think yourfelf happy. You have Senfe and Reputation, and a young

fweet

[illegible] Wife: I am daily embellishing [illegible] Seat for you and your Children. [illegible] Duty in your Youth: [illegible] Age in Joy and Peace; enjoy all [illegible] of Probity, and prepare for [illegible] as you can. Don't give [illegible] Melancholy; and remember that [illegible] your own Breast the Enemy of [illegible] and Happiness. Tell your [illegible] ftener she writes to me, the more I [illegible] her, provided she does not insist upon [illegible] Correspondence from me. I am very [illegible] and more slothful to write than ever I [illegible] But my Indolence must not deprive me of [illegible] Wife's Letters; besides, 'twill form her [illegible]; for the more we write, the better we write.

LETTER CXIV.

*To Madame de St. G * * *.*

Versailles, August 24, 1681.

THE King thinks seriously of his Salvation, and of that of his Subjects: If God preserves him, there will be but one Religion in the Kingdom; 'tis the Opinion of M. *de Lou-*[illegible] and I would rather believe *him* on this than *Colbert*, who thinks of his Schemes ever of Religion. The little Girl has wept much:

much: One cannot conceive what Chimeras those People put into Childrens Heads; but ſhe was ſo taken with the King's Maſs, that ſhe promiſed me to become Catholic, Apoſtolic, and Roman, provided I would promiſe to let her hear it every Day. This Simplicity occaſioned much laughing; but I cannot help lamenting that the other Converſions will not ſo eaſily be made. M. *de la Villette* has reſiſted that Eloquence of M. *Boſſuet* which no one elſe ever could. God grant that when he returns he may prove more tractable! Methinks nothing is wanting to my Felicity but the Converſion of my Family. M. *de Ruvigni* will have it that I am ſtill a *Calviniſt* in my Heart: He is as intoxicated with his Religion as an Eccleſiaſtic.

LETTER CXV.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

St. Germain, Feb. 10, 1682.

I HAVE received your melancholy Letter, but am too well acquainted with the Vapours to be frighted at it. Their uſual Effect is to make one fancy Death juſt at Hand: But that Effect is corrected by their keeping it a long while in View: This is what M. *Fagon* has often told me. I ſhould, however, be ſcrupulous about endeavouring to drive ſuch Thoughts entirely

out of your Head: It is good to prepare for Death, especially when we have long Accounts to make up: 'Tis with this we ought to be occupied, and not about what will happen after we are dead. I will send you our Genealogy, as soon as I get it in order. I should be glad to know who M. *de Cardillac* was; that is the darkest Thing I find in it. I beg you'd divert yourself, never be alone, eat sparingly and often, take the Air on Horseback, not dreaming in a Chair, as I fancy I just now behold you. Adieu; you tell me nothing about your Wife, you will never be happy nor well with God, if you don't live well with one another.

LETTER CXVI.

To the same.

YOU know I meddle too little with Affairs, to think of getting Madam de * * * a Place about the Dauphiness. I will implicitely believe Madame *de Miossens* in every Thing, except in Matters of Religion; for I know that in *her* Religion they never forgive those that forsake it. Madame *de St. Hermine* is setting out with her Sisters: They have all made a fine Resistance, and a fine Retreat. Every body is gone to the Ball, and I am alone in my Chamber, my greatest Delight. They ought surely to bear

with

with me: My quiet, solitary Life is agreeable to my Humour. You have wrote me a Letter full of Thanks, but I desire none: All I wish is, to see you content, and making a good Use of the Blessings you receive: They are not inexhaustible; all may end, you know how. I will send you a Seal; but I highly disapprove of your affecting to have the Arms of your Grandmother's Mother; for 'tis from thence the *St. Hermines* are descended. I could not behold without Pleasure a Genealogy of four hundred Years, fully proved by Marriage Contracts: 'Tis learning very late what we are; but that never is an indifferent Matter: M. *d'Albret* told me something of it twelve Years ago.

LETTER CXVII.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

St. Germain, June 20, 1682.

THE Pleasure of seeing the most amiable and most Christian King at Mass, cannot fail you when you come hither, no more than that of viewing the Simplicity of my Chamber; would to God there was as much Simplicity in my Heart, and that, besides what I do not see in it, I did not discover Recesses that may corrupt what Good there is in me. I am charmed to see all the World praise what the King does

I earnestly wish that he would ascribe the Glory of it to God. You will soon hear of a new * Establishment very useful to the poor Noblesse. A † *Flemming* has given the Model of a Machine for *Marli*, which will be one of the Wonders of the World. Pray to God for me.

LETTER CXVIII.

To the same.

IF the Queen had such a Director as you, one might hope for all the Good imaginable from the Union and Harmony in the Royal Family: But they find it exceedingly hard, in the Article of the ‡ *Media noche*, to persuade her Confessor, who conducts her in a Road fitter for a Carmelite than for a Queen. I know that some have cavilled at the last Benefit you received from the King: But what concerns me, is, that you are at all moved at their Reflections, which I think are very ill grounded. Don't be alarm'd about my Health; a little Matter serves to make a Noise; I'm upon a Theatre. I have had the Vapours, and what I have lately suffered has a little disorder'd my Health. Get a *New Testament*, *An Imitation of Christ*, *An Introduction to a Devout Life*, and your Book on the

* The Academy of Cadets for Sea and Land Service, founded the 22d of *June*.

† *De Villa*, an Artist of *Liege*.

‡ See Pag. 47.

Mass, bound for me. I recommend myself to your Prayers, and greatly long to attend my Salvation; but Pride and Indolence give me a deal of Trouble: Write me Word how I am to wrestle with such Enemies. Adieu; no Uneasiness about my Health. I am well enough; and contented, nay too much so for my Salvation; I have great Need of Strength to make a good Use of my Prosperity.

LETTER CXIX.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

August 7, 1682.

WE are extremely joyful here. The King has very politely complimented the Dauphiness; he held the little * Prince a Moment in his Arms; has congratulated the Dauphin as a Friend; the Queen had the first Intelligence of it from his own Mouth: In short, he is a most adorable Man. Madame *de Montespan* grows lean upon our Joy: She pines with Jealousy; every thing displeases her, every thing is troublesome to her: She says that the Lyings-in of others are as fatal to her as her own: She gives full Vent to her Passion against Father *la Chaise*, who does nothing but his Duty, but does it now better than ever. We live as to Appearances in Friendship. Some say I wish to

* The Duke of *Burgundy*, born the 6th of *August*

ſtep into her Place, not knowing my Averſion to ſuch Things, nor the Averſion I inſtil into the King: Others imagine I conſpire with her. Some think I am for bringing her back to God: I earneſtly wiſh it, but have little Reaſon to hope for it. There is a Heart better formed, made for Heaven, on which I ground greater Hopes. *A* dieu; mention nothing of all this: Enough of it is gueſſed at.

LETTER CXX.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

October 6, 1682.

FOllow the Advice I have given you. I have had the Vapours ſo often, that I am become a very good Judge in thoſe Caſes. I am afraid of your Inclination to Solitude, than which nothing can be worſe for your Diſtemper: Diſagreeable Company is better than none. The King has been received at *Maintenon* by *Ninon* and *Frances*, who behaved extremely well on that Occaſion: I was gone from thence two Hours before he arrived. He calls it a very pretty Seat. I have ſet up a Manufactory there, which affords me great Amuſement, and have brought thither ſome *Normans* and *Flemmings*, to make both coarſe and fine Linen. I am ever oppreſſed with theſe Vapours, and ſpend the Days in weeping, ſtifling my Grief, and thinking

myſelf the moſt unfortunate Perſon living. It is true the Queen has honoured me with a Preſent of her Picture; but 'tis better not to talk of theſe Things: Favour, in my Opinion, may be held as unbecoming as Modeſty. Don't be uneaſy at my ſending you no Particulars: You'll hear Chat enough about me; the greateſt Princes on Earth are talked of: I wiſh you would be, on this Head, as much unconcerned as I am. Adieu, dear Brother, think of your Salvation; there is nothing good in compariſon with this.

LETTER CXXI.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Maintenon, Nov. 1, 1682.

THE Royal Family live in quite an edifying Unity. The King converſes whole Hours with the Queen. The Gift ſhe has made me of her Picture is the moſt agreeable Incident that has happened to me ſince my being at Court: 'Tis, in my Way of thinking, a ſuperlative Diſtinction. Madame *de Monteſpan* never had any thing like it. I ſhall ſpend a Fortnight longer here: This Solitude is a Relaxation from the Fatigues of the great World: I receive no Viſits here, but am conſtantly among my Workmen; this is my Empire. I am torn to Pieces on all Hands: Time will clear up every Thing. I beg that you would not vindicate me, it only ſerves

to four my Enemies. Madame *de Miramions* is indifcretely zealous: Friends are better ferved by Calmnefs. I lead a Life chequered with Infirmities and Sorrows. They think me in the beft Poft in the World, and I find no greater Pleafure than in withdrawing from it, and living in Solitude. Defire *d'Aubigné* not to give Way to his Indolence: With three hundred thoufand Livres a Year he would not be at all happier: His Unhappinefs is in his Blood.

LETTER CXXII.

The King *to Madame* de Maintenon.

YES, Madam, I have loved *Fontanges* even more than God himfelf. I acknowledge my Error: I thank you for your wife Counfels; I have three times read them over. *Louvois* will tell you my Refolutions; confide entirely in him. Affure the Queen, that from henceforth I will mind Bufinefs more than my Pleafures. Adieu, my dear Madame *de Maintenon*.

LETTER CXXIII.

The King *to Madame* de Maintenon.

GOD punifhes me, Madam; I fubmit to his Will: I have too often given that good *Soul great Caufe of Difcontent. Don't be abfent, my dear Madame *de Maintenon*: I have need

* The Queen.

need of your Consolations: You may withdraw whenever you are tired of telling me the Truth.

LETTER CXXIV.

To the King.

SIRE,

THE Queen is not to be lamented; she lived and died like a Saint; and 'tis the greatest comfort to have such an Assurance of her Salvation. You have now, Sire, a Friend in Heaven, who will beg of God to forgive your Sins, and pour down upon you the Blessings of the Righteous. Let your Majesty derive Comfort from these Sentiments. The Dauphiness's Health is on the mend. Be, Sire, as good a Christian as you are a great King.

LETTER CXXV.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

Fontainebleau, August 7, 1683.

THE general Affliction, and my own in particular, shall not hinder me from answering your Letter, as you stand so much in need of it. 'Tis owing to your Vapours that Objects appear to you with so gloomy an Aspect. The Misfortune of not having Children generally sits light on every body; and you have, I'm sure, too much good Sense to care whether

your Name be extinct or not. Were you to come hither, I should not see you; and the Reason that forbids it is so proper and so honourable, that you ought indeed to be pleased at it. It is better to carry on this Correspondence by Letters, than to be on the Spot without seeing me. If the King has not done you justice, and if your Enemies have wrong'd you, 'tis too common a Misfortune. You are old; you have no Children; you are infirm: What is it you stand in need of, more than Rest, Freedom, and Piety? All these Blessings are in our own Hands. You have upwards of thirty thousand Livres a Years; you shall have more shortly, if I continue in this World; when I'm gone, you'll have *Maintenon*.—You have great room to think I am grieved at the Queen's Death; no body has more Reasons to be so, and I feel them very sensibly: The King's Grief too does not a little encrease mine.

LETTER CXXVI.

To the same.

Fontainebleau, Sept. 7, 1683.

YOU have heard, no doubt, that in the midst of our Affliction for the Loss of the Queen, we have been alarmed about the King, and thought his Arm had been broke; but it proved

to be only diflocated, and thank God is now well. This Accident has fhewn that he has as much Fortitude under Pain, as in his other Actions; there's little Difference between his Unconcern and that of the Philofopher, who faid, *Did I not tell you that you would break my Leg?* You'll guefs from my good Spirits that the King is in Health. M. *Colbert* is dead: M. *Pelletier* fucceeds him. Pray live elegantly, and fpend the eighteen thoufand Livres arifing from the Affair we have been fuccefsful in; when that is gone fomething elfe of that Sort may offer: It is in the Bufinefs of our Salvation only that we muft curb our Paffions and Appetites. I love you more than your Children; they fhall have my Fortune. The longer I live the more clearly I fee the Folly of toiling and projecting for Futurity. Such Projects are almoft always defeated by divine Providence; for as they are feldom form'd with good Intentions, God withholds his Bleffing from them. I am growing, I find, a good Sort of an old Woman. Spend your Income, and let your Wife partake of it. God will make Provifion for all Neceffaries, if you ferve him. Prepare for Death without being melancholy at the Thoughts of it.

LETTER CXXVII.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Fontainebleau, Sept. 10.

THE King is in good Health, and feels nothing more than a little slight Pain. The Death of *Colbert* has grieved him much, and many have rejoiced at this Affliction. The pernicious Designs attributed to that Minister are idle Tales; the King has very cordially forgiven him for resolving to die without reading his Letter. *Seignelay* has begg'd his Posts, and obtained none of them: He has Parts, but little Conduct; his Pleasures always take Place of his Duties. He has so highly exaggerated the Talents and the Services of his Father, as to convince the World how unworthy and incapable he is to succeed him. Our Friend has been talked of for the Place of Superintendant of the Royal Edifices, for about the Space of two Minutes: *Louvois* has got it without asking for it. I have great Hopes of M. *Pelletier*, and with a secret Pleasure perceive that the Court is satisfied with this Choice: The King has an Esteem for him. Madame *de Rochefort* saves Appearances at least: They ascribed her Conversion to me; but I cannot endure any body's Hypocrisy should be attributed to me: The Dauphiness don't at all like her. We are quite tranquil here: Madame

dame *de Montespan* has fallen into the deepest Devotion: It is indeed high Time for her to edify us. I think no more of retiring: The King has made me promise not to leave him.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

Sept. 28.

I HAVE shewn the King what you wrote to me concerning his Accident: This Day he leaves off the Scarff, and is, thank God, in perfect Health. I have enclosed the Answer of M. *Pelletier*, who returns your Letter, because you stile him *Monseigneur*, an Honour he will not accept of. Be chearful, but innocent. Think of the next Life; let us prepare for the Passage thither with as much Confidence as possible. Do good Works; but remember there are Duties to be discharged first, and that your's is to cherish and love the Wife whom God has given you. Read St. *Paul*'s Epistles; he will tell you that the Strong must bear with the Weak, and that you and your Wife are but one. I believe that the Queen has begg'd of God the Conversion of the whole Court: The King's Conversion is worthy of Admiration; and the Ladies that seemed most averse to it are now constantly at Church. No female Devotees are more assiduous there than Madame *de Montespan*:

pan: The common Sundays are now kept with as much Devotion as *Easter* was formerly.

LETTER CXXIX.

To the same.

Oct. 6, 1683.

MAKE it a Penance and a Practice of Virtue to bear with the Humours of your Wife: It is God that has joined you. For the rest, think of nothing but being chearful, and saving your Soul: These two things are far from being incompatible. I am not surprized that you have already spent the eighteen thousand Livres you should have received at the End of this Year; but I wonder you could think the Farmers-General ought to pay you beforehand: 'Tis what the King will never order them to do: All that is in my Power, is to desire M. *Brunet*, as my particular Friend, to oblige you. I anxiously wait for the News of your Wife's Delivery: I am indifferent about the Sex, and have some Reasons for it. I am much concerned at the War: The King is to set out for the Army the 10th of *April:* That is yet indeed at a Distance; but my Friendship for him makes it present to me. Adieu; be persuaded, that whether sick or well, negligent or careful, in Favour or Disgrace, I am ever the same to you. Comfort yourself for the Delay of your Wife's Lying-in.

in. Heroes are at least ten Months in the Womb.

LETTER CXXX.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Nov. 13, 1683.

WHAT think you of Marshal *d'Humieres*? The King is charmed with his Conduct; and the Surrender of *Dixmude* crowns his Joy: We reckoned here upon a vigorous Defence. Madame *de Montespan* appears unconcern'd at all these Accounts, and is solely intent upon her Salvation: We never have any private Interviews, and that is best for us both. I know she has told the King that I had taken it into my Head to govern her, and I likewise know that she has had no Reason to be satisfied with the King's Answer: Of all his Court he is the Man that has the most Sense, and is least liable to be caught in such Snares. We could never have dared to hope that all those Conversions would prove so easy: * *Pelisson* does Wonders. M. *Bossuet* is more learned, but the other more persuasive. Pray, tell my Sister-in-law, that she will add ten Years to my Life, if she checks her Petulancy a little; tell her, if she loves me,

* By what Means he wrought upon the Protestants of *France* may be seen in *Voltaire*'s Age of *Louis* XIV. Chap. 32.

she

she will bear more patiently her Husband's passionate Flights: Tell her also, that if she loves the Fruit of her Womb, she will be afraid of making it of an uneven and hasty Temper. Set before her the Example of the Dauphiness, whose Tranquility and Precautions in her Pregnancy are wonderful.

LETTER CXXXI.

To the same.

Dec. 20, 1683.

A Dauphin, a Duke of *Burgundy*, a Duke of *Anjou!* this certainly is great Comfort. The King has given a Loose to all the Tenderness of the Father. Religion does not extinguish these Affections; it refines upon them. The Dauphiness has had a pretty easy Labour; and it is looked upon here as a happy Presage. This Morning the King did me the Honour to assist at my Toilet; you see I grow young again: My little Prince, in a very obliging Manner, has just told me so. The Abbé *de Fenelon* is much estemed here; and yet every body does not do him Justice: They are shy of him; and he wants to be loved, as he has all the Qualities requisite to gain Affection. *Seignelay* is inconsolable; Ambition preys upon his Spirits: The King is happy in having Ministers ready to sacrifice themselves out of Spight for his Service:

Louvois

Louvois begins at last to grow troublesome to him, and is not sensible of it. Every one thinks of his own Business, and I mind my spiritual Concerns. I am very well pleased with Father *la Chaise*: He inspires the King with great Things. In a little Time all his Subjects will serve God in Spirit and in Truth. I have formed a Design to educate, along with little *Villette*, some young Ladies of *Hugonot* Parents: It will be a good Work. Let me have your Opinion of it. The King has conferred a Benefice on the Abbé *Gobelin*.

LETTER CXXXII.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

May 5, 1684.

I Congratulate you on the safe Delivery of my Sister, and already feel a Tenderness for my Niece. Pray, let her not be an only one, that I may have her with me when some other Child shall amuse you. I am told you go to see her several Times in a Day; which looks well: But let her sleep: Take care of her Eyes and take care of Accidents. For my own Part, I had rather see her dead than deformed—I am not devout, my dear Brother, but have an Inclination to be so: And am persuaded it is the Source of all Good. I am indeed but too much talked of, sometimes well, sometimes ill: I have always

always heard it ſaid, that Women ought to wiſh to be forgotten. You are at full Liberty in regard to what you write to me about: It would be very unjuſt in me to make Uſe of my Credit to tyrannize over an elder Brother, to whom I naturally owe Reſpect. Be a good Huſband, a good Father, and a good Maſter; but firſt of all be a good Chriſtian, and of Courſe you'll be all the reſt. I tell you, by Way of Confidence, that I take in young Ladies at *Noizy*, whoſe Board the King pays for: Judge of my Satisfaction when I am returning along the Avenue followed by 124 of them, the Number at preſent there: I employ my Time in furniſhing them with every thing they want. I can but ſeldom go to *Maintenon*; M. *de Louvois* arrived from thence yeſterday; he takes ſuch Care of it as turns to very good Account; he has rebuilt the Caſtle of the Park; and I look after my young Ladies. We grow old; let us think of dying; and can that be grievous to a Chriſtian?

LETTER CXXXIII.

To the King.

SIRE,

A Single Days Abſence of your Majeſty is an Age to me. I am perſuaded of your Sentiments; but cannot live quietly at a Diſtance from you. I place all my Happineſs, all the

Pleasures of Life, in seeing your Majesty: And shall leave you then to judge of my Uneasiness. After so many Benefits and so many Honours I have received from you, I am as yet ignorant what my Lot is to be: But I tremble, and am extremely agitated in writing this Billet to your Majesty; God grant it may not be a Foresight of what I dread most in this World! Death would be a thousand Times more welcome to me. You have promised me, Sire, a sincere and lasting Conversion to God; I rely entirely on your Word: I am encouraged thereby; I blame my Suspicions, my Credulity: But if———*the rest is wanting.*

LETTER CXXXIV.

To Madam de St. G * * *.

Maintenon, June 4, 1684.

I Am waiting here for News of the King with great Impatience. I very well know there is nothing to fear for his Life, his Health, nor his Glory; but still I fear, and Reason does not cure me of this Folly. He covers the Siege of *Luxembourg*; and has condescended to share the Honour of this Conquest with *Créqui*. I long for nothing so much as Peace: No Counsels of mine shall ever be prejudicial to the King's Glory, but if they'll take my Advice, Men would be less ambitious, less dazzled with the Eclat of Victories,

tories, and would think more seriously of their Salvation. But it is not my Province to govern the State: I daily pray to God that he would inspire and direct the Master of it, bring him to the Knowledge of the Truth, and give him pacific Sentiments. I love the King just in the same Manner as I love my Brother: I wish to see them perfect, that they might be more worthy of God. His Majesty has wrote me two very affectionate Letters, and I have answered them like a Christian. *Noizy* finds me a great deal of very agreeable Occupation; I will also on my Part contribute to the great Work of converting our separated Brethren: Those poor Girls will be infinitely obliged to me for it, both in this World and in the next: Some of them are very lovely, and these not always the handsomest. *Le Notre* has turned my Garden into a charming Spot. The Dauphiness took a Walk in it yesterday, and was infinitely delighted. I hoped to have died there, but shall not even have the Pleasure of living in it.

LETTER CXXXV.

To the same.

August 13, 1684.

THE King has at last taken Measures for a Peace: His Ministers at *Ratisbon* are order- to sign a Truce of twenty Years; and he is

to

to keep all that he has taken ſince the Peace of *Nimeguen*: This Treaty is, in my Opinion, advantageous, and the King is well ſatisfied with it. He intends to ſet about a total Converſion of the Heretics: He has frequent Conferences on this Subject with M. *le Tellier* and *Chateauneuf*, where I am not one too many. *Chateauneuf* has propoſed improper Methods: Matters ought not to be managed haſtily: We ſhould convert, not perſecute. *Louvois* is for Lenity, though it agrees not with his choleric, impetuous Temper. The King is ready to do every thing that may beſt promote the Cauſe of Religion. This Undertaking will render him glorious in the Sight of God and Man, as it will bring all his Subjects into the Pale of the Church, and prove the Deſtruction of Hereſy, which all his Predeceſſors could not conquer. I have n't been able to preſerve the Friendſhip of Madame *de la Fayette*; ſhe ſet too high a Price on the Continuance of it: However I have ſhewn her that I was as ſincere and as obſtinate as herſelf. 'Tis the Duke that has ſet us at Variance: We have formerly quarrelled about Trifles.

L E T-

LETTER CXXXVI.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

June 9, 1685.

I LEAD the Life you hear of: I go ſometimes to *Noizy*, ſometimes to *St. Cyr*, where the Work advances incredibly: My Apartment will ſoon be ready; the * Refectory is finiſhed. M. *de Marcilly* vexes me exceedingly, and only becauſe he'll not ſpeak *a-la-mode*; he beſets my Door, and they'll do nothing for him. The King goes a Hunting as often as he can; but you know his Pleaſures are never followed till Buſineſs is over. The Dauphin alſo takes this Diverſion. The Stag will one of theſe Days lead him to *Maintenon*. M. *de Louvois* returned from thence yeſterday, charmed with his Aqueduct: *Vauban* ſays it will coſt leſs than was imagined, but that for two Months he had conceived it impracticable. Things will take a Turn for the Benefit of our Heirs: Upon my Word you ſhou'd have one more. The Subject of *Maintenon* has brought me into a Digreſſion; but let us return to the Royal Family. The Dauphineſs is grieved for the Death of her Brother, and the Electorate being gone from his Houſe. *Mademoiſelle* often ſees me

* The Dining-room of a Monaſtery,

when

when ſhe is here, but her Stay in this Place is ſhorter than formerly. The Prince of *Condé* and * Monſieur *Le Duc* are in high Spirits at the Marriage of the Duke of *Bourbon* with Mademoiſelle † *de Nantes*, to which the King adds every thing, either uſeful or agreeable, they can wiſh for. Madame *de Monteſpan* often ſees me, and is to take me along with her to *Clagny*: *Jenny* is afraid I am not ſafe there. The King ſometimes takes a Walk in private with the Princeſs of *Conti* and me. That Princeſs inclines intirely to Good. The Doge of *Genoa* beholds the King and the Nation with Amazement: I have ſeen him no where but from my Window; but he has paſſed by it ſo often, that one might have imagined there was an Underſtanding between us. M. *de Requelaure* made no brilliant Figure at the laſt ‡ Carouſal: Do you know that M. *de Murcé* was very near winning the Prize, and that the King ſaid he was one of the moſt expert; which is more than I knew before.

LETTER CXXXVII.

From the King to Madame de Maintenon.

IT'S too hot to Day for hunting; I ſhall not ſtir out therefore till Evening, to take a Walk

* Grandſon of the great *Condé*.

† Natural Daughter of *Lewis* XIV. by Madame *de Monteſpan*.

‡ See *Voltaire*'s *Lewis* XIV. v. 2d. p. 26.

with

with you, if you have a Mind. Don't come if it be inconvenient to you.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

August 5, 1685.

I AM very sorry to hear you complain of a Person with whom you are to spend your Days, and whom God has given you: 'Tis a continual Opportunity of acquiring Merit in his Sight, and much more essential than giving all we have to the Poor. It is true, the King often gives Entertainments, and that I am present at them as seldom as I can. I cannot sit up late without being disordered; nor will I give Mademoiselle *de Poitiers* room to say of me, as she did of Mademoiselle *d'Hudicour*, *that I have a fine Festival Face*. *Marli* is much frequented: I returned from thence yesterday, just as the Diversions were beginning, preferring my Repose to Pleasures. I have placed at *Noizy* the Relation you sent me: Is it possible for you to think her pretty? This makes me tremble for my Neice: I care not whether she is very beautiful; but I must own I would not wish her ugly. The King is to go to *Chambord*: He will lie at *Chartres*, and I also: We shall stop there all the next Day, to perform our Devotions, and that the King may view a few more

of the Works. They are flating *St. Cyr*, and laying the Floor of my Apartments. The King will afterwards proceed to *Chambord.*

LETTER CXXXIX.

To the same.

Chambord, October 1.

CHAMBORD is a charming Place: To-morrow we leave it, and with great Reluctance, both in the Courtiers and myfelf. Go and fee *Verfailles*, tho' you will find it in great Diforder: You have too much Tafte not to admire it, and know the World too well, not to fend me an Account of what pleafes you moft. Depend upon it, my dear Brother, that Divine Providence, which directs even the minuteft of our Actions, has not brought you to *Paris* merely to fee the Opera. Look out there for fome virtuous Man that may conduct you to God; vifit the Abbé *Gobelin* and Father *Bourdaloue:* There are but few Men of found Knowledge to be found. Madame *de St. Hilaire* has made a fine End: I fhall take her youngeft Daughter: The eldeft is not young enough; I have firmly refolved to receive none of her Age: I fhall by this Means give Difguft to many; but it is better to do fo, than ftop in fo glorious a Project. The King is fatisfied with your Con-

duct; but that is not enough; God must be so too; and he is no harder to please than Man.

LETTER CXL.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

Sept. 25, 1685.

I Before entreated you to go to *Noizy*, and now repeat it. Madame *de Brinon*, tho' a Woman of good Sense, stands in need of Advice. Pray, let me know whether there is an absolute Necessity for going through a * Noviciate, previous to the being admitted into this Community, as a quite new one is to be formed; I well know that hereafter the Girls must be a Year or two upon Trial, if judged proper: But as there is yet no Incorporation, ought they to perform their Noviciate? And can they enter upon it before the House is established? You have made me a valuable Present in giving me Madame *La Maisonfort*; she does Wonders. As for Madame * * * whatever Cause she may lately have had to rejoice, there is more Melancholy in her Mirth than in the Sorrow of others: For the future we shall receive none but Maiden Ladies.

* A Sort of Probation time, previous to Admission into a Monastery.

LET-

LETTER CXLI.

To the same.

Sept. 30, 1685.

TURN your Thoughts, I beseech you, to this Establishment only; as God and the King have charged me with the Direction of it, you should assist me in acquitting myself in it. You cannot too much preach up Humility to our Candidates: I am much afraid that Madame *de Brinon* may have inspired them with a certain Loftiness, and that the Vicinity of the Court, a Royal Foundation, Visits from the King, and even my Visits, may give them a Notion of being Canonesses and Ladies of Importance; which would be an Obstacle to the Good we intend to do. There is a Medium to be adopted between a proud Devotion and the Miseries and Meannesses of Convents. I know not by what Name they are to be called: In the Constitutions, Madame *de Brinon* stiles them *the Ladies of St. Louis*; which cannot be allowed, for the King does not canonize himself; and 'tis he that names them, as their Founder. Their Garments are to be black, without Hair, or any Ornament; such a Dress as St. *Paul* requires in Christian Widows.

LETTER CXLII.

To Madame de St. G * * *

Oct. 9, 1685.

'TIS a very agreeable Sight to me, to behold two hundred young Ladies brought up under my Care. The Abbatial Mansion of *St. Dennis* is to be united to *St. Cyr*, and the King will give thirty thousand Livres, 'till he assigns a Fund out of the Farms. I very well know what is said about its Vicinity to the Court; but can I hinder my Enemies from prating? The Journey to *Chambord* has not been useless: The Fruit of it will soon appear; and those who say that the King minds nothing but Festivities and Pleasures, will be confounded. I concern myself with no Business, but that of *Noizy*; this is allowed me, 'tis my Work. M. *de Villette* has at last taken the right Side of the Question, and assured the King, that it is the only Thing he ever did without a View to please him. The Abbé *Gobelin* is here, and will take charge of this Letter.

LETTER CXLIII.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

Oct. 20.

AS you profess so much Esteem for me you are inexcuseable in declining to be guided by my Advice, in a Place I am so much better

acquainted with than yourself. The Thing is done, and you must now think how to mend the Blunder: I shall say you were suddenly taken ill, and hastened back to *Paris*: You must come again in five or six Days: This Behaviour will appear natural; but there was too much Singularity in the other: For who can imagine, that a fond Brother, who had not seen me these five Years, should come to look upon me a Quarter of an Hour, and then run away, without any Notice, or even speaking a Word? Conduct yourself better, mind my Advice; Slips of this Kind are not looked upon as Trifles here. Be sparing of being in Company with Madame *de Montespan* and M. *de Lauzun*; it will give room to say that you herd among the Male-contents. Visit M. *Gobelin* and Father *Bourdaloue*. Come hither at *All Saints*; you'll see the King perform his Devotions, which would be a Lesson to the greatest Libertine. Adieu; I should be delighted to see you to-Day; a Cavalcade of the Court Ladies, and a Ball at Night. Take my Advice, and your Life will be pleasant; but you want Confidence in me. What you have been told of the last hunting Match is true: The Wild Boar was furious; had not the King disengaged his Leg in Time, it had been torn: The Duke *de Villeroy* was pulled off his Horse: Judge then of the mighty Pleasure I found in

this Diversion. It is just so in divers Stations which are envied, but which have their vexatious Sides. Tell *Nancy* I have wrote her an Answer, and shall be extremely glad to see her.

LETTER CXLIV.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Oct. 25, 1685.

THE Dauphiness talks of being pregnant, but gives no Proofs of it: The Physician has told the King so. The Mansion of *St. Dennis* brought the Cardinal *de Retz* an hundred thousand Livres on the Demesne of the Generality of *Paris*: This Point is settled; the Patent will contain an Exemption from all Duties and Taxes. I am overwhelmed with Sollicitations: Candidates come to us from all Quarters, but few good ones. The King would have me pretty difficult at the Beginning, because the Community being once well established, all Things will go on easily afterwards. M. *Le Tellier* is extremely bad; after he had signed the * Edict he was better; but the Fever seized him again with great Violence, and now his Life is despaired of. The King is highly pleased with having put the finishing Hand to the great Work of bringing the Heretics into the Church. Father *la Chaise* has promised, it shall not cost one

* That which revoked the Edict of *Nantz*.

Drop

Drop of Blood, and *Louvois* ſays the ſame. I am very glad the Heretics in *Paris* have liſtened to Reaſon: *Claude* was a ſeditious Fellow, and confirmed them in their Errors: Since they have loſt him, they are more tractable. I am indeed of your Opinion, that all theſe Converſions are not alike ſincere; but God makes uſe of every Means to draw Heretics to him: Their Children will at leaſt be Catholics. If the Fathers are Hypocrites, their outward Conformity is a Sort of Approach towards the Truth. They have the Signs of it in common with the Faithful. Pray to God that he would enlighten them all: The King has nothing more at Heart. *Du Queſne* is neither to go to *Holland* nor to *England*. M. *de Schomberg* grows leſs uſeful and more obſtinate.

LETTER CXLV.

To the Abbé Gobelin.

Jan. 7, 1686.

YOUR New-Year's-Gift I have received with great Satisfaction, but muſt chide you for that over-reſpectful and ceremonious Stile you have choſen to write your Letter in. I know not how far the Honours heaped on me may have induced you to think differently of me; but I am not at all altered, I receive the Teſtimonies of your Friendſhip exactly as I did ſix-

teen Years ſince. We have twelve * Novices, and there will ſoon be fourteen. The King wants to make an End of this Affair: He will requeſt the Biſhop of *Chartres* to give his Conſent to the Foundation intended at *St. Cyr*: To this Petition he will annex Letters Patents, exhibiting his Intentions for the Spiritual and Temporal Management. The Biſhop of *Chartres* is to ſend his Grand Vicars along with you and Father *la Chaiſe*, in order to inſpect the Regulations: The Temporal Matters will be ordered ſo as that the Tranſlation may be made at the Feaſt of *St. John Baptiſt*, purſuant to the King's Intentions.

LETTER CXLVI.

To the ſame.

Jan. 17, 1686.

I Preſented your Memorial yeſterday to the King, and he determined to ſpeak with Father *la Chaiſe* about it: The Manner in which the Election of a Superior is to be made, was approved of; the Vows were then mentioned, and Father *la Chaiſe* would not conſent to the Biſhop's not being able to diſpenſe with them. The King gives you a Penſion of two thouſand Livres: I believe you did not want this Bene-

* A Novice is the Term uſed for Nuns when in Probation time.

faction

faction to make you satisfied with him. Examine our Constitutions with Messieurs *Racine* and *Boileau*; but don't spoil the Expression or Thoughts of Madame *de Brinon*, for the Sake of polishing the Language: In every thing Women write, there are you know a thousand Deviations from the Rules of Grammar; but, with your Leave, there is too an Elegance rarely to be found in the Writings of Men.

LETTER CXLVI.

To the same.

Feb. 4, 1686.

IF the Alterations intended to be made in the Constitution are considerable, and more in Number than those Gentlemen criticized upon before me, there must be a Conference with Madame *de Brinon* about them. I have been told that you have lost a Law-Suit, and are perplexed about an Account that must be given: I am afraid this Affair will give you great Uneasiness. Can't you relinquish that Estate to your Relations, and live upon your Benefice and your Pension? If you want any other Assistance, I will procure it: You would then have nothing to do but to serve God, and you might come and live at *St. Cyr*: To have you there would be advantageous to my Salvation.

LETTER CXLVIII.

To the same.

March 7, 1686.

THE high Favour I am in is troublesome to me, even in the Confession-Chair: I imagined I should always have met with the same Behaviour from you as I experienced when I was among the Blue Nuns: You are no Stranger to my Sincerity; I make no Compliments; I conjure you therefore to leave off the Stile you use with me, which is not only displeasing to me, but may also do me a Prejudice. I am no greater a Lady now than when in *Tournelle-Street*, where you used freely to tell me of my Faults: And tho' the Rank I now hold places the World as at my Feet, a Man charged with the Direction of my Conscience is not to be regarded in that Light. You are not to instil Pride into me; you, who ought to eradicate it. Where shall I look for Virtue, if I find it not in you? And to whom else is it possible for me to be submissive, as nothing but Respect, Adulation and Complaisance approach me? Speak to me, write to me, without Artifice, without Ceremony, without Insinuation, and above all Things, I beseech you, with less Respect. I would save my Soul; I commit it to your Care:

Look

Look upon me as totally ſtript of all the Pomp and Grandeur that ſurround me: Theſe are my real Sentiments.

LETTER CXLIX.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

July, 2, 1686.

THE Biſhop of *Chartres* ſtands up for abſolute Vows, and is the only one of this Opinion: For my Part, I have no Will of my own in this Point, and ſhall always conform to the Opinion of the Majority. Did I incline to either Side of the Queſtion, I ſhould ſcruple to declare it, for fear of cramping the Freedom of Suffrages, and gaining too much Weight to a Woman's Advice. I have no other Intentions I'm certain than what are good, but I am not ſo certain that I ſhould not take the wrong Side of the Queſtion. The Biſhop of *Chartres* has declared by a Decree in due Form, that it is the King's and his Intention I ſhould be perpetual Superior of this Community, both in Spirituals and Temporals: The Community upon this have ſent me a gold Croſs, ſet with Flowers-de-Lys, and theſe Lines engraved on it:

She is our faithful Guide;
Our Felicity is derived from her.

I doubt whether we ſhall be able at firſt to take in three hundred Perſons; but a few Years of good Oeconomy will procure us what is now wanting. My preſent Uneaſineſs is to know what will become of this Eſtabliſhment after my Deceaſe. I am very much afraid their Fervour will relax, and that this Houſe, which is deſign'd for an Azylum to the Unfortunate, may be opened to the Sollicitations of the moſt Powerful.

LETTER CL.

To the ſame.

Oct. 24, 1686.

OUR Ladies have begun their Exerciſes: I have ſeen them at their Work, at their Hours of Recreation, in their Acts of Piety, and have found every thing conducted with great Order and Simplicity. If they hold on in this Manner, not ſo much as two mortal Sins in a Year will be committed in that Houſe. The elder Ladies are diſcreet, and the Children very teachable. The Title of Inſtitutrix has been offered me; I at firſt refuſed it; but they repreſented to me, that it ſignified nothing more than my having directed the Beginnings of this Community. Madame *de Brinon* perſuaded me to let them give me what Title they pleaſed. I did

did not want this Engagement to do Good to that Foundation; you know it is my predominant Passion; and I am so strongly attached to it, that I am even apprehensive of being less attached to God, tho' I do it for his Sake. I have at last obtained a Promise to have my Name omitted in the Medal: The King said, that this Event was too remarkable, for *Racine* and *Boileau* to omit the Particulars of it in the History of his Reign. My Brother tells me you complain of his Wife: I am surprized you would not impart to me the Cause of your Complaints; you know I am not strongly prejudiced in favour of my Sister-in-Law: Time and God will mend her.

LETTER CLI.

To the same.

Versailles Dec. 13, 1686.

THE Death of the Prince of *Condé* has much grieved but much more edified us: His Letter to the King is an admirable Piece: He therein gives Judgment on his own Conduct, and a severe Judgment it is: He also begs a Pardon for his Nephew; it is some Weeks since I spoke of it, at the Request of the Princess of *Conti*, and was pretty favourably heard. The Death of the Prince has given the finishing

Stroke;

Stroke; and the King was affected with it so much as to shed Tears: M. *de Chevreuse* is prodigiously dejected: Madame *du Lude* loses a Friend: her Sorrow is not like that of other People; you easily guess the Reason and the Difference. Our Sisters of *St. Cyr* are mightily pleased with the Director you have given them; and their Director is as well pleased with them. He complains of having too little Occupation; he never could have believed that a religious House was so easy to be governed. A Man, of a more bustling Temper, might not have liked to see his Penitents so rational. The King always takes the Air on Horseback; Madame *du Lude* and I follow him in a Chaise. *Versailles* is as quiet as if the Embassadors of *Siam* were not there: They admire every thing, but the Master still more than the House. I recommend myself to your Prayers.

LETTER CLII.

To the same.

Jan. 2, 1687.

I HAVE at last snatched a Moment to write to you. The King is as well as one in his Condition can be. Our Joy encreases with our Hopes. The Physicians assure that the Danger is over. His Majesty has given *Fagon* an hun-

dred thousand Livres, and as much to * *Felix*. I never beheld an Instance of greater Courage. The Calamities of his People, in their Loss of him, the Apprehension of the Dauphin's falling into the Hands of ill Counsellors, and the Certainty of the Disgrace of his best Friends, were the only Things that made him uneasy: He trembled for *France*, but not a Moment for his own Life. Madame *de Montespan* will come back: The King has been greatly affected with her Tears. The *Vendosmes* are rendered suspicious: God knows how this Matter stands; there may be nothing criminal in that Festivity; but it was imprudent and unseasonable. I am not yet at the End of my Sorrows; I perceive they impute to me that profound Secrecy, and they affect to reason upon it. You know how much I have at Heart bringing all the Royal Family to good Terms with the King; nevertheless am I accused of keeping them at Variance. The Dauphin assured me that he neither believed, nor even listened to these Reports; but he may one Day give Ear to them. I am in a lamentable Situation; I dare not speak of it to

* Surgeon to his Majesty, on whom he perform'd the Operation of the Fistula, after having practised on several Patients in the Hospitals. Besides the hundred thousand Livres, he procured a Bishoprick for his Brother by this Operation.

the

the King, for fear of sowring his Temper: He would not bear with these strange Suspicions; he might, perhaps, revenge me; but I had much rather pardon them. My dear little Prince is in good Health.

LETTER CLIII.

To Madame de Montespan.

Jan. 12, 1687.

THE King has ordered me, Madam, to inform you, that you would oblige him by appearing again at Court, unless the Desire of minding your spiritual Concerns should detain you at *Fontevrault*: In this Case, he does not expect you should alter your pious Resolutions for his Sake: But if your Absence should be in Consequence of any Discontent, I can assure you, Madam, you can do nothing better than return speedily. The King would have permitted you to enter his Chamber, had he not feared a tender Emotion that might have been prejudicial to his Health at that Juncture. He has been much concerned at your Grief, and has embraced our Princes with infinite Tenderness. The Duke *du Maine* has taken upon him to present you my Respects; I could not put my Cause into better Hands: Believe it, Madam, that whatever affectionate Things he may tell you as from me, his Expressions will

ever

ever fall very ſhort of what Inclination and Gratitude inſpire me.

LETTER CLIV.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Feb. 2, 1687.

PARIS ought to be well ſatisfied with its Maſter: The King was never ſo well pleaſed as ſince he has been an Eye-witneſs of the Affection of his Capital. I am much delighted to find him in ſuch Sentiments: They may perhaps inſpire him with a Deſign to eaſe his People. Father *la Chaiſe* has a greater Influence than ever over the King: From henceforth he is to act without the Archbiſhop of *Paris*; and Madame *de Leſdiguieres* will no longer ſee the Clergy of *France* on their Knees before her. It was a great Scandal. He is to make his Report, and the King will nominate: You may well imagine this high Favour will lay all the Nation at the Feet of the Society. I have already waited upon him in Behalf of your Nephew, and did it with a tolerable Grace: We muſt indeed in ſome Meaſure diſſemble, if we would ſerve our Friends. Madame *de Monteſpan* leads an angelic Life: The Court is greatly altered ſince ſhe has ceaſed to govern it. The Prince of *Conti* gains the Love of God and Men.

LET-

Crucifix, ſaid to me, "That's a very grave "Piece of Furniture; I adviſe you to get it "removed." I anſwered him, "What are "you then afraid to behold him who is your "only Hope, who will be your Refuge at the "Hour of Death, and will then be put into "your Hands? You ought indeed to accuſtom "yourſelf to the Sight of him." The King told me with a Smile, that I had an excellent Knack at preaching; and ſo the Crucifix remains. The Pope's Inflexibility greatly alarms me. *Louvois* is ſorely grieved to find his Credit beginning to decline: He envies me the Influence I have acquired; he imputes to me the King's Diſguſt; in fine, he wants to render himſelf neceſſary by a new War. Heaven has been very kind to me: Nothing is wanting to my temporal Happineſs but the Certainty of Peace.

LETTER CLVIII.

To the ſame.

Verſailles, Sept. 5, 1688.

I Have pray'd for Peace, and God has ſent us War. Let us humble ourſelves under his mighty Hand, and adore his Providence.—The King is not pleaſed with the Dauphineſs: He takes it ill that ſhe intereſts herſelf ſo openly for

Prince * *Clement*. The Dauphin will ſet out from *Verſailles* towards the End of this Month with M. *de Beauvilliers*, who will not be uſeleſs to him. His Army is to inveſt *Philipſbourg*; *Louvois* will omit nothing, in order to engage him, by the firſt Succeſſes, to continue this War. I dare not tell it to the King, who has an entire Confidence in M. *de Duras*. Methinks all theſe Diſputes might be terminated without ſpilling ſo much Blood. The King intended to take the Field, but has promiſed me to defer it till next Spring: God grant that a Peace may be made before that Time. Our Intelligence from *England* is very bad: The Jeſuits have managed Matters too haſtily: Father *la Chaiſe* commends their Zeal, but not their Prudence.

LETTER CLIX.

From Madame Guion *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Madam, *Paris*, *Oct*. 10, 1688.

AFTER having thanked the divine Providence for delivering me from the Priſon in which my Enemies held me, it is but juſt that I ſhould return Thanks to you, Madam, whom God has made uſe of to reſcue me, as it were by Miracle, from the Hands of the great Men of

* Of *Bavaria*.

the Earth. I have obeyed your Counsels as I would have obeyed the Injunctions of God; and I hope you will not attribute this Obedience to Weakness, but look upon it as the best Testimony I could give you of my Gratitude. At first I had an Aversion to it; but the Moment I overcame it, I felt Joy and Tranquility flowing into my Soul. * *La Combe*, my Father in *Jesus Christ*, is not more culpable than myself: I am the Cause of his Misfortunes: You have only to speak, Madam, and his Fetters will drop off. In so doing you will restore to the Faithful an oppressed innocent Man, who may edify and instruct them. My God! *thy* Will be done, and not *mine!*—I set out to throw myself at your Feet; but a secret Voice obliged me against my Will to stop short on the Road and return hither. I shall wait for your Commands. May the Lord inspire and guide you! I shall never cease to put up that Prayer, nor to subscribe myself with profound Respect, &c.

LETTER CLX.

To Madame de Monchevreuil.

THERE is nothing in your Grief unworthy a Christian: So natural is it to weep for a

* A *Barnabite*, a Native of *Geneva*, and Director of Madame *Guion*: A Man disordered in his In-[illegible]s. He was confined in 1686 by the King's Or-[illegible] as a Seducer, and died mad.

wise

wiſe and well eſtabliſhed * Son! God forbids not ſuch Senſations: But take Care your Grief be not too violent, and cauſe you to murmur againſt Providence: It is vain to reſiſt its Diſpenſations. I ſend you the Abbé: He'll tell you how much I am concerned at your Affliction: He will alſo tell you what little Stability there is in the Felicities of this World. You were too happy; God deſigned to bring you back to himſelf. It is indeed a terrible Blow, but he ſtrikes it for your Good: He knows better than we do what is for our Advantage. Theſe are melancholy Reflections, but they are true, and ſuitable to a Soul great as yours. What would avail the Progreſs you have made in Piety, if it could not ſupport you in this Tribulation? 'Tis in Adverſity we are to judge whether our Devotion is ſincere. What is Virtue, if it be not tried? God does not require only the Sacrifice of our vicious Inclinations; he would have us to ſacrifice likewiſe our Sentiments and our deareſt Affections.

* M. *de Mornay*, Son of Madame *de Moncheureuil*, and Aid de Camp to the Dauphin, was killed at the Siege of *Manheim* before his Father's Face, who had followed the Duke *du Maine*.

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LETTER CLXI.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

I BEG you would date your Letters. Madame *Mornay* makes a Collection of them: But were you to do the ſame with mine, you ſhould have no more of them. In ſpight of the Encomiums you beſtow on me, I am very ſenſible my Letters are good only for the preſent Moment. I thank you for that Manuſcript: I read it before I went to Bed: There is much Truth but more Falſhood in it. Had I been in the Place of the Dauphineſs, I ſhould have peruſed it with more Indifference. Could the King believe Things ſo abſurd? And ſuch as are not ſo he knew already, and ſo did the whole Nation. The Duke *de Beauvilliers* has taken the right Side of the Queſtion; all that they ſay at *Paris* cannot make every Body at *Verſailles* change their Mind. It is true, you take a better View of Things at a Diſtance; but that's not the Caſe in this Matter. I have not a Moment at Command, and muſt therefore conclude, tho' I have many Things to add. If I don't ſee you *Saturday*, you'll reſerve me that Pleaſure for *Sunday*: I ſhall be diſengaged at the uſual Hours: I wiſh I could always be ſo for your Sake.

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LETTER CLXII.

From the Dauphiness * *to Madame* de Maintenon.

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* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * As for what you write concerning your Sentiments towards me, I never doubted of their being ſuch as you make Profeſſion of; you have too much Senſe and Probity to harbour any other. You wrong me in deſiring me not to write to you, leſt it ſhould make me dull; I feel great Pleaſure when I write to you, as you may be convinced by this Letter, which is longer than uſual. I wait impatiently for the King's Return, and expect at the ſame Time the Pleaſure of giving you Aſſurances myſelf of the Fullneſs of my Friendſhip. Adieu, my dear Madame *de Maintenon.*

* This Princeſs was grown melancholy and of difficult Acceſs: She denied herſelf every Kind of Pleaſure, and ſhut herſelf up in her Cloſet with a few Female Confidents, who impoſed upon her Credulity. She died of a lingering Diſtemper the 20th of *April*, 1690. She was a Lover of Learning, and had even made Verſes, ſays *Voltaire in his Age of Louis* XIV. but, to judge from this Sketch of her Proſe, what Sort of Verſes could they be?

LETTER CLXIII.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

M. *De Lausun* is become more than ever the Subject of Conversation. He wants me to join with him in taking Vengeance; I have told him that I had long ago forgiven all: He is too vindictive to believe it; and yet he wishes that * *Mademoiselle* would say as much to him. He is quite obliterated in the King's Heart; *Inquietude* holds there but by a Thread. † He is a good deal mortified that the Direction of the Affairs of *Ireland* has been taken from him. At first he imputed it to me, and then charged Madame *de Chevreuse* with it. He reckoned upon immense Perquisites. *Seignelai* expects nothing but Toils and Dangers; and he will succeed if he does not behave with too much Haughtiness. The King could not have a better Servant, if he would but check his Temper a little: He himself acknowledges it, yet does not amend. When I had a tolerable Voice, I could have sung that Song without any Concern: It tells me nothing that is new: Don't I know that I am old? And could I forget it, the

[illegible]planation of this Passage the Reader [illegible]*ltaire*'s Age of *Louis* XIV. Chap. 25. [illegible]*vois*.

very

very Alteration in my Humour would ſufficiently convince me of it. Pray, make Inquiry after the Author: If the King knew him, he would revenge me; and if I knew him, I ſhould avenge myſelf only by doing him Good. When I think of Madame *de Monteſpan*, I look upon all theſe Outrages as meer Trifles. I am mightily pleaſed with the Duke *du Maine*, and the King is diſpoſed to grant him any Thing. My Girls take up a great deal of my Time, but much more agreeably than all the Intrigues of a certain Set of People who are ſometimes deceived, ſometimes deceiving, and often both. I experience it more than ever, that nothing can make amends for the Loſs of Freedom. You do well to cheriſh yours. Philoſophy ſets us above Grandeur; but nothing ſets us above Heavineſs of Heart.

LETTER CLXIV.

To the ſame.

MADAME *de Valentinois* would be the moſt amiable Woman in the Kingdom, were ſhe not the greateſt Coquette in it. You cannot imagine how many Vexations her miſchievous Tricks expoſe me to: The King did not care to ſpeak to the * Ducheſs *de Bourbon*:

* One of his natural Daughters by Madame *de Monteſpan*.

I did it for him, and have had nothing but Insults from her. Can any thing be more grievous from Persons we love? She is lost without Hopes: *Marson* is ruining himself, and does not perceive it. The King will not suffer such Disorders, but will keep his Word. I now apprehend less the Father's Love, than I fear his Severity. Tell me what you would do, were you in my Place. I have consulted Father *Gaillard*, but declined explaining myself clearly; which may be the Reason why he did not well understand me; perhaps he only feigned that he did not understand me. Talk to some able and pious Persons; wrap up the Case, and in God's Name extricate me from this cruel Dilemma. I offend God by my Impatience. I must once for all apply a Remedy. I fear to create myself Enemies; and I am also afraid that my Conscience may reproach me with suffering such a Scandal.

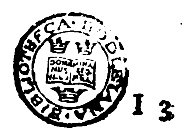
LETTER CLXV.

To the same.

Versailles, *Nov.* 4, 1688.

GREAT Rejoicings! *Philipsbourg* is taken. The Dauphin will from henceforth be *wis the Bold.* The King's Joy is le, and the little Count laughs and nately. *Vauban's* Dispositions were admirable:

admirable: He curbed the Fire of M. *de Duras*, and hindered the Dauphin from getting himſelf knock'd on the Head. M. *de Louvois* would have the Army to penetrate into *Germany*, and ravage the *Palatinate* without Mercy: Nevertheleſs, ſome able Politicians pretend that the War ought to be carried on againſt the Emperor only, and that we ought in Prudence to ſpare the Empire. Whatever has a ſhew of Glory will be done, and afterwards they will think of what is profitable: They will act firſt, and then conſider how they ought to have acted. My Preſence cramps *Louvois*, and yet I never contradict him: The King has told him ſeveral times, that he might ſpeak with full Freedom. Some imagine that I govern the State; they preceive not, I am perſuaded, that God has heaped ſo many Bleſſings on me, only that I might attend to the King's Salvation. I daily beg of Heaven to enlighten and ſanctify him. Joyn your Prayers to mine; they will prove more efficacious, becauſe more diſintereſted: You are not like me, in love with earthly Things.



LETTER CLXVI.

From the Duke du Maine *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Nov. 5, 1688.

PHilipsbourg has capitulated. M. *de Stahrenberg* has called for a Confessor and a Physician: I shall be very sorry if he dies, for he agrees to every thing we would have: He is the best natured Man living. He told the Dauphin, that he should die with Grief for having lost a Place of such Consequence to his Master, did he not find some Comfort in surrendering it to so great a Prince. Adieu, Madam; I will do all that lies in my Power to deserve your Friendship. I forgot at setting out to ask the King, whether the Regiment of *Swiss Guards* ought not to beat the March for me: Such Beginnings may be drawn into Precedents.

LETTER CLXVII.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Jan. 9, 1689.

THE King of *England* arrived the 7th Instant at *St. Germain's* with the Duke of *Berwick*: His first Conversation with the Queen was very moving: He consoled her, and caressed the ·ince of *Wales* in the most tender Manner: No Man

Man can diſplay more Fortitude : This Unconcern at the Loſs of ſo much Grandeur is the Work of Grace : It is a glorious Sight to behold a Royal Confeſſor of the Faith ! The Court of *St. Germain* will yield to none but *Verſailles* in Magnificence : The King will not ſheath the Sword 'till he has driven the Prince of *Orange* out of *England* : They call him a ſecond *Cromwell* ; it is certain that he has already ſeized the Crown ; the Catholics are oppreſſed, and the Parliament threatens to exterminate them. It always runs in my Mind, that if *Colbert* had lived, all this had not happened : *Louvois* did not prevent the Deſcent of the *Dutch* ; he knew nothing of it till they had landed : All this ſounds ill. Meaſures will be taken to mend Matters ; but it would have been much better, had the Deſigns of the Prince of *Orange* been nipt in the Bud. *Noailles* and *Boufflers* will command in ſpight of *Louvois*, the firſt in *Catalonia*, the other on the *Moſelle* : I rely much upon them, but ſtill more on the Juſtice of our Cauſe.

LETTER CLXVIII.

From the Duke du Maine *to Madame* de Maintenon.

At the Camp at Estines, August 15, 1689.

I Confess to you Madam, that I burn with Impatience to know whether I belye the Blood I am descended from; and therefore I am sorry that I have been sent hither to be kept in a whole Skin and learn to visit Camps: I cannot, without great Concern, see the Troops kept in Idleness. What I wrote to you about the Honours the *Swiss* Regiment of Guards owe me, is of Consequence: I have done no more methinks, than set forth my Reasons, and submitted to the King's Will: I know not whether my Vivacity made me say more than I intended. I am very far from being of Madame *de Montespan*'s Opinion; for though I do no great Matters here, I yet do more than at Court, where I can only limp before People who are in Pain to see me; whereas here I am at least learning my Trade.

LETTER CLXIX.

From the same to the same.

Madam, *Sept.* 29, 1689.

I WRITE but a Line to the King, because I it better to make short Letters than dull

dull ones: If he would have me write oftener to him, let him cut out more Work for me. Paint me to him with a grateful Senfe of all his Favours; ufe the ftrongeft Terms, and, with all your Genius, be fearful only of not faying enough; give full Scope to your Imagination; make me fay whatever you think fit: Be my Proxy; that whilft I only defire to facrifice myfelf here for the King's Service, I may at the fame time be at *Verfailles* to take Care of my Interefts. Labour for your dear Child, if you think him worthy to be owned as fuch.

LETTER CLXX.

From the fame to the fame.

Nov. 25, 1689.

IT is ftrange, Madam, that fo many Years fpent at Court fhould not yet have taught you to throw the Blame on the Abfent: I think I cannot beftow a greater Encomium on you. I have already experienced the Manner in which you conceal bad Things, and publifh what is good: But as we fhould always conclude with telling our Sins to the Confeffor, I will own to you the Occafion of my Debts, with all the Contrition of a true Penitent: The Terror of your Remonftrances, which I dread more than thofe of Madame *de Montefpan*, becaufe they are al-

ways supported by Reaſon, has hitherto prevented my acknowledging that I loſt my Money at play. Put not a bad Conſtruction on my exceſſive Fear, ſince what renders it ſo great, is the Apprehenſion of making you uneaſy. It's impoſſible to call it by a more proper Name than that of *filial* Fear.

LETTER CLXXI.

From the Queen of England *to Madame* de Maintenon.

St. Germain, Dec. 1, 1689.

SINCE you treat me with Ceremony, in making Excuſes for not having fully anſwered my Letter, it is but Juſtice, Madam, to make you as many; nay more. I conjure you not to forget to give me an Account of your Health by my Courier, without taking the Trouble to write to me; for I am more afraid of your Trouble, than wiſhing for my own Gratification. You know my Heart; it will ever be the ſame; my Friendſhip for you can neither decreaſe nor increaſe. I pray to God for your Sake, that he would make you a great Saint; and for my own Sake, that it may not happen too ſoon.

LETTER CLXXII.

From the Prince of Condé *to the same.*

YOU are so good-natured, Madam, and take so much Delight in doing Good, that I dare beg the Favour of you to tell the King how much I am affected with all his Kindnesses: I am unable to find Terms to express my Gratitude. Display my Sentiments to his Majesty; I implore, Madam, the Assistance of your Genius. As you will see me no where but at *Marli*, I dare not in any other Place appear at your Gate.

LETTER CLXXIII.

From the King to the same.

IF you will take an Airing with me at Four o'Clock, come to the *Apollo*, where I will meet you with a Chaise: Let me know your Pleasure, that I may conform to it.

LETTER CLXXIV.

From the same to the same.

ADVICES from *Flanders* are very favourable: We may go to *St. Cyr* to return God Thanks for the same, if you approve of it. Tell Madame *de Montespan* that the King of *England* is highly pleased with M. *de Lausun*. The Dauphin.

phin writes to me, that he pines away thro' Impatience and Heavineſs: He complains a little of the flegmatic Temper of M. *de Lorges*; he would have more Fire and leſs Prudence: But young Men muſt not be left to themſelves.

LETTER CLXXV.

From the Elector of Cologn *to the ſame.*

I HOPE, Madam, you will be my Protectrix, that I may be able to clear myſelf with the King, and wipe off the ill Impreſſions that have been given him of my Conduct: I dare make you this moſt humble Requeſt, and I remain with equal Confidence and reſpectful Veneration, your moſt ſubmiſſive Servant and Friend.

LETTER CLXXVI.

From the Abbé Gobelin.

Verſailles, 1690.

I AM pleaſed with the Behaviour of our Siſters of *St. Cyr*: But the Repreſentations of the Play of *Eſther* hinder me from viſiting them ſo often as I would: I can no longer bear the Fatigue of it, and am reſolved, without ſaying it openly, that it ſhall no more be acted for the Public. I ſhall give out, our Actreſſes are ſick; and they ſhall for the future act only for the King, when he comes. I beſeech you ſtand

in

in no awe of me, nor seek to please me, nor give into my Sentiments thro' Complaisance; consult candidly with Men of Knowledge and Integrity, whether it is not a Maxim too severe and dangerous for Youth, that they must never take any Pleasure: For my Part, I think we should make them hope for Pleasure, promise them a great deal of it, give them but a little, and by all Means convince them that there are innocent Amusements.

LETTER CLXXVII.

From the King to Madame de Maintenon.

I SHALL go to * *Compline* at *St. Cyr*, if you think fit: We shall return from thence leisurely and take the Air. You may engage the Princess of *Conti* to be of the Party: But neither let her come, nor yourself, if it be inconvenient. Be pleased to send me an Answer in your own Hand, or by Madame *de Mornay*.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Versailles, April 15, 1691.

GOD gives a Blessing to the King's Arms; *Mons* is taken, *Nice* has surrendered; the

* *Complies*, the last Prayers of the Evening.

King will ſoon be here: *Vauban* and *Boufflers* are Partners in his Triumphs: They made admirable Diſpoſitions; nay, they did more; they hindered the Mouſquetaires from ruſhing upon certain Death. *Courtenay* wiſhed to die under the King's Eye; he is dead. Conſole yourſelf, my deareſt, for the Loſs of M. *de Villermont*: The King has very much regretted him, and Madame *de Villermont* will find that this Regret is not barren. From *Italy* they write me Wonders of *L*——; he is very much in favour with M. *de Catinat*; write him, that you anſwer for him to me: I greatly apprehend that he has taken a Flight which he will not be able to ſuſtain, and that the King may have Occaſion to reproach me with having ſupported a Gameſter, and preſented him as a Man of Merit, becauſe he is a Relation of mine. Adieu, my deareſt. I have juſt now received another Viſit from the Abbé *de Fenelon*: He is a Man of fine Senſe, and I am told ſtill more remarkable for his Piety, which I am much delighted with.

LETTER CLXXIX.*

To Madame de Bainon.†

Chantilly, March 28, 1692.

YOU are in the right to dispose every thing for our Sister ‡ *Lallie*'s taking the Habit; but how can you be uncertain of the Day? Is it not fixed with the Person that performs the Ceremony? For my Part, I shall be equally ready *Thursday* or *Friday*. M. *Racine*, who has a Mind to weep, would rather have it on *Friday*, which, however, need not oblige you to alter your Measures: Only give me Notice as soon as possible. I don't write to Madame *de la Maison-fort*: What could I say to her that she does not better know than myself? Would to God that she knew nothing but Jesus Christ crucified, that she could forget all other Things, and give herself up to God and to us with that sincere and tender Heart she once had, and even with all her former Imperfections, which I liked much better than those she has acquired by Devotion! The good Testimonies you give me of

* This Letter has already appeared in the Supplement to the Letters of *John Racine*, published by the Inheritor of his Name and Talents.

† She was the first Superior of the House of *St. Cyr*.

‡ She had acted the Part of *Ahasuerus* in *Esther*.

the Community greatly rejoice me: Exult at being beloved and respected for God's Sake; and renounce that Self-love which is apt to make those Sentiments center in ourselves. When I see the dear Girls acting in the Spirit of Faith, I have great Hopes that they will establish themselves on a solid Foundation. May God bless them more and more, that they may by their Care and Watchfulness increase his Kingdom. I shall not send you this Day your Constitutions: Mess. *Racine* and *Despreaux* are reading them, admiring them, and correcting some Faults in the Style. You receive my Counsels as if they came from an Angel: God grant I may give them to you as perfectly as you receive them!

LETTER CLXXX.

From M. de Fiesque *to Madame* de Maintenon.

June 14.

I HAVE the Honour, Madam, to write to you, in haste, to beseech you that you would conjure the King to behave here as a General, and not as a Soldier. Yesterday, had it not been for a Gabion, a Bullet would have bereft us of him. The Shot rebounded on the Count *de Toulouze*, who came off with a Bruize that need not alarm Madame *de Montespan*: The King asked him whether he was wounded; and the

young Prince anſwered, ſmiling, I think a Ball has grazed upon me. This was anſwering *Bourbon-like.* I ſhould never have done, Madam, were I to ſet down the Names of all that were wounded or killed near or by the King's Side. In God's Name, Madam, let him leave us the Danger, and content himſelf with the Glory.

LETTER CLXXXI.

From the Abbé Gobelin *to the ſame.*

Paris, March 18, 1692.

NEVER was Sorrow, Madam, more lawful than yours: The Eyes of all *Paris* are upon you, and are the more edified, as they are perſuaded that it was entirely at your own Option to have been exempted from it; it is not looked upon as the Effect of an effeminate and purely natural Tenderneſs, but as the Reſult of a Soul liberally endowed with Courage and Reaſon. Would to God that I were worthy of mingling my Tears with thoſe that trickle down your Cheeks, and joining my poor Prayers to the Vows you make at the Foot of the Altar for the Conſervation of the firſt and greateſt King on Earth! But how wonderful art thou, O God, in the Manner in which it pleaſeth thee to make thine Elect ſuffer! Thou doſt not afflict them like other Men, by the Loſs of Goods, nor by the Strokes of Calumny: Thou doſt

ſanctify

ſanctify them by their own Ways, and makeſt their Joy and Love the Cauſe of their Deſolation and Afflictions: Which makes me tell you, Madam, that there is nothing in the Scripture that ſuits your Caſe better than theſe Words of Job, *How wonderful, O Lord, is the Manner in which thou afflicteſt me!* In Effect, what is this Abſence which you bemoan, but the moſt glorious Expedition that any Monarch ever undertook, which terrifies all *Europe*, and not only makes the Prince of *Orange*, the Marqueſs of *Brandenburgh*, the Duke of *Bavaria* turn pale, but even the King of *Spain* and the Emperor. Did ever the Sun behold ſo daring a Siege, whilſt potent Enemies are conſpiring through mean Jealouſy againſt a Domination which by a truly Chriſtian Moderation tends only to their Peace and Repoſe? In fine, to ſum up all, what is this Expedition, but a friendly Plank offered to the *Flemmings*, to ſave them from the Storm in which they are ready to periſh? And how exceſſive would be our Joy to ſee *Lewis the Great*, not only King of *France* and *Navarre*, but alſo Duke of *Brabant* and Earl of *Flanders*? Let this Thought then, which is no poetical Flight, but the Opinion of the moſt ſenſible Politicians, alleviate your juſt Grief! Let it animate your Piety, and diſpel the Fears you may have for the ſacred Perſon of a Prince, who does not

carry

carry with him *Cæsar* and his Fortune, but Justice in his Arms, and the powerful Interests of the Catholic Religion. Pray and fast, Madam, give Alms, and go to the Communion: 'Tis thus that the *Clotilda's*, the *Batilda's*, the *Blanche's* of *Castile*, behaved on similar Occasions; and 'tis all that the Station, in which Providence has placed you, requires from you.

LETTER CLXXXII.

To Mr. d'Aubigné.

March 15, 1693.

IT is with great Concern I hear of your Illness; for even your slightest Ailments make me tremble, when I think of the State of your Soul: It is impossible for your Heart to be ill disposed only towards God, to whom you are indebted for so many good Qualities, which will be useless to you, if not employed for his Sake. You are good-natured, humane, generous, honest, affable, liberal to the Poor, and all this without Devotion. Visit Mess. *Thiberge* and *Brisacier*, or some other pious Man: I mention these to you, because I esteem them: Were such as these satisfied with your Conduct, my Mind would be at Rest. Shall I see all the World converted except yourself? Make serious Reflections on so important a Point, and forgive my Importunities in Consideration of

my Friendſhip: If it be true, as ſome would perſuade me, that the Preſident *Bignon* does yet remember our former Acquaintance, I deſire you would aſſure him, that I retain for him all that Eſteem he deſerves, and a grateful Senſe of the Kindneſs he formerly had for me. Recommend to him the Concern of the Duke *de Richelieu*: 'Tis demanding of him Juſtice; in vain would it be to aſk him for any thing elſe. Adieu; you don't anſwer the Letters I ſend you: Few treat me in that Manner: But I ſhall forgive you, as it's ſo rare a Caſe.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

From Cardinal * Ottoboni *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Moſt illuſtrious and moſt excellent Lady,

THE Merit equal to the Quality which our Lord acknowledges in your Excellency, obliges him on this Occaſion to give you a Teſtimony of his Affection: Therefore his

* This Cardinal was afterwards Pope *Alexander* VIII. He got a Cardinal's Hat without being at any Expence for it: He perſuaded the famous *Donna Olympia*, the Sovereign Diſpenſer of Favours, that he would give her a magnificent Beaufet of Plate and a very fine Pearl Necklace, which he ſhewed her: A Fortnight after there was a Promotion of Cardinals, in which *Ottoboni* was included; upon which he immediately returned the Necklace and the Plate to the Tradeſman who had lent it to him.

Holineſs,

Holineſs, in ſending Monſignor *Treviſani* to the Court of *France*, charges him to wait upon your Excellency in his Name, and to deliver you a Brief from him. Monſignor *Treviſani* will alſo acquaint your Excellency with my particular Attachment to you. I hope you will let me know how far you are perſuaded of it, by the Commands with which you will honour me. I kiſs the Hands of your Excellency, whoſe moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant I am.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

From the Dauphin to the ſame.

I Entreat you to believe me the beſt of your Friends: Your Letter has given me ſo much Pleaſure, in acquainting me with the Friendſhip the King has for me, and that he is ſatisfied with my Behaviour, that I cannot forbear writing you a Letter of Thanks for the Information. I aſſure you that I account you the beſt Friend I have; and you will oblige me, whenever I do any thing diſpleaſing to the King, freely to ſend me Notice of it, that I may endeavour to do better.

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LETTER CLXXXV.

From the Abbé * de Fenelon *to the same.*

ZEAL for the King's Salvation must not carry you beyond the Bounds which Providence seems to have marked out for you: Those Moments, which God alone can know, must be watched: The right Way to prepare the King for the Reception of God's Grace, is not to tire him with Exhortations, but to edify him, to steal insensibly into his Heart by a mild and patient Demeanor. Your Application to touch his Heart, to open his Eyes, to preserve him from certain Snares, to give him Counsels of Peace and Moderation, to exite him to ease his People, and love the Church, and your Zeal to provide it with good Pastors, requires a great deal of Circumspection and much Prudence. You are the Centinel of God in the midst of *Israel*. Love the King; be obedient to him, as *Sarah* was to *Abraham*. Respect him from the Bottom of your Heart; look upon him as your Lord in the Order of God. It is true, Madam, that your Station is a Riddle; but 'tis God has made it so: You did not wish for it; you did

* The Abbé *de Fenelon*, afterwards Archbishop of *Cambray*, succeeded the Abbé *Gobelin* as Director of Madame *de Maintenon*.

not

not chuſe it, nor even imagine it: 'Tis God's Work. He conceals his Secrets from you, and alſo hides ſome from the World, which would ſurprize, were you to reveal them as you do to me. 'Tis the Myſtery of God: It was his Will that you ſhould riſe to Grandeur, in order to ſanctify thoſe that are born in Grandeur. You hold the Place of a Queen, and yet have no more Liberty nor Authority than the Wife of a Tradeſman.*

LETTER CLXXXVI.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Verſailles, April 14, 1694.

M. *de Noailles* has promiſed me a glorious Campaign: He writes to me, that he will overcome the King's Enemies and his own. As he has always kept his Word with me, I depend much upon this double Victory. M.

* Mad. *de Maintenon* gained ſuch an Aſcendant, and inſpired *Lewis* XIV. with ſo much Fondneſs, and ſo many Scruples, that the King, following the Advice of Father *La Chaiſe*, ſecretly married her in 1686. in a little Chapel at the End of an Apartment, ſince uſed by the Duke of *Burgundy*. The Archbiſhop of *Paris* gave the nuptial Benediction. *Lewis* XIV. was then in the 48th Year of his Age, and the Lady in her 52d.—It was always diſputed at Court whether this Lady was married or not: They regarded her as the King's Choice, without paying her the Reſpect due to a Queen. VOLTAIRE.

de

de Luxembourg knows not what it is to fly; he has got a Habit of winning Battles, and takes Towns as it were by way of Amusement. *Joyeuse* and *de Larges* are brave, and have Talents too, as some say. I think the King has no great Esteem for the Prince of *Baden*; his Majesty is a good Judge, so that I am more tranquil than you imagine. It is true I ardently wish for Peace; but they little know me, who imagine I prefer it to the King's Glory. It is not that I hinder him from going to *Flanders*: I would with Pleasure follow him thither. A Reflection of Madame *du Lude*, which I did not give into, has broke off that Design; and I own to you that I am not sorry for it. What Glory could he acquire in beating the Prince of *Orange*, who is so accustomed to Defeats?

LETTER CLXXXVII.

To the same.

May 12.

I HAVE had two Months in my Hands a Copy of *an Exposition on Solomon's Song*: Some Passages in it are obscure, some edifying, and there are others which I can by no Means approve of. The Abbé *de Fenelon* has told me, that the *short Method* contained the Mysteries of the sublimest Devotion, setting aside a few trifling Expressions that are to be found in the Writings of the mystical

ſtical Divines. I read a Scrap of it to the King, who told me it was all an idle Dream. He has not yet made a ſufficient Progreſs in Piety to reliſh this Perfection. I have earneſtly deſired Madame *de Brinon* not to put theſe Books into the Hands of our Siſters. Such ſpiritual Food is too ſtrong for them: They muſt have a Diet ſuitable to their Years. Nevertheleſs, Madame *Guion* edifies them. I have entreated her to leave off viſiting them, but could not refuſe to let them read the Letters of a Woman of ſuch Piety and good Morals. The Archbiſhop of *Paris* ſeems mightily exaſperated againſt her; yet he owns, that her Errors are more dangerous in their Conſequences than in their Principles, and that there is more to be feared than cenſured in them. Let us pray God to teach his Ways to thoſe whom he has charged with guiding us to him.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

* *Madame* Guion *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Paris, June 7, 1694.

PERMIT me, Madam, to throw myſelf at your Feet, and commit my Salvation and

* A celebrated Quietiſt, confined to a Convent in 1687, as a Perſon diſorder'd in her Mind, but reſtored to Liberty by the Intereſt of Mad. *de Maintenon.* In 1695 ſhe was confined in Priſon at *Vincennes*, as a Perſon dangerous to the State.

my Honour to your Care. For these eighteen Years past the Love of God has been my constant Study and Occupation. I frequent none but pious People: I speak, I write to none but my Friends, whose Zeal and Virtue the whole World is acquainted with: I have no Connections with any Persons suspicious to the Church or to the State. Nevertheless, I am overwhelmed with Calumnies from all Quarters; they vent their Spleen and Rage against me, they blacken my Morals, and throw Suspicions on my Conduct both past and present: They say I am a Rebel to the Church, that I want to set up a Religion of my own broaching, that I think myself more enlightened than the *Sorbonne*; I, who know nothing but Jesus Christ crucified. M. *Bossuet* knows how obedient I am to my Directors: He has told me that I am harmless as a Dove, and offered me a Certificate of my being at present a good Catholic; but he has interdicted me the Sacraments, and I have abstained these three Months from the Bread of Heaven: Yet though my Soul is racked with Affliction, I murmur not against that Decision. My Life has hitherto been irreproachable, but I am accused of scandalous Vices. I beseech you, Madam, by that pure Love which God shewed to Men in dying for them, I beseech you to desire the King to appoint Commissaries to make

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an Inquiry extraordinary into my Life and Manners; that being purged and cleared of the atrocious Crimes laid to my Charge, the Examination of my Doctrine may afterwards be taken in Hand with less Partiality. Will you not screen me from the Injustice of Mankind, you, Madam, who know the Depth of their Malice?

LETTER CLXXXIX.

From the same to the same.

WHILST I was only accused, Madam, of praying, and teaching others how to pray, I was contented to remain in Obscurity. I apprehended, that as I neither spoke nor wrote to any body, I should give Satisfaction to all the World, appease my Enemies, moderate the Zeal of certain Persons of Probity, whose Uneasiness proceeded only from the Biass which Calumny gave them: But now I hear that I am accused of Things in which Honour is concerned, and that they talk of Crimes. I think my Duty to the Church, to my Family, and to myself, calls upon me to bring the Truth to light. I therefore demand of you, Madam, a Piece of Justice which has never been refused to any body, even in the most barbarous Nations, nor to the greatest Criminals; and that is to bring me to a Trial, to get Commissaries appointed,

half of the Laity and half of the Clergy, all of known Probity, and free from Prejudice; for Probity alone is not sufficient in an Affair concerning which Abundance of People have been prejudiced by Calumny. If you obtain me this Favour, and I conjure you Madam by the Wounds of Jesus Christ to obtain it, I will repair to any Prison that you or the King may please to appoint, and will take with me only a Girl that has attended me these fourteen Years. Should God make manifest the Truth, you will see that I am not altogether unworthy that Kindness with which you formerly honoured me: But should it be the Will of God to suffer me to be crushed by the Efforts of Calumny, I shall adore his Justice, and chearfully submit; begging of him the Punishment which those Crimes deserve.

LETTER CXC.

From Madame de Maintenon *to the Duke* de Chevreuse.

YOU may tell Madame *Guion* that I have again spoke to the King, and that he greatly approved of a new Examination of her Writings: For this Purpose Persons of great Virtue and Learning will be employed; and of this you may assure her. I very sincerely wish her Tenets may not be found erroneous.

LETTER CXCI.

To the Duke de Beauvilliers.

I NEVER gave any Credit to the Reports ſpread about the Morals of Madame *Guion*; I think them very good and very pure; but her Doctrine is bad, at leaſt in the Conſequences that may be drawn from it. In juſtifying her Morals, it is to be feared her Opinions may be propagated, and that ſuch Perſons as are already ſeduced, may thereby think them authorized. It is better once for all to canvaſs thoroughly what relates to her Doctrine; after which all the reſt will fall of itſelf. I will ſtrenuouſly labour to compaſs this.

LETTER CXCII.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

ANOTHER Letter from Madame *Guión!* That Woman is very troubleſome. It is true ſhe is unfortunate. She now deſires me to get the Biſhop of *Chalons* and the Rector of *St. Sulpitius* joined in Commiſſion with the Biſhop of *Meaux*, in order to judge definitively the Points on which her Faith is ſuſpected. She promiſes me a blind Obedience. I know not whether the King may be willing to give this farther Mortification to the Archbiſhop of *Paris*; for, in ſhort, as this Hereſy has been broached

in his Diocese, it belongs to him first to pass Sentence on it; and you may depend upon it, he will stickle for his Prerogatives. *Fenelon* is too pious not to believe that a Man may love God purely for his Sake, and has too much Sense to think that a Man immersed in the most shameful Vices can love him at all: He has protested to me, that he intermeddles in this Affair with no other View, than that the Sentiments of truly devout Souls may not be condemned through Inattention. He is no Advocate for Madame *Guion*, though he is her Friend: He is the Defender of Piety and Christian Perfection. I rely on his Word, because I have met with few Men so sincere.

LETTER CXCIII.

From Cardinal Gualterio *to Madame* de Maintenon.

July 14, 1695.

WERE I capable of obeying you, Madam, I should look upon your Commands as the most glorious Fortune that could happen to me. I beg you would be pleased to honour me with your Orders at all Times, in all Places, and upon all Occasions, without any Reserve, and with all that absolute Authority you may be persuaded you have over me.

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LETTER CXCIV.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Verſailles, March 12, 1696.

EVERY body is ſick; the King has the Tertian Ague, Father *la Chaiſe* a violent Cold, the Duke of *Burgundy* a Pain in his Head, and Madame *du Lude* and I are in the Vapours: In ſhort, 'tis melancholy enough. Madame *Mornay* alone heroically bears up againſt the Change of the Seaſon. We are very melancholy ſince the Abſence of Mademoiſelle *d'Aumale*: I greatly long to ſee that Retreat at *St. Cyr* finiſhed. We are promiſed Peace before the End of this Year. The King will labour at it, by continuing to beat the Allies; eſpecially by drawing off the Duke of *Savoy* from the Confederacy. Madame *de Monteſpan* is parting with all her Jewels, and is herſelf ſurprized at the Number and Value of them. My Girls are no Reſource to me againſt Melancholy. From Morning till Night I am taken up with deciding their Differences and preventing Diſcords: I had rather have an Empire to govern: I have reſolved to ſend back little *de Chaumont* to her Parents in as polite a Manner as I am able: If you approve not of it, tell me your Mind ingenuouſly; but I think it muſt be done for the Sake of good Order. I am afraid of taking up Things with too much

Asperity, and am almost as much apprehensive of being taxed with relenting too easily. I am old; I may be prejudiced; and at my Age it is but too common to behave like one of the last Century. I have raised myself above the Tattle of this Place; but have not the same Fortitude in regard to the Judgments passed on my Actions where you live.

LETTER CXCV.

From Cardinal Janson *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Rome, May 15, 1696.

I HAVE received, Madam, with due Respect, the Letter which you have done me the Honour to write to me, along with that for the Pope, which I delivered to him, and with which he was a good deal affected: He has expressed to me an infinite Esteem for your Person and your Virtue. I asked him Indulgences for the Ladies of *St. Cyr*, after I had given him a particular Account of all the Rules and Practices of that House, which have edified him. He has ordered Cardinal *Albano*, Secretary of the Briefs, to get Indulgences dispatched in the most ample Forms, as well for the Nuns as for the young Ladies educated there, and even for those who shall visit their Church once in a Year.

LETTER CXCVI.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Maintenon, August 24, 1696.

I AM not surprized at the different Opinions concerning the Pastoral Instruction of the Archbishop of *Paris*. This first Step of his was difficult, and all impartial Persons, that have read it, agree that he has acquitted himself of it with a great deal of Prudence. Certainly the King will be satisfied with it. The Jesuits will not forgive his raising himself to the See of *Paris* without their Participation: If they vex me, I will entreat the Pope to make him a Cardinal. The first Church of the Kingdom wanted a Prelate of unspotted Morals, of a moderate, gentle and simple Character, of a rational and solid Piety: The King thought he perceived all these Qualities in M. *de Noailles*: He consulted with himself, he advised with Men of Probity, he consulted God; and nothing is more true, than that had he known an honester Man in *France*, he would have made him Pastor of his Capital. Would to God that these Quarrels about Religion were as near their Conclusion as the War that divides the Princes of *Europe*! Peace is made with the Duke of *Savoy*; and the King is disposed to give Peace to the rest of *Eu-*

rope. The Princess *Adelaida* of *Savoy* is to be the Knot of this Treaty. The Emperor wanted her for the King of the *Romans*; but the Duke of *Burgundy* has carried her against his Rival. This Princess is very amiable, but she is very young: We shall be obliged to educate her, which is more plague and trouble for us. I envy your Solitude and your Tranquility, and am no longer surprized that Queen *Christina* descended from the Throne, that she might live with more Freedom.

LETTER CXCVII.

To the Duchess of Savoy.

A LETTER of this Sort little suits the Respect I owe your Royal Highness; but I believe you will pardon it on Account of our excessive Joy for the Treasure we receive. She need not open her Mouth to shew us her Wit; her Way of listening, and all the Emotions of her Countenance, sufficiently shew that nothing escapes her Notice. Your Royal Highness will scarcely believe, though we can aver it to you, how much the King is delighted with her: He told me yesterday, that he constrained himself, lest his Joy should appear excessive. The Princess is polite to a Degree that does not let her say any thing disagreeable: Yesterday I wanted

to

to decline her Careſſes, and put her off by telling her I was too old; but ſhe anſwered me, *oh! not ſo old.* When the King left the Room, ſhe ran to embrace me: She then made me ſit down, after obſerving my Difficulty in ſtanding, and placing herſelf with great Condeſcenſion almoſt on my Knees, ſhe ſaid to me, 'Mamma 'has charged me to give you a thouſand Demonſtrations of her Friendſhip, and to beg 'yours for myſelf: Pray, inſtruct me well 'in every Thing whereby I may pleaſe the 'King.' Theſe are her Words, Madam; but the gay, the ſweet, the graceful Air with which they were uttered, is not to be expreſſed in a Letter.

LETTER CXCVIII.

To Madame de F * * *.

ALL Things are carried to deplorable Extremities. The King is much concerned at what he knows, but he knows not the Whole. Thoſe who impute all theſe Misfortunes to me, greatly wrong me: Were it true that I meddled in every thing, they ought ſurely ſometimes to aſcribe good Counſels to me. I have been in high Favour theſe ten Years; I have done no Harm to any one, yet have made a great Number of Malecontents; I never committed either

Wickedneſs

Wickedneſs or Injuſtice. The King has often reflected on me for my Moderation; which is much better than upbraiding me for my Importunity. With that Inſenſibility which I thought I had for the Things of this World, and eſpecially for the Reflections of Libertines, I now find I have made no greater Progreſs than when I began to reſtrain and overcome my Humours and Paſſions. *L*——— gives me a vaſt deal of Vexation; he ſets me at Defiance, leans upon the Duke *de Vendome*, and will not forgive me for having diſcovered that he deceived me.

LETTER CXCIX.

To the ſame.

I BEG you would charge M. *Lallemant* to examine carefully M. * *de Tillemont*'s Papers: That Hiſtory muſt be among them. The Copy which I have in my Hands comes from him; I miſs three Quires of it; I think it is the eighth and the two laſt. Don't tell M. *Lallemant* that this Search concerns me: It might make him ſuſpect ſomething. Every thing is taken for Party Spirit by certain Folks. I have ſeen the

* *Sebaſtian le Nain de Tillemont*, born at *Paris* in 1637, the Diſciple of *Nicole*, Author of an Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory; died in 1698.

Abbé

Abbé *de* * *Choiſy*, and found him ſo rational, that when I compare him with what he was formerly, I feel a Pleaſure in ſeeing him. But, dear Child, Grace performs many other wonders.

LETTER CC.

To the ſame.

I Know every thing that is thrown on the Duke *du Maine*. They cannot ſucceed in their Deſign to ſet us at Variance: He offered to give me the cleareſt Proofs, and I have declined them. If he is guilty, it is in ſuch a trifle, that I ſhould be to blame to take Offence at it. 'Tis a Sentiment of filial Love, and how can I condemn it, I that have done all poſſible to make him love his Mother more than me, without having been able to compaſs it? I doubt not but Madame *de Monteſpan* would have been extremely glad of a ſignal Rupture, but I ſhall take Care never to give her that Pleaſure.

LETTER CCI.

To the ſame.

OUR Advices from *Poland* are ſo agreeable, that I could not refuſe the Princeſs of *Conti*

* *Francis de Choiſy*, born at *Rouen* in 1644; ſent with a public Character to *Siam*; Author of divers Works, the beſt of which is his Memoirs. He died in 1710.

what

what she has so long wished for. The Abbé * *de Polignac* gives to that whole Family an Air of Grandeur which is not displeasing. The Prince will set out to-morrow ; 'tis a little late, but the Misfortune is irreparable. Madame *de Simiane* follows her Caprices, and you know what she is. I have left her to take her own Course. I have always repented my endeavouring to direct Women : Men are more tractable and docile.

LETTER CCII.

To the same.

MY Wishes and Prayers are at last heard ; I never had any Pleasure equal to that which I now feel. I congratulate you on your Triumph : Your Joy is mine ; I feel it entirely. This Competitorship alarm'd me : All Things changed in a Moment. Let us ascribe the Whole to him who dispenses Prosperity and Adversity as he pleases : This is ever the Burden of my Song ; and when you come to my Years, you will find how pleasant it is to refer to Providence all the Glory of fortunate Events.

* *Melchior de Polignac*, Cardinal, born at *Velay* in 1662 ; a Pattern for Negotiators : a good *Latin* Poet ; he died in 1741.

LETTER CCIII.

From the Duke * de Vendome *to Madame* de Maintenon.

NEXT to God I am indebted, Madam, to you for all the Favours I receive from the King: Suffer me to express my Gratitude for them. The Idleness, out of which you have drawn me, did not well suit the Passion I have had from my Youth up for his Majesty's Service. If I have any Success and reap any Glory, I shall be your Debtor on these Scores, and whether fortunate or unfortunate, I shall ever be, *&c.*

LETTER CCIV.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Versailles, May 25, 1697.

THE taking of *Barcelona*, *Ath* and *Carthagena*, gives the King an Opportunity to convince the Allies of his sincere Inclination to Peace: He may facilitate the Conclusion of it, by not insisting on the Conditions which his Victories and Conquests seem to authorize, without derogating from his Glory: He may even wait the Term which he has fixed for their Ac-

* *Louis Joseph*, Duke *de Vendome*, General of the Gallies of *France* in 1694, died in 1712.

ceptance

ceptance of thoſe Conditions. All the Reſtitutions offered by the King have occaſioned warm Debates here: They are tired of the War, and yet think it a little ſhameful to give up what has coſt ſo much Toil and Blood. For my Part, I think it is glorious to reſtore what has been taken, provided we be not conſtrained to do it by a ſuperior Force: Such a Step cannot but be looked upon as an Effect of the King's Generoſity.

LETTER CCV.

To the ſame.

* *MADAME* is very well ſatisfied: The King has promiſed to oblige the Elector Palatine to give her every Year three hundred thouſand Livres, until her Affair be decided by Arbitrators. We ſhall not abandon Cardinal *Furſtemberg*, though his Conduct has given but little Satisfaction: He has wrote me very preſſing Letters, and they have made an Impreſſion on the King. In fine, we begin to breathe, and from henceforth we ſhall have nothing to mind but our Salvation. I daily thank God for the pacific Sentiments with which he has inſpired the King: 'Tis a great Bleſſing to him and to his People: You know how much he was averſe to it formerly. Devotion makes

* The Ducheſs Dowager of *Orleans*.

the

the Heart relent at the Miseries of Mankind, and gives the Mind clear Ideas of true Glory.

LETTER CCVI.

To the same.

Versailles, Dec. 10.

THEY are under a Mistake: A Taste for Pleasures is extinguished in the King's Heart: Age and Devotion have taught him to make serious Reflections on the Vanity and Emptiness of every thing he was formerly fond of; and he daily makes some Progress in the Ways of God: It is not without Reluctance that he assists at the Theatres and Festivities, and he bemoans with me the Necessity which his Dignity lays him under to partake of Diversions for which he has no longer any Relish. The Princess of *Savoy* grows every Day more charming: The Duke of *Burgundy* doats upon her. It has been ordered that he shall visit her only on the Footing of a Mistress: She shed Tears at the News, and said, what! am I not his Wife? She afterwards laughed at it, and promised me to be always cruel to him, till the King should command her to use him otherwise. This Child makes us spend many an Hour pleasantly: The Duchess of *Savoy* has well tutor'd her; the King has no Resolution to deny her any thing; the Ladies that attend her are loaded with Presents.

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There is nothing but Rejoicings to be ſeen here: As ſoon as the Feſtivities are over we ſhall be more at eaſe, but not leſs gay: My Letters alſo ſhall be longer; but my Affection for you can never encreaſe.

LETTER CCVII.

From Cardinal Aquaviva *to Madame* de Maintenon.

MOST illuſtrious and moſt excellent Lady, how earneſt ſoever my Deſire has always been to let your Excellency know with what Reſpect I am devoted to you, I never dared to take that Liberty. The Dignity of Cardinal, with which the Holy Father has lately honoured me, makes me bolder, becauſe it may perhaps favour me with the Opportunity, I have ſo long wiſhed for, that of being ſerviceable to your Excellency, whenever you honour me with your Commands. The Princeſs *des Urſins*, who has ſo long been acquainted with the Inclinations of my Heart, will be a good Guarantee for my Attachment to your Excellency, as ſhe ſo well knows my Attachment to my Maſter the Catholic King, and to his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty. I am with the moſt profound Reſpect, *&c.*

LETTER CCVIII.

From the Duchess of Burgundy *to the same.*

Thursday, 1698.

I AM concerned beyond Measure, my dear Aunt, that you should be angry with me: I assure you I do not much deserve it, and that from Morning till Night my whole Study is to please you, and abstain from Follies and Nonsense, in order to render myself worthy of your Friendship. I plainly perceive it is out of Tenderness for me that you are so severe about every thing that concerns me. I assure you, in the Stories that have been told you of me, there are many Things which are not true. But I too well see, you begin to dislike me, and that in a little Time your Love for me will be quite lost. You would be in the Right to love me no longer, were it true that I put on a Disguise with you, and did not tell you the Truth, as you seem to suspect. And what is the Consequence of this? If you think me a Liar, it is impossible for you not to despise me; if you look upon me with Contempt, the King will do the same; and if the King despises me, my Case will be desperate. Yes; I am already in Despair, when I think that I am going to forfeit your Friendship; and 'tis not so much thro' my own Fault, as by false Reports; in order

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to avert this I am ready to undertake whatever you can command.

LETTER CCIX.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I Beſeech you, dear Mamma, not to give Credit to every thing that may be ſaid againſt me: They will report to you many Stories that are falſe: I'll now tell you the Truth. The Duke of *Burgundy* came into my Cloſet this Morning at eleven o'Clock; it was not from me that he had Notice I ſhould be alone. I was looking after my Pidgeons; he ſat down, told me that I was briſk and lively, and all on a ſudden flew at me, like a Bird of Prey, to play the Fool with me. I repulſed him, and got looſe from his Arms: He was ugly enough to frighten one: For that Time he only gave me a Kiſs; I ſmartly reprimanded him, and ſaid, that I would let my dear Aunt know it. He anſwered me, he had it from good Hands that this was the Way of playing with one's Miſtreſs. I told him that I would no longer be his Miſtreſs; he replied, Be my Wife then, and fell upon me again. Madame *Mornay* came in at that very Inſtant: She will affect to tell you a great deal of Harm of me; but indeed I have told you the whole Truth.

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LETTER CCX.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Verſailles, March 4, 1698.

I AM ſettling my Niece; the Buſineſs is done; ſo be quick with your Compliment on this Occaſion. It coſts my Brother an hundred thouſand Livres; I give ſix hundred thouſand, and the King a Million: you ſee the Gradation is pretty well obſerved. M. *de Noailles* gives his Son twenty thouſand Livres a Year, and ſecures to him double that Income after his Death. The King, who does nothing by Halves, gives to M. *d'Ayen* the Survivorſhip in the Governments of his Father. A fine Match! It will make the Marſhal die of Joy. His Son is a prudent Man; he loves the King, and is beloved of him; he fears God, and will be bleſſed of him: He has a fine Regiment, and Penſions will be annexed to it: He likes his Profeſſion, and will diſtinguiſh himſelf in it. In fine, I am highly pleaſed with this Affair. When Mademoiſelle *d'Aubigné* was born, I did not foreſee ſo much Happineſs. She is well educated, and has more Prudence than is common at her Age: She is both pious and rich. Do you think M. *de Noailles* has made a bad Bargain? I believe both Sides are contented, and are ready to confeſs they would have been ſatisfied with leſs. Adieu,

my

my dearest; you are very sensible I have not Time to write long Letters; at least it is not fit I should seem to have it.

LETTER CCXI.

From the Duchess of Burgundy *to Madame* de Maintenon.

I AM excessively sorry, my dear Aunt, that I always displease you. I am firmly resolved to amend, and to play no more at that sad Game that makes me lose my Money and your Friendship. I beseech you not to speak of it, in Case I keep the Resolution I have taken. I shall not be able to console myself, seeing I have been the Cause of your Afflictions, nor will I ever forgive that cursed *Lansquenet*. I hope my future Conduct will atone for my Faults, and that I shall regain your Friendship. All I wish for, is to make myself an amiable Princess by my Behaviour: I flatter myself that I am not so far gone in Years, or my Reputation so much tarnished, but that I may in Time accomplish this. I am distracted at the Thoughts of having displeased you. I have forsaken God, and he has forsaken me: I hope with his Help, which I heartily pray for, I shall be able to amend. Restore me, dear Mamma, your Esteem and your Friendship, of which I have rendered myself unworthy: I assure you I will deserve it: It will

require

require a great deal of Time, but it ſhall be from henceforth my ſole Study.

LETTER CCXII.*

From Racine *to the ſame.*

Paris, March 4, 1698.

I Had reſolved, Madam, to write to you about the Tax, that has ſo greatly diſordered my little Concerns; but diſliking my Letter, I only drew up a † Memorial, which Marſhal *de*—— generouſly offered to put into your Hands, with a Requeſt to preſent it to his Majeſty.——This, Madam, is an ingenuous Account of my Behaviour in that Affair: But I hear that I have now a much more terrible one upon my Hands. I confeſs to you, that whilſt I was ſo often giving this Leſſon in the Play of *Eſther*, *O King, drive away Calumny*, I little expected to be myſelf one Day attacked by it. I am repreſented as a Caballer and a Rebel to the Church. Be ſo good, Madam, as to remember how many Times you have ſaid, that the beſt Quality you found in me, was, that I ſubmitted like a Child to all that the Church believed and commanded, even

* This I etter has been printed in the Memoirs of *John Racine*.

† That Memorial, as we find in the 26th Chapter of *Voltaire*'s *Age of Lewis* XIV. proved the Ruin of *Racine*.

in

in the ſmalleſt Things. I have made by your Orders near three thouſand Verſes on pious Subjects, in which I have ſpoken from the Fulneſs of my Heart, and given Vent to all the Sentiments that moſt abounded in me. Did it ever occur to you, that any body found one ſingle Paſſage in them bordering upon Error ?——As for Caballing, who is it that may not be accuſed of it, if they accuſe a Man ſo devoted to the King as I am, a Man that ſpends all his Days in thinking of him, informing himſelf of his Majeſty's great Actions, and inſpiring others with Sentiments of Love and Admiration ? I dare ſay that the great People have been much fonder of my Converſation than I have been of theirs ; but whatever Company I kept, God gave me Grace never to be aſhamed of the King nor the Goſpel. There are Witneſſes ſtill living, who could tell you how zealouſly they have often ſeen me combat a certain Fretfulneſs ſometimes incident to thoſe on whom the King has been moſt laviſh of his Favours. And with what Face could I bear witneſs to Poſterity, that this great Prince received no falſe Reports, even againſt ſuch Perſons as were moſt unknown to him, if I myſelf muſt woefully experience the contrary ? But I know what may have occaſioned ſo unjuſt an Accuſation. I have an Aunt, who is Superior of *Port Royal*, and to whom I

think myſelf under infinite Obligations : It was ſhe that taught me to know God in my Infancy ; and God was alſo pleaſed to make her the Inſtrument of reclaiming me from the Scenes of Folly and Miſery, in which I was engaged during fifteen Years of my Life. Could I, without being the moſt worthleſs of Men, refuſe her my little Helps in that Neceſſity? But to whom, Madam, did I apply, in order to aſſiſt her? I went to Father *la Chaiſe*, and laid before him all that I knew of the State of that Houſe. I dare not believe that I perſuaded him, for he ſeemed pleaſed with my Frankneſs, and, embracing me, aſſured me that he would be, as long as he lived, my Servant and my Friend. I can proteſt before God, that I neither know nor frequent any Man ſuſpected of the leaſt Innovation : I ſpend my Days, as retired as I can, with my Family, and am, as it were, never in the World but when I am at *Marli*. I aſſure you, Madam, that the Condition I am in is very worthy the Compaſſion which I have always perceived in you for the Unfortunate. I am deprived of the Honour of ſeeing you : I ſcarcely dare any longer depend on your Protection, tho' it is the only Thing I have endeavoured to deſerve. I might at leaſt ſeek Comfort in my Labours ; but judge how they muſt be imbittered by the Thought, that this

ſame great Prince, who is conſtantly my Theme, does perhaps look upon me as a Man more worthy of his Reſentment than of his Kindneſs. I am, with the moſt profound Reſpect, &c.

LETTER CCXIII.

To Madame de la Maiſon-fort.

I BEG you would remember, my dear * Daughter, that you are a Chriſtian and a Nun. Your Life ought to be hidden, mortified, and deprived of all Pleaſures. You don't repent the Courſe you have choſen : Take it then on the ſafe ſide with all its Auſterities. You would have had more Pleaſures in the World, but, according to Appearances, you would have been loſt in it. Either *Racine*, in diſcourſing with you about the Theatre, would have drawn you to it; or the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* would have fallen in with or even tranſcended your refined Notions, and ſo made a Quietiſt of you. Enjoy therefore the Happineſs of Security. Would you chuſe to have your Houſe more ſplendid than ſolid? What would it avail you to have made a brilliant Figure in it, if you muſt be buried under its Ruins? Why has God given you

* An Epithet made uſe of to Nuns.

ſo much Senſe and Judgment? Do you think they are given you to prate, to read agreeable Things, to judge of Works in Proſe and Verſe, to compare Perſons of Merit and Authors with one another? Theſe Deſigns can be none of his. The Talents he has given you are to be employed in a great Work ordained for his Glory. Turn your Thoughts that Way, and they will be as ſolid as the others are frivolous. All that you have received is to be improved: You are to give an Account of it. Your Mind muſt become as ſimple as your Heart. What would you learn, my dear Daughter? I can aſſure you, upon long Experience, that after having read a great deal, you'll find that you know nothing. Your Religion ought to be all your Knowledge. Your Time is no longer your own; God has given you as much Reaſon as another might acquire by Reading. I thank him that you take delight in Prayer both public and private: I never ſee you at this Exerciſe without regretting that I am not a Nun.

LETTER CCXIV.*

To the same.

1699.

IT is not amiss for you to be sometimes melancholy: It will make you more humble, and you will feel by Experience, that, whatever Talents we may have, we find no Ressource within ourselves. You will never be easy, my dear Daughter, till you love God with your whole Heart; I don't say it with respect to the Profession you have engaged in; *Solomon* has long ago told you, that after having sought, and found, and tasted of all Sorts of Pleasures, he confessed, that besides loving God and serving him, all was Vanity and Vexation of Spirit. Oh! that I could give you my Experience! That I could make you sensible of that Uneasiness that preys upon the Great, and how difficult they find it to employ their Days! Don't you see that I pine away with Melancholy in the Height of a Fortune my Imagination could hardly have imagined? And that nothing but God's Assistance keeps me from sinking under it? I have been young and handsome, I have tasted Pleasure, I have been beloved

* If any thing could shew the Vanity of Ambition, says *Voltaire*, it would certainly be this Letter. *Age of* Lewis XIV. *Vol.* 2*d. p.* 79. where a Passage from it is quoted.

every

every where. In a more advanced Age, I paſſed Years in an Interchange of intellectual Pleaſures.—I at laſt attained the higheſt Favour, and I proteſt to you, my dear Girl, that all Stations leave a frightful Vacuum, an Uneaſineſs, or Wearineſs a Deſire of knowing ſomething more, becauſe in all this there is nothing that gives full Satisfaction. We find no Reſt till we have given ourſelves to God; but it muſt be with that determined Will which I ſometimes talk to you about. Then we find that there is nothing farther to be ſought, that we have attained to that which is the only good Thing in this World. We meet with Vexations, but we have at the ſame Time a ſolid Conſolation, and Peace of Heart in the midſt of the greateſt Afflictions.

LETTER CCXV.

To the ſame.

CAN we be devout when we pleaſe? Yes, my dear Daughter, we may; it is not lawful for us to think that God's Aſſiſtance will fail us: *Seek and ye ſhall find, knock at the Door, and it ſhall be opened to you*; theſe are his own Words; but we muſt ſeek him with Humility and Simplicity. St. *Paul* knew much more than *Ananias*; he nevertheleſs goes to him, and learns from him what he was to do. You will never

learn this of yourſelf. Be humble. You have ſome Remains of Pride, which you diſguiſe to yourſelf, and miſtake for Wit: No longer harbour them; much leſs ſhould you ſeek to gratify it with a Confeſſor. The moſt ſimple Confeſſor is the beſt for you, and you ought to ſubmit to him as a Child. How will you be able to bear up under the Croſſes which God may ſend you in the Courſe of your Life, if you ſtumble at the Accent of a *Norman* or a *Picard*, or diſlike a Man becauſe he is leſs ſublime than *Racine*? He, poor Man, would have much edified you, had you been Witneſs to his Humility in his Sickneſs, and how penitent he appeared for his witty Inquiries: He did not then look out for a faſhionable Director; he ſaw none but an honeſt Prieſt of his own Pariſh. I have ſeen another great Genius, the Author of ſome fine Pieces, which he avoided printing, becauſe he would not be ranked as an Author: And he burnt them all; a few Fragments only of his remain in my Memory. Let us not, then, ſpend our Time upon what we muſt ſoon or late abjure. You have not yet lived many Years, and ſtill you have your Softneſs of Heart and Delicacy of Mind to renounce. Go to God, my dear Daughter, and all Things ſhall be given you. Apply to me as often as you pleaſe: I ſhould be glad to lead you to God: In ſo doing I contribute to his

Glory;

Glory; behold the Happineſs of a Perſon I have always had a particular Friendſhip for, and do great Service to an Inſtitution that is far from being indifferent to me.

LETTER CCXVI.

To the Ducheſs of Burgundy.

1700.

HOPE not for perfect Felicity: There is none upon Earth; and if there was, it would not be at Court.

Grandeur has its Afflictions, and frequently more ſevere than thoſe of private Perſons. In private Life, Men inure themſelves to Vexations: At Court this Habit is not to be acquired.

Our Sex is ſtill more expoſed to ſuffer, inaſmuch as we are always in a State of Dependence. Be neither ſorry for, nor aſhamed of this Dependence on a Huſband, nor of any others that are in the Order of Providence.

Let the Duke of *Burgundy* be your beſt Friend and your only Confident.

Hope not for perfect Peace from your Union: The beſt Marriages are thoſe where they bear alternately with one another in Mildneſs and Patience. There never was any without ſome Contradiction.

Be complaiſant without ſetting too great a Value on your Civilities.

Require not equal Returns of Friendſhip: Men are commonly leſs tender than Women; and you will be unhappy, if you are delicate in Friendſhip: 'Tis a Commerce in which one ſhould always be Creditor.

Pray to God to keep you from Jealouſy: Hope not to reclaim a Huſband by Complaints, Taunts and Reproaches. The only Method is Patience and a ſweet Temper: Impatience ſours and alienates the Heart; Mildneſs brings it back.

In making a Sacrifice of your Will, make no Claims on that of a Huſband: Men are ſtill more ſelf-will'd than Women, becauſe they are brought up with leſs Conſtraint. They are naturally tyrannical; they are for Pleaſures and Liberty, and would have Women renounce them. Inquire not, whether their Prerogatives are well grounded; be it ſufficient for you that they are eſtabliſhed: They are Maſters; and there remains nothing but to ſuffer and obey with a good Grace.

Speak, write, act, as if you had a thouſand Witneſſes:- Depend upon it that ſoon or late every thing is known: It is very dangerous to write.

Truſt no body with any thing that may do you a Prejudice, if told again: Take my Word for it, that the beſt kept Secrets are kept only

for

for a Time: The Court is the Region of Myſtery and Indiſcretion.

They ſeldom or never give more than one Maxim to Princes, and that is Diſſimulation: It is a falſe one, and leads into great Inconveniencies. For my Part I love a prudent Frankneſs.

Hear tenderly the Requeſts of the Unfortunate. God cauſed you to be born in this high Rank to afford you the Pleaſure of doing Good. The Power of ſerving and making Men happy, is the real Indemnification for the Fatigues, the diſagreeable Incidents, and the Servitude of your Station.

Be compaſſionate to them that apply to you in order to obtain Favours; and not importunate to thoſe that diſtribute or beſtow them.

Concern not yourſelf in any Intrigue, whatever Intereſt or Glory you may be made to expect from it.

Love your Relations; but let *France* alone be your Country.

Guard againſt the Inclination to be witty. Too much Wit gives Pain to thoſe who have but little: Wit will gain you the Hatred of the Majority, and perhaps leſſen you in the Eſteem of the Wiſe.

LETTER CCXVII.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Novemb. 11, 1700.

THEY are actually debating in Council the Fate of *France* and *Spain*, and of all *Europe*: A War is unavoidable, unless we take a shameful Course; and that I cannot apprehend from a Council in which the King presides. The Members of it are much divided in their Opinions: At this Time, it's certain, they dispute with great Vivacity. The Duke of *Burgundy* is against the Opinion of the Dauphin: Reason is said to be one on the Duke's Side, and Glory on his Father's. The Duke *de Beauvilliers* will give his Vote for the Partition-Treaty, and the Chancellor for accepting purely and simply this fine * Succession. The Dauphin will take a Medium between these two Opinions: He will be for renouncing the Will of the late King of *Spain*, and the Partition-Treaty too: This is said to be the only Expedient to avoid a War; and he is well advised.

LETTER CCXVIII.

To the same.

THE Dauphin triumphs: He has shewn that the King was too equitable to debar him

* The *Spanish* Monarchy.

from

from a Succession, which by all the Laws is due to him ; and that he could renounce it in favour of the * Duke of *Anjou*, and be content with saying all his Life, 'The King my Father, and 'the King my Son.' The †Duke of *Burgundy* falls in with this Sentiment, and says that he opposed it with no other Design than to clear up the Matter, and that he freely gives up all his Rights to his Brother. A few Days will elapse before the Public is informed of all this. The Duke of *Anjou* is not to be treated as a King till after the *Spanish* Embassador's public Audience. Pray to God that he would bless all the King's Designs, and sanctify all his Thoughts.

LETTER CCXIX.

From the Duke of Berry *to Madame* de Maintenon.

December, 1700.

WE had Yesterday a melancholy parting with the King of *Spain:* Our Adieus were very tender: I never better experienced how much Friendship I have for him. I beseech you, Madam, to grant me your's, pursuant to the Hopes you have given me. I am afraid of tiring you, and therefore conclude.

* His second Son, made King of *Spain*.

† His eldest Son.

LETTER CCXX.

From the Duchess of Burgundy *to the same.*

January 16, 1701.

ENclosed, my dear Aunt, is a Letter from the King of *Spain:* You'll see he has not forgot you; and that tho' Crowns are apt to make some Heads giddy, they make no Change in the Hearts of the *Bourbons.* I give you the very Words of the Duke of *Burgundy*, who, very probably, may have learned this Phrase from the Archbishop of *Cambray.*

LETTER CCXXI.

From the Queen Dowager of Spain *to the same.*

I Have read with Pleasure, my dear Marchioness, that you approve the Precautions I have taken to do nothing of Consequence without the Consent of the Catholic King, and particularly of the King of *France*, my Brother and Protector. As to what I wrote to you, concerning my Intention to make the Duke *de Saint Pierre* my *Major domo*, I hoped that you would have mentioned it to the King my Brother; but you tell me that you have not done so: As I think, my dear Marchioness, that this

Duke's

Duke's being near my Perſon would better ſuit the Intereſt of the two Kings, you'll oblige me if you ſpeak to the King my dear Brother, about it, and induce him to write to the King his Grandſon, my dear Nephew. I am, dear Marchioneſs *de Maintenon*, very much yours.

LETTER CCXXII.

To Madame de St. G * * *

March 2, 1701.

I Know all that has been ſaid againſt *Chamillard:* But they have not heard that he refuſed to ſucceed M. *de Barbezieux*, and that the King inſiſted upon his accepting that Place, becauſe it is expedient, in time of War, that one Head ſhould have the two Employments. *Chamillard* is an honeſt Man; and if he manages the Finances of the Kingdom as he does thoſe of *St. Cyr*, we ſhall have no Occaſion to cry out for a *Colbert*. The King has promiſed to ſhare with him the Labour in the Department of the War: Nothing but this could have overcome his Diffidence. The Ducheſs of *Burgundy* has taken a Liking to him, and he is to diſpatch Buſineſs ſometimes with the Duke, in order to form him to it. His honeſt and civil Demeanor has gained him the Affection of all Ranks and Degrees. He will employ our Friends,

Friends, and not hesitate, like *Louvois* and his Son, to do Business with the King in my Apartment. The Count *d'Avaux* is negociating an Accommodation, but his Success is much doubted of: In the mean time the King remains calm and tranquil: He knows more of these Matters than all his Courtiers put together.

LETTER CCXXIII.

To Madame de Caylus.

Marli, July 17, 1701.

I Am little inclined, my dear Niece, to ask Favours: The Number of Employments is but small, and yet there are more Places than Men equal to them. The Duke *de Vendome* is to go to the Army in *Lombardy*; the Mischief is done, and the Remedy not so easy to be found. We lead an odd Kind of Life here; and would fain have Wit, Gallantry, and Invention; but all these have entirely failed us; 'tis now quite out of the Question. We play, we yawn, we droop; we get Mischief from one another; we hate, we envy, we caress, and tear each other in Pieces.

LETTER CCXXIV.

From the Duchess Dowager of Orleans *to Madame* de Maintenon.

March 12, 1702.

I Must acquaint you, Madam, with my Joy at a new Favour I have received from the King, which is, that he allowed me to see him yesterday in his Closet. As I am indebted to you for all his Favours, and as it is by your Means that my Reconciliation with the King has been made, my Gratitude to you encreases every Day, and my Friendship will very soon equal the Esteem which is due to you.

LETTER CCXXV.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

April 3, 1702.

THE Death of the Prince of *Orange* will make no Alterations in Affairs. The Princess *Anne* has been acknowledged Queen of *England*: 'Tis a terrible Blow to the lawful King: However, he is a little consoled by the Refusal to associate Prince *George* of *Denmark* in the Royalty: But what Comfort is this! There is no solid Consolation to be found, but in Piety and Resignation to the Will of the King of Kings and

and Maſter of Empires. The *Dutch* affect to fear for the Liberties of *Europe*, and are not afraid even for their own Liberty. The King will carry on the War vigorouſly ; He was at firſt a little averſe to it; but it is become neceſſary, and we muſt yield to it. The Orders of Marſhal *Boufflers* are very extenſive; and they ſay nothing can be finer than the Inſtructions which M. *Chamillard* has drawn up for the Campaign in *Flanders* : The Duke of *Burgundy* will have nothing to do but follow that plan : You are right in judging it expedient to prevent his doing Things out of his own Head : Courage alone will not make a great Captain ; his Age does not admit of much Prudence. M. *de Vendome* will reſtrain in *Italy* the King of *Spain*'s Fire ; but who is to check his own ? It is ſaid, Prince *Eugene* will bring nothing but Delay againſt our Vivacity. What ſhall I ſay to you of *Catinat* ? He knows his Buſineſs, but he knows not God: The King does not like to truſt irreligious Men with his Affairs. M. *de Catinat* thinks his proud Philoſophy ſufficient for all Things : 'Tis great Pity he loves not God. My Health declines daily, and I no longer know myſelf in that Picture which was ſo like me in 1694. Let us think of Death : Have we not lived long enough ?

LETTER CCXXVI.

From the Duke of Burgundy *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Madam, *August* 15, 1702.

I Desire of the King my Return: I presume a single Word is sufficient to give you my Meaning. I dare not say more, lest I should engage you to an Answer, which I beg you would not make, should it be in the least inconvenient for you.

LETTER CCXXVII.

To Madame de St. G * * *.

Marli, *June* 3, 1702.

TO-morrow I shall go to *Maintenon*, and should be very glad to see you there. Mademoiselle *d'Aumale* is as much grieved as myself: Nothing but your Reason and your Fortitude can console me. In vain I say to myself, that * he died like a Saint; that he long ago began to prepare for this dreadful Passage; that he spent the last Years of his Life in the Fear of God: All these Considerations make my Sorrow less reasonable, without alleviating it. M. *de la Rochefoucault* was right in saying,

* M. *d'Aubigné*, her Brother, Governor of *Berry*, &c.

that

that Reaſon and Religion have ſcarcely any Influence over human Nature, in theſe Caſes. My Niece is quite deſolate, and ſtirs not out of her Cloſet: It ſeems ſhe finds no Pleaſure in any thing but giving way to her Grief. God intends to wean me from this World and prepare me for the other, in afflicting my Heart ſo ſenſibly. I could be very glad to paſs the Remainder of the Summer at *Maintenon*; but the King will not hear a Word about it, and you know that it is many Years ſince I have given up my own Will. I ſubmit to all Things; I make an Offering to God of my Afflictions; I beg of him to call me to himſelf, if my Death is neceſſary to my Salvation, and my Life of no Uſe to the King and his People. His Will be done! It belongs to him to chaſtiſe us, and 'tis our Duty to ſuffer.

LETTER CCXXVIII.

To the ſame.

July 18, 1703.

OUR Friend is now very much eaſed. M. *Deſmarais* has taken a great Burthen from him: The War will go on the better for it. The M. *d'O*—— would have refuſed that Poſt, had the King offered it to him: Thoſe who know not how ſteady he is in his Purpoſes, and how hard it is to find Men of Abilities, are wrong

wrong in being ſurprized that we continue *Chamillard*, who is very prudent, laborious and penetrating. The Troubles in the *Cevennes* are but trifling: They are occaſioned by the *Hugonots* of the Mountains, who may eaſily be reduced: It is needleſs for the King to deſcend to all the Particulars of this Revolt: It could not cure the Diſtemper, and might make it much worſe. *Vauban* writes to us, that the Duke of *Burgundy* will reap a great deal of Honour from the Siege of *Briſac:* As it was fortified by him, he muſt needs know how to take it. The Army is in excellent Order, and *Chamillard* has made ſo good Proviſion in all Reſpects, that we ſhall have no Complaints this Campaign. The Ducheſs had taken it into her Head to accompany her Huſband in this Expedition; the King laughed at it, and ſo did I: She was nettled at it. We have made up the Breach; ſo that you may undeceive thoſe who ſay, that we are embroiled without any Hopes of a Reconciliation.

LETTER CCXXIX.

To the ſame.

Verſailles, Auguſt 30, 1704.

I HAVE had a terrible Storm to weather out: I will never more meddle with any Affair: If the three Marſhals knew what a Conſternation the

the Loss of this Battle has thrown us into, they would very quickly repair their Overfight: The King cannot get out of his Mind the fifteen thousand *Frenchmen* that surrendered without firing one Shot. Pray to God to bless his Arms. *Chamillard* is the calmest of us all; but it is owing to the King's encouraging him: Indeed they have nothing to reproach him with: Would to God we could say as much of the Generals! What do they say in *Paris* of this whole Affair? Madame *de Montigni* is at *St. Cyr*: I shall go thither next *Monday* to bemoan our Calamities. Our Sisters greatly comfort me: They envy me my Place, and I envy them their Tranquility. I never go to that House, but I depart with Regret, and repent that I did not make myself a Nun: I should then have had nothing to mind but my Frailties and Afflictions; whereas at present I must mind nothing but the Afflictions of other People, and forget my own. My Niece is in perfect Health. I send you the Mercer, who has promised me to be speedy: He will deliver you an hundred Louis d'Ors, which you'll give to the *Urselines*: I pity those poor Girls. I cannot make out the two last Lines of your Letter; either my Eyes are bad, or your Pen was so.

LETTER CCXXX.

To the ſame.

1705.

WHAT do you complain of, my dear Niece? Is it that I have not wrote to you about the Death of M. *de Caylus*? You know that I have been concerned at it, and we ought not to ſtand upon Compliments. I am ſo infirm, ſo old, that I confine myſelf to Letters of Neceſſity. What means that Dependance you would have on me? You are at Age, and have behaved well: What Change would you make, at the Eve of my Death? You will not be weak enough to marry again: Live like a good Mother; don't launch again into the World; chuſe a Number of ſelect Friends; receive but few Viſits from Men, and let them be Perſons of Probity: Live in the old-faſhion Way, have always a Maid at work in your Chamber, when you are with a Man: Diſtruſt the ſobereſt and diſcreeteſt of them; diſtruſt yourſelf: Believe me, as a Perſon of Experience, who loves you: You are ſtill young and handſome; in God's Name don't expoſe yourſelf to Hazards; let the Concerns of your Children employ you; ſerve God without caballing; deſpiſe nobody, and be headſtrong in nothing: Follow the common Way of Life; be ſimple and plain, and excuſe this ſhort Leſſon, which

flows

flows from tender Affection: and is better than a Compliment.

LETTER CCXXXI.

To the same.

YOU should be upon your Guard: You have Enemies and envious Persons. Some are generous when they see us in Distress; but there is so little Reality in such Generosity, that in Prosperity they can no longer endure us. If they see you in great Favour with me, it will encrease the Number of your Enemies. Give them nothing to make a Handle of: Observe a Medium, between giving yourself up to Society, and burying yourself in Solitude: You could not hold out under the latter, and the other Course would draw you away farther from God, than even the Court could do. The Abbé *Gobelin*, who was a Man of good Sense, was extremely glad when he saw me quit the Hotel *de Richelieu* in order to settle at *St. Germain*; and I often perceive that he was in the right. Adieu, dear Niece; remember there are Spies about you. I recommend you to God: If you are his, all Things will go well.

LET-

LETTER CCXXXII.

To Madame de Caylus.*

Sept. 1705.

HOW wife are you, in leaving all Things to God, without Precaution and Anxiety! Such Care is intirely ufelefs: We know not what we would have, and God feems often to take Delight in difconcerting all our Meafures. When you have nothing elfe to do, I beg you would chufe a Gown for me: It is neceffary to have fome Gold in it; the outward Dignity muft be kept up, though the Perfon ought to think of nothing but a Coffin. Your Enemies vent their Spleen and Malice here againft you: They fay there never was any thing but Policy in your Devotion, and that you ferioufly think of marrying again; but your Conduct will force them to be filent. Don't be alarmed at any thing you hear concerning me: I am on the Theatre of the Great World, and my Name is often the Subject of Converfation. It is quite unpleafant to end our Days among People with whom we did not begin them.

* Niece to Mad. *de Maintenon.*

LETTER CCXXXIII.

To the same

1706.

TO do more than I desire you is doing the Devil's Office. To tempt me with so rich a Gown! But I resist the Temptation; public Calamities having made me penurious. Your Letter has told me nothing: I was apprized of the Answer of Father *de la Tour*: He is wise in all respects. Would to God he were at the Head of a Congregation, where, some say, suspicious Maxims are held! As for your Part, my dear Niece, suffer the World to say what they please: You cannot hate and despise it too much. Let not your Piety droop, shew the World that your Reputation did not depend on a Party that loved and admired you. Be in Love with the Contempt into which you are going to fall, and above all Things please the Rector of *St. Sulpitius*. Don't be concern'd at what is said: The only Way to triumph over Calumny is to despise it. Adieu; the * Battle

won

* This must be the Battle of *Calcinaro*, where the Duke *de Vendome* defeated the Army of the Allies, commanded by Count *Reventlaw*, in the Absence of Prince *Eugene*, killed six thousand of their took a thousand Horses, six Pieces of Cannon, most all their Baggage. Count *Reventlaw* sus- vigorously, and even with advantage, the first of the *French*, but at last was forced to re- at Disorder and Confusion.

won in *Italy* makes me resolve to wear my fine Cloaths: I shall appear in Green, if our Troops take *Barcelona*, and dress in Rose Colour if the Archduke be taken Prisoner.

LETTER CCXXXIV.*

From the Duke of Orleans *to Madame* de Maintenon.

1706.

NO Grief, Madam, can withstand your Consolations, and the Kindness you express for me. After the Assurances you give me, that Friendship has as great a Share in it as Compassion, it would be wrong in me not to be calm and composed. If your Letter was not filled with Encomiums on me, I could read it over and over as long as I live: for it shews me with infinite Pleasure all the Gratitude I owe the King: And though you endeavour to draw a Veil over that which I owe you, I see through the Artifice, and particularly where you put me in Mind of looking up to the first Cause of great Events. When I shall be able to tell you, without Hypocrisy, that I am devout, I

* This Letter was wrote after the raising of the Siege of *Turin*, occasioned by the Weakness of the Duke *de la Feuillade*, and of Marshal *Marsin*, the Duke of *Orleans* having had Orders to conform to the Advice and Opinion of the latter.

 shall

must feel a perfect Joy in making you my Confident: Such as are truly so, have so much Sincerity and Generosity, that a well-bred Man has stronger Dispositions to Devotion than others. Continue, Madam, your Favours to me: I am ready to do every thing that may deserve them.

LETTER CCXXXV.

To Madame de Caylus.

April, 1707.

WHAT has happened to me this Day, in regard to the Bishop of *Auxerre*, is not the Cause of my resolving never more to ask any thing for my Relations: Let them act now as they will do when I am dead: They will then apply to the Ministry; they will get their Friends to bestir themselves. I thought I had done enough, in putting you in a Way to complete what I had begun for making your Fortune: But I perceive Madame *de* ——— is thoroughly persuaded that I ought to find Matches for her Daughters: the Boys will come next, and your Son follow after: *Murce's* little ones are growing up; the Father puts in for every vacant Post: Madame *de St. Hermine* with a rueful Countenance presents to me a great Girl, whom I shall much wrong if I don't settle in the World, and who is to be fol-

lowed

lowed by five or more ; and then little *Villette*, him alſo I muſt provide for. Conſider, my dear Niece, with a little Reaſon and Equity, what Sort of Figure I ſhould make about the King, were I every Day begging new Favours of him : If he granted them, he would no longer have any thing at his Diſpoſal ; if he denied me, it would grieve me ; if he grieved me, he would be too good-natured not to be concerned at it : And thus I ſhould render myſelf the Plague of his Life. Do you think God had ſuch a Deſign in placing me near him ? This, my dear Niece, is my final Reſolution. I ſhall ſee you all with a great deal of Pleaſure, when I no longer dread your Propoſals and Requeſts : I ſhall hear of them from the King, who will be informed of them by his Miniſters ; I ſhall give him ſuch Anſwers as I think may be of Service to you, and may do it with more Boldneſs, and perhaps more effectually, when he knows that I am not prepoſſeſſed. Be that as it may, I ſhall not alter my Reſolution ; I have not taken it without mature Deliberation ; I have long conſulted with myſelf about it, and am determined. Impart this Reſolution to all my Relations.

LETTER CCXXXVI.

To the same.

June, 1709.

I Could be glad to see you often, my dear Niece; but the melancholy Ideas I have of my Place, joined to old Age, which is burthensome to others as well as myself, deter me from it, and make me shut myself up in my Closet at *St. Cyr*: Therefore manage your Concerns without depending on me, taking me when you can, and leaving me without being uneasy about it. I advise you to get thirteen Masses said at the Altar of the Blessed Virgin in the Cathedral, thirteen at *St. Genevieve*, thirteen at the Church of the Holy Ghost, and thirteen at King *James*'s Sepulchre.

LETTER CCXXXVII.

From the Duke of Orleans *to Madame* de Maintenon.

1708.

I AM not devout, Madam; but whenever I become so, you shall be the first to whom I will impart it. I request a Continuation of your Kindness to me, and that you will be pleased to charge yourself with the Thanks I owe to the King.

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

To Madame de Caylus.

1709.

BELIEVE it for my Tenderneſs Sake, and upon my Experience, my dear Niece, that I have tried every Thing, and find we muſt acquieſce in *Solomon*'s Sentence, *All is Vexation of Spirit.* I cannot open my Heart to any body; but though I conceal from you the Nature of my Afflictions, I can however truly ſay, that the World affords nothing ſimilar: I am often ready to burſt; the King does not perceive it; and when he leaves my Apartment, all my Comfort is to be alone, and water my Pillow with my Tears. I am not ignorant of the Tattle of thoſe that do not like me; they impute to me whatever happens, as if Events were at my Command; according to their Notions my Devotion is Hypocriſy; they make a Jeſt of the Severity of my Morals, and charge me with not having always been ſo ſevere. I am not ſurprized at their ſuſpecting my former Conduct; but they who talk at this rate have either been very licentious in their Youth, or did not know me at that Time of Life. It is vexatious to be obliged to live with any other Folks than thoſe of our own Century; but it's the Misfortune of thoſe who live too long.

LETTER CCXXXIX.

From Cardinal Gualterio *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Todi, August 5, 1710.

I Flatter myſelf that you will vouchſafe, Madam, to pardon the Liberty I take in expreſſing to you the Confuſion, and the moſt animated and reſpectful Senſe of Gratitude, I am penetrated withall, at the Receipt of ſo great a Benefit as the Abbey of *St. Remy* at *Rheims*, with which the King has been pleaſed to gratify me: I am ſenſible, Madam, of what I owe you on this Occaſion: I return you my moſt humble Thanks for it, and requeſt the Continuation of your Protection.

LETTER CCXL.

From Cardinal d'Eſtrées *to the ſame*

1711.

WHAT a Load of Honours, Favours and Kindneſſes are heaped on me in the Letter with which you have honoured me! Have I not indeed, Madam, great Reaſon to triumph? Though I regret the trouble I have given you in reading my long Letter, and the Pains you have taken to anſwer it, I muſt own to you that I cannot repent of it, ſince I have received ſuch valuable Marks of your Kindneſs. I ſhall eternally be with infinite Reſpect, &c.

LETTER CCXLI.

From the same to the same.

August 28, 1711.

BY the Death of Marshal *Boufflers* the Post of Captain of the Guards, Madam, becomes vacant. The Summit of my Wishes is to see my Kindred more intimately attached by this Domestic Employment to the Person of my Master and Benefactor, to whom, in my Solitude and Inaction, my Heart does not give fewer Demonstrations of Affection and Zeal, than I endeavoured to give him in the Employments with which he formerly honoured me. I would have the Satisfaction, before I die, to see the Marshal *d'Estrées* in the same Post near his Majesty, which the famous *John d'Estrées*, his Great Great Grandfather held under *Francis* I. and *Henry* II. Desiring nothing for myself, whom his Majesty has fully satisfied, I may be excused in asking for a Name that may be extinct very soon after me; but I would have him end his Days in that honourable Post.

I am, &c.

LETTER CCXLII.

To Madame de Caylus.

Verſailles, Feb. 10, 1712.

THE Diſpatches from *England* are very agreeable: We muſt thereby comfort ourſelves for other Contradictions. I thought to have gone to *St. Cyr*; but the King has hindered me; he is to call upon me at two o'Clock; and perhaps he will not come. I am perfectly ignorant of what I ſhall do to-morrow: All I know is, that I am very troubleſome to others and to myſelf. This Morning I ordered to be brought to me, not *the famous Annals in which the Deeds of my Reign are penn'd*, but a prodigious Heap of caſt-off Cloaths, all which I have diſtributed. Let us not talk of our Relations: They'll not be ſenſible of what I have done for them till we meet together in the Valley of *Jehoſaphat*: I am often reproached by them; God alone knows what I ſuffer.

LETTER CCXLIII.

To Madame de Frontenac.

Verſailles, 1712.

MUCH may be ſaid on both Sides of the Queſtion. M. *d'Aubigné*'s Fortune is large enough; and there is nothing illuſtrious in that Family.

Family. * M. *Rajat* is very well respected in his Province; but that Consideration has no Weight at all here. Recollect all that is said of that poor Man *le Moine*: If I concern myself, in the least, with this Affair, much more will be said of him. The young Lady is amiable; has good Sense, good Health, is affable and pious: These are material Articles. I therefore think, since my Advice is required, that M. *d'Aubigné* ought to pursue this Affair, if Inclination leads him to it; and let him drop it if he has Wealth only in View. As for what is called my Protection, you know there are no *d'Aubigné*'s to whom I have not granted it, and sometimes I have even granted it to the bare Name.

LETTER CCXLIV.

From Cardinal d'Estrées *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Sept. 6, 1712.

I WILL forthwith deliver to the Rector of *St. Sulpitius* the Resignation of the Benefice which you have piously destined towards the Support of the Seminary. The admirable Letter you have wrote to me includes every thing in few Words; ingenious Turns, refined Thoughts,

* Intendant of *Rouen*.

well-chosen Expressions; in short, 'tis not to be equal'd. I never used myself to this kind of Phrase till now, nor shall I ever make use of it but to yourself. I glory in your Correspondence among my Friends; and methinks, in thus setting myself off, I innocently conceal the Wrinkles of my old Age. I am eternally, &c.

LETTER CCXLV.

From the same to the same.

I KNOW, Madam, what Answer you gave to the Rector of *St. Sulpitius*, when he acquainted you with what I think of the Abbé *d'Estrées*. I am so sensibly touched with it, that tho' I fear to tire you with my Letters, I cannot forbear expressing my Gratitude to you for it. I dare tell you, that as I am become very careless about human Affairs, with respect to myself, on account of my great Age, and perhaps from some better Motive, 'tis only by this single Article that I yet cleave to the World. I confess it is with Concern I see that the Abbé *d'Estrées*, among so many Men of equal Rank, honoured with the Benefactions of our great King, for indeed this Epithet is due to him; that the Abbé *d'Estrées*, I say, is the only one who receives no Marks of his Favour. But I perceive my Letter is long: I should make it much longer, were I to set down all the Senti-

ments of Respect and Veneration, and shall I say it! of Admiration with which I have been, am, and shall ever be, &c.

LETTER CCXLVI.

To the Cardinal de Noailles.

I SHALL write to you no more about this unlucky Affair; too many Reasons forbid my intermeddling in it. I will resume the Character that becomes me, which is to pray to God that all Things may turn out for his Glory, the Good of the Church, and your's in particular, my Lord, which I am still concerned for.

LETTER CCXLVII.*

To the same.

YOU are sufficiently acquainted with me to know what I think of the new Discovery: But for many Reasons forbear speaking. It belongs not to me to judge and to condemn: My Province is only to be silent, to pray for the King, for the Church, and for you. I have given your Letter to the King, and it has been read: This is all I can say to you; I am oppressed with Grief.

* The Chapter of *Jansenism*, in *Voltaire's* Age of *Lewis* XIV. wherein this Letter is quoted, throws a great Light on the Letters to Cardinal *Noailles*.

LETTER CCXLVIII.

To the same.

'TIS not my Business to judge and to condemn; all I have to do is to be silent, to submit blindly, and pray for the Church, for the King, and for you, my Lord, whose Interests will ever be dear to me.

LETTER CCXLIX.

To the same.

YOU'LL never deceive yourself, my Lord, while you rely on what you call my Kindnesses. I can never cease respecting my Archbishop, esteeming your Virtues, and, if I dare say it, loving your Person: But it is true, that in all these Sentiments I now find nothing but Bitterness.

LETTER CCL.

From Cardinal Gualterio *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Rome, Dec. 1713.

I KNOW, Madam, how much his Majesty has the Affairs of Religion at Heart; and I accordingly redouble those Prayers and good Wishes which every Catholic should make for dissipating the Storm that has been raised; I hope, thro'

thro' the pious Endeavours of the King, and ſo many wiſe and learned Men who have undertaken this great Work, that it will ſucceed. You know, Madam, for how many Reaſons my Joy will be complete if this happens. I long for the Time which his Majeſty has been pleaſed to fix for paying my Reſpects to him: I hope to find him in good Health: We have older Men here, who enjoy an excellent State of Health. His Life is of ſo great Importance to the public Good, and eſpecially to the Church, that we muſt not doubt but he is preſerved for our Sakes by a particular Providence. All Things are quiet here, except what relates to the Affairs of the Conſtitution *Unigenitus*, which diſturbs this Court no leſs than it does *France*. It is to be wiſhed that we may always act in Concert with the King, as it is impoſſible to err in following his Councils.

LETTER CCLI.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Todi, Jan. 20, 1714.

I Flatter myſelf, Madam, that a Peace will ſoon be concluded, and that his Majeſty will then have no other Occupation than that of making all Things flouriſh in his Kingdom: The Good of Religion, eſpecially, is greatly intereſted

therein;

therein; he is the firmest Support of it; and the Pains he takes about the Constitution very sensibly prove it: Without this, great Dissentions might perhaps have arisen. It seems to me that they are very attentive here to what passes in the Assembly, and earnestly wish to see it break up. His Holiness has not yet given me an Audience; but I have no Reason to doubt that he will. I shall intimate to him, that the Church has nothing to fear under so great a King, who acts so zealously for her Interest. As to my Sentiments towards his Majesty, you are acquainted with them. I owe him every Thing, since from his powerful Hand alone I received Assistance in the Time of my Adversity: I continually pray for his Preservation, and for your's, Madam, who are my great Protectress.

LETTER CCLII.

From M. * de Mailly *to the same.*

THOSE happier Days, which your Goodness, Madam, seemed to request for me, are they not yet arrived? a Man, whose Misfortunes so sensibly affected the greatest, the noblest, the most generous, and the most devout Soul in the World, cannot be destitute of Hope, when such a Soul has so large a Field to display

* Archbishop of *Arles*, and afterwards Archbishop of *Rheims* and Cardinal.

its

its Power in. A blue Ribbon, a Poſt near the King's Perſon, vacant Abbeys; I mention not the Archbiſhoprick, a Charge requiring Qualifications ſuperior to any in me. I don't ſay, Madam, that if the Liſts were open'd to the Diſputants, and Rivalſhip took Place as in the Countries where the Council of *Trent* is received, the Competitors would not diſcourage me. The retired Life which my bad Fortune made me lead in my Youth, allowed me to beſtow more Time in Study than ſome other Men. I think I have ſufficiently ſhewn my Diſintereſtedneſs and want of Ambition, ſince, when I might have revived again in me the Mortifications I received from the King againſt his Inclination, I choſe rather to live retired in my Dioceſe. This, Madam, is what emboldens me to repreſent to you, that *Rheims* eſpecially calls for a Man who by his Learning and ſtrict Adherence to ſound Doctrine, may repair the Miſchiefs formerly introduced, watch and combat the riſing Errors, and maintain the good Regulations his Majeſty is endeavouring to eſtabliſh. The Zeal you have always had againſt Innovations, ſhould be exerted in reſtraining them for the future; for I often ſigh and groan, Madam, at the Thoughts that the Church cannot always have the Supports which God now gives her; I

constantly

constantly pray for her Preservation, and am, &c.

LETTER CCLIII.

From the same to the same.

Madam,

I AM setting out for *Rheims*; it is in troublesome Times that a Man should stand firm to his Post. Expect no Thanks for your Benefits: All my Gratitude for them cannot prevail on me to thank you for your excessive Kindness. I lived happy and tranquil; and now that easy, agreeable Life is going to be succeeded by an Hydra of Affairs, a Multitude of Difficulties and Traverses. I hope you will vouchsafe always to honour me with your Protection: But I stand in much greater need of your Counsels, and of the Penetration of a Person animated by the Wisdom of God. You'll permit me to have Recourse thereto upon Occasion; I am too sensible of my Weakness, to take upon me so heavy a Burthen without such Assistance. The Pope, notwithstanding that Predilection so often boasted of, has refused to grant me the least Abatement on my Bulls: They are not yet dispatched; consequently I may yet make another Push for it. A Letter from you, Madam, would give Weight to the Attempt: But if it should be ever so little inconvenient to you, I would think no more about it.

LETTER CCLIV.*

From the same to the same.

MADAME *de Mailly* is much surprized, Madam, to find herself, without suspecting it, concerned in the Affair of Jansenism. I here give you a plain Narrative of the Fact. A Linen-Draper, who has long served the Duke of *Burgundy*, and whose Brother is a Carthusian at *Paris*, having heard that they were going to send his Brother to another House, came to request Madame *de Mailly* to obtain a Billet from the Duchess of *Burgundy*, signifying her Desire that they would let that Religious remain in his Convent at *Paris*. Madame *de Mailly* telling the Linen-Draper that she would not trouble the Princess about so trifling a Matter, out of Compassion wrote the Billet herself, which she directed to the Father Visitor of the Monastery. This was merely a Surprize, which it was difficult to guard against. Father *le Tellier*, whom I have acquainted with this Affair, and which he had not before heard of, promises that he will not mention it to the King; and on this Occasion he related to me how † *Madame* had been imposed upon in the same Manner,

* This Letter is to be referred to the Year 1711.
† Probably the Duchess of *Burgundy*.

ner, when the Archbishop of *Rouen* was nominated, and that, at the Request of Madame *de Maubuisson*, she had recommended him two Ecclesiastics, Mess. *Couet* and *de Laon*, for Employment in his Diocese: *Madame* immediately rejected them, when she was made acquainted with their Characters. I shall go to-morrow to the Carthusians House to withdraw Madame *de Mailly*'s Letter, and so bury this Affair in Oblivion.

LETTER CCLV.

From the Cardinal de Rohan *to the same.*

Paris, Jan. 23, 1714.

Madam,

I DID not importune you while our Assembly was sitting: I was sensible of the Uneasiness which your Zeal for Religion and the good Cause gives you at this Juncture; and I could do nothing towards making you easier. I am now in a happier Situation: The Bull will be accepted this Evening; and if some Prelates don't yet accept it in due Form, they talk in such a Manner as gives room to hope they will join us after the pastoral Instruction has been read. This Hope, Madam, gives me infinite Joy and Comfort. The Archbishop of *Rouen* has made us a Discourse replete with Zeal and Piety, and very suitable to the Dignity of the Episcopal Character. The Bishop of *Auxerre*

talked

talked to us yesterday in such a Strain, that leaves no room to doubt of his coming this Day to such a Conclusion as we wish for. In the Course of this important Affair the King has given us very essential Proofs of his Piety, Benignity and Wisdom: The Assembly is thoroughly sensible of it, and all the Members strive to outdo each other in the Encomiums on him. It was a great Happiness to have received the King's Orders from so able a Minister as M. *Voisìon*. All Things have worked for Good, and Good will come of it. I sincerely compliment you upon it; happy, if by the Share I have had in this Affair, I may have deserved your Esteem, your Good-will, and your Protection. I have the Honour to be, with profound Respect, &c.

LETTER CCLVI.

To the Marchioness de———.

Feb. 9, 1714.

MY Resolution has been taken long ago, and that is Silence and Prayer. I love the Cardinal *Noailles*, but hate his Obstinacy and deplore his Blindness. 'Tis I that begg'd for him the See of *Paris*: It is not surprizing that I should be mistaken; I am but a Woman: But how came the Bishop of *Chartres*, who advised me in that Choice, to be mistaken? Tell him that I can no longer see him; and pray to God to give Peace to his Church.

LETTER CCLVII.

From Cardinal Gualterio *to Madame* de Maintenon.

July 4, 1714.

WHEN ſhall I, Madam, have the Happineſs of returning to *France?* I am impatient to throw myſelf once more at his Majeſty's Feet, if he will pleaſe to permit it. It is exactly a Year ſince I had the Honour to wait on the King at *Marli*, and to aſſure you of my Reſpects: The Remembrance of it is pleaſing to me, though at the ſame Time it makes me more ſenſibly feel my Abſence and the Difference there is between this Country and *France*.

LETTER CCLVIII.

From the Duke du Maine *to the ſame.*

Auguſt 3, 1714.

I Thank you, kind Mamma, for what the King has juſt done for me: He has been obeyed without any Contradiction; and now my Rank is fixed, thanks to his Kindneſs and yours. I wiſh the Precautions his Majeſty has taken in Favour of me may prove needleſs. The Count *de Toulouze* receives this Increaſe of Glory and Honour with a Fortitude and a Kind of Inſenſibility that render him altogether worthy of it.

LET-

LETTER CCLIX.

To Madame de Vantadour.

Sept. 29, 1714.

THE King orders me to acquaint you, Madam, that he has received your Letter with Pleaſure: He gives you a ſtrong Proof of Confidence, in committing to your Care the moſt valuable Thing that He and *France* have to beſtow. You'll ſay that you muſt pay dear for it: I agree with you in this; you muſt bid adieu to Repoſe, and comfort yourſelf with the fine Side of the Employment. Be not ſurprized at my being ſo ſeldom in Company: I hide myſelf as much as I can, aſhamed of living ſo long: I am weary of ſhewing a Face wither'd by old Age, which ſhould no longer be ſeen. My great Experience induces me to think it needleſs to be in haſte to make Children learn any thing that goes in the leaſt againſt the Grain; and ſince you abſolutely inſiſt upon my giving you ſome Advice, I will do it, provided you keep it ſecret. As we can never have too much Reaſon and Virtue, ſo I think you cannot begin too early with him on theſe Heads. I would have the * young Prince trained up by ſlow Degrees to Secrecy; accuſtom him never

* The preſent King of *France*.

to

to tell again what he has been entrusted with; instil into him Sentiments of Humanity; let him never see any Examples of the least Deceit; let him be fair and candid at Play, and make him take Delight in obliging and doing Service. This is sufficient, my dear Duchess.

LETTER CCLX.

From the Cardinal de Rohan *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Dec. 23, 1714.

FATHER *Massillon* has acquitted himself of the Commission, Madam, but has found the Cardinal *de Noailles* more difficult about executing than projecting; nevertheless, he still hopes. For my part, who desire more than any Man a good Accommodation, I have been taught by cruel Experience not to give myself up to Hopes: However, as it luckily happens on this Occasion, Hope makes no Alteration in the Course that has been taken.

LETTER CCLXI.

From the same to the same.

Paris, Dec. 30, 1714.

I Would very dearly purchase, Madam, the Pleasure of sending you the News of any Change in the Cardinal *de Noaillés*; but, unhappily, we are not yet arrived at that. Father *Massillon* has

has seen him again, and I have seen Father *Massillon* since. I have delivered to him the Instrument of Acceptation; he approved of it, and promised to present it to M. *de Noailles*: He shewed me another which he had drawn up; but the Bishops of *Meaux* and *Blois* made some Objections to it. I send you Copies of both: You know that they imply such an authentic Act on the Part of his Holiness, as may make the Cardinal *de Noailles* easy in regard to his Fears and Scruples: 'Tis the first Thing that M. *Amelot* is to manage at *Rome*.

LETTER CCLXII.

From the same to the same.

Saturday, 1715.

I Have the Honour to send you, Madam, the Draught of a Declaration that is to precede the calling of a Council of the National Clergy: It was not agreed upon till last Night. The first President of the Parliament, and the Attorney-General are sent for, in order to its being communicated to them. This Step is become absolutely necessary, seeing the Court of *Rome* does not help us out: This is setting in earnest about a Work that grieves me excessively, and may carry us to Extremities, which I cannot think of without great Uneasiness. God send us Help!

LETTER CCLXIII.

From the same to the same.

March 20, 1715.

IT is very true, Madam, that you have often been of Service in discoursing with Men: I experience it in the Correspondence you permit me to hold with you: Your last Letters have given me great Comfort, fresh Vigour, and an Increase of Zeal; at this very Instant I feel more than ever, a Readiness to do any Thing to serve Religion, the King, and the State. As I shall take no Step without acquainting you with it, I send you the Memorial I intend to present to the King.

Memorial for the King.

Though my Confidence in your Majesty's Goodness, equals my Respect for your sacred Person, I feel an extreme Timidity, when I am to ask any Thing for myself. My Attachment to you, Sire, is so perfect, that there is not any thing I would not sacrifice to the Fear of displeasing you; and though my Wants are real, and the Opportunities of gratifying them, solely from the Vacancy of regular Abbeys, I had rather renounce all Hopes, than expose myself by a Petition that might be disagreeable to you. Your Majesty perhaps wonders to hear

me talk of Wants; and yet nothing is more true. I have laid open my Circumſtances to Father *le Tellier*; he knows what thoſe Wants are, and what has been the Cauſe of them: He is able to give your Majeſty an Account of them. When informed of the State of my Affairs, you'll give what Orders you think convenient; and you may be certain of ſuch Submiſſion on my Part, as will never ſuffer me to harbour the leaſt Regret or Wiſh, contrary to your Will and Pleaſure.

LETTER CCLXIV.

From the ſame to the ſame.

March 24, 1715.

THE Biſhop of *Meaux*, by all Appearances, will ſoon be made a Cardinal. May he not receive ſome Marks of the King's Benevolence, which, by enabling him to ſupport his new Dignity, may at the ſame Time keep his Enemies in awe? I ſend you the Memorial which I have delivered to the *Nuntio*: It will ſhew you, Madam, that in preſerving the Reſpect due to the Holy See, and in ſtudying the Good of the Church, I ſtrenuouſly maintain our Liberties; that I ſpeak as boldly in favour of the Cardinal *de Noailles* as he himſelf could do; and that in propoſing to hold a Council, without admitting

to it any Legates from the Pope, we ſtill keep the Door open to thoſe who have departed from us. To this Letter I ſubjoin a Piece containing the Preliminaries, which *M. Thiberge* has propoſed to us, in the Name of the Cardinal *de Noailles*, and our Anſwer thereto. You'll perceive that Reaſon and Juſtice are on our Side, and that the other Party ſtill entertain Diſtruſts and Prejudices that do us much Harm.

LETTER CCLXV.

To the Ducheſs of Vantadour.

June 16, 1715.

ANY one that ſhould ſee your Letter, would rather admire the Receiver than the Giver of the Advice: It is more common to know how to diſcourſe, than to receive with Calmneſs and Humility what is ſaid to us, as you do, who are ſo much, Madam, above me in Rank. But I have one Thing more to tell you: If you follow my Notions, your Method of Education will not be conſpicuous; all the Merit will be for future Times, and nothing of it apparent in the preſent. The late Dauphin, at five or ſix Years old, underſtood a thouſand *Latin* Words, and not one when he became his own Maſter. But enough on this Head. Adieu, my dear Ducheſs; let us think of our Salvation, and be always prepared for our Departure: Death

Death comes at any Age. We have lost twelve little Girls at *St. Cyr*: They die like Angels, and go to form our Community in Heaven: May God lead thither that of *Marli*!

*LETTER CCLXVI.

To Mr. de Torcy, *Ambassador at the* Hague.

SIR,

I Receiv'd yours, and am sensible of the Address and Capacity with which you have hitherto transacted the great Affair under your Management. You will observe, that our Wants here are not to be concealed; and that it is Vanity to use Artifices with the knowing Men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you therefore, in this Representation of our Circumstances, to lay aside Art, which ceases to be such when it is seen, and make use of all your Skill to gain us what Advantages you can from the Enemy's Jealousy of each other's Greatness; which is the Place where only you have room for any Dexterity. If you have any Passion for your unhappy Country, or any Affection for your distressed Master, come home with Peace.

* This Letter, which is not in the *French* Edition, was printed in the *Tatler*, v. 1. The Translator, who did not happen to recollect it till after the first Edition was published, would have thought it a material Omission not to have reprinted it now.

Oh Heaven! Do I live to talk of *Lewis the Great* as the Object of Pity? The King shews a great Uneasiness to be informed of all that passes; but at the same time is fearful of every one who appears in his Presence, lest he should bring an Account of some new Calamity. I know not in what Terms to represent my Thoughts to you, when I speak of the King with relation to his bodily Health. Figure to yourself that immortal Man, who stood in our public Places, represented with Trophies, Armour and Terrors, on his Pedestal: Consider the Invincible, the Great, the Good, the Pious, the Mighty, which were the usual Epithets we gave him, both in our Language and Thoughts. I say, consider him whom you knew the most glorious and greatest of Monarchs; and now think you see the same Man an unhappy *Lazar*, in the lowest Circumstances of Human Nature itself, without regard to the State from whence he is fallen. I write from his Bed side: He is at present in a Slumber. I have many, many Things to add, but my Tears flow too fast, and my Sorrow is too big for utterance.

I am, *&c.*

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LETTER CCLXVII.

To the Marchioneſs * * *.

St. Cyr, Sept. 3, 1715.

WHAT a Loſs have we met with! Nothing now remains but to ſubmit to Providence. The King has died the Death of the Righteous, and, as the wiſe Man ſays, full of Days. I ſhall not long ſurvive him: What Pleaſure can I from henceforth find in this World? and how can I behold the Proſpect of the Calamities that threaten the Kingdom? My Heart longs to meet in Heaven that noble and pure Soul, with which it has been ſo long delighted; for I ſhould look upon it as a Crime to heſitate a Moment whether God has been merciful to him. Let us think of following him: Happy, if we perform that terrible Paſſage with a Part only of his Fortitude. I beg you would get ſeventy three Maſſes ſaid at the Church of the Holy Ghoſt.

LETTER CCLXVIII.

To the ſame.

Sept. 5, 1715.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * On the Evening of our Return from *Marli*, the King was ſo

weak, it was with Difficulty he crept from the Closet to his Praying-Desk. Two Days after he appeared to me so far spent, that I no longer doubted of his Death: I talked to him of God; he readily listened to me, and put me several times upon the same Topic. The 23d, I entertained some Hopes; he eat and slept; and the next Day dispatched some Business with M. *Voisin.* But whether Application had fatigued him, or his Distemper was come to a Crisis, he fainted away. I was greatly alarmed at it, but instantly recollected myself. When recovered from his fainting, I proposed to him to receive the Sacraments; to which he answered, 'Tis rather too soon, I find myself well 'enough.' I replied to him, that at all times it was a wise Precaution; that we could never be too early in beseeching God to pardon our Offences.—Putting him in mind of some of his Actions, which I had been Eye Witness of, he said to me, 'You do me a Piece of Service, 'I thank you for it.'—He confessed himself; and I used my utmost Endeavours to put on that Fortitude I so much admired in him: My chief Care was to refrain from weeping; and as often as I felt the Tears ready to drop, I withdrew for a Moment.—He called for his Casket, I ['t] it to him, and he searched it before me;

me; finding ſome Liſts of the Journeys to *Marli*, 'Theſe, ſaid he, are Papers of very little 'Conſequence, no bad Uſe can be made of 'them;' then taking up another Paper, he added, 'Let us burn this, it might occaſion 'Hatred and Strife between thoſe two Miniſters.' He found a Chaplet, which he gave me, ſaying, 'Carry it about you, not as a Relique, but to 'keep me always in Remembrance.' The Cardinal *de Rohan* gave him the Viaticum; after which, he ſaid, 'I have lived a great many 'Years, but very few of them have been ſpent 'in God's Service.'—He ſent for the Royal Family, and ſaid to them, 'I recommend Peace and Unity to you.' The 25th, though he had no Fever, he was exceſſively thirſty: I gave him Drink three ſeveral times. M. *Fagon* no longer doubted that the Gangrene was got into his Leg; he whiſpered me that it had penetrated to the Bone, and that there were no more Hopes: I paſſed the Night by his Bed-ſide, and talked with him about his ſpiritual Concerns: He told me that he had but three Things to reproach himſelf with, and that God's Mercies were ſtill greater than his Sins. The next Day *Marechal* made two Inciſions with a Lancet; the King felt nothing, but fainted away. The Phyſicians ſeeing him ſo reſolute and unconcerned, conſulted about cutting off his Leg;

M. *Fagon* would not propoſe it to him; I took upon me to do ſo; upon which he ſaid to them, 'Do you think to ſave my Life by it?' *Marechal* anſwered there was but little Probability of it: 'If ſo, ſaid the King, it is needleſs to put me to ſo much Pain.' After this turning to the other Side, where the Marſhal *de Villeroy* ſtood, he reached out his Hand to him, and ſaid, 'Adieu my Friend, we muſt part.'—The Cardinal *de Rohan* and Father *Le Tellier* came in; he had a long Conference with them; I withdrew to give free Vent to my Tears, and I heard only theſe Words upon entering the Room again, 'You'll anſwer for it before God.'—The 27th, he bid the Princes draw near him: He recommended the Dauphin to the Duke of *Orleans*, and ſaid to the Duke *du Maine*, 'Take Care 'of his Education; be as ſtrongly attached to 'him as you have been to me.'—He then deſired the Duke of *Bourbon* and the Prince of *Conti* not to imitate their Fathers. The Dauphin having drawn near, he gave him his Bleſſing, and ſaid to him. 'My * Son, you'll ſoon 'be a great King; be a good Chriſtian;

* *Voltaire* gives this Speech in much the ſame Words; and adds, '*Lewis* XV. has always preſerv'd in Writing, at the Head of his Bed, the remarkable Words this Monarch ſaid to him, holding him between his Arms as he lay in Bed.' Age of *Lewis* XIV. v. 2. p. 91.

'follow not my Example in regard to War; 'but endeavour to live in Peace with your 'Neighbours: Render to God what you owe 'to him; follow always the moſt moderate 'Counſels; endeavour to reduce the Taxes, 'and do what I unhappily have not been able to 'do myſelf.' The Dauphin having withdrawn, he ordered him to be called in again, embraced him with Tears in his Eyes, and added, 'Take 'notice, my Son, of all I have been ſaying to 'you, as my laſt Precepts; and let theſe Coun-'ſels ſink deep into your Mind. Remember 'that Kings die like other Men.'—He bid me adieu three times: The firſt time, he aſſured me, that he regretted nothing but parting from me; but, added he, with a Sigh, we ſhall ſoon meet again: I entreated him to turn his Thoughts towards God only. The ſecond time he aſked my Pardon for not having lived with me ſo well as he ought, and for not having made me happy; but that he had always loved and eſteemed me. He deſired me to take notice if the Attendants did not liſten: 'However', added he, 'nobody 'will ever be ſurprized that I give way to Ten-'derneſs with you.' At the third Adieu, he ſaid to me, 'What will become of you? you 'are left deſtitute.' I exhorted him to mind nothing but God; but reflecting afterwards, that I could not tell how the Princes might



pungent, yet calm; that the King's Death was a Christian Death; that I had never begg'd any Thing of God but his eternal Happiness, and that I was going to shut myself up with my Children. At my Arrival I found the Community assembled to receive me, and at the Sight of the young Ladies I could not refrain from Tears: Behold how many fatherless Children are here, said I to the Archbishop of *Rouen* and the Bishop of *Chartres*, who insisted on waiting upon me to my Chamber! From all that I have been relating to you * * * * * * *
The rest is wanting.

LETTER CCLXIX.

To the same.

St. Cyr, Sept. 7, 1715.

* The * Prince told me, as he entered my Apartment, that he was come to give me Assurances of all the Regard I could desire. I was going to return him Thanks, but he interrupted me, saying, that he did nothing but his Duty, and that I knew what had been prescribed to him. I answered him, that I perceived with extreme Pleasure, by the Visit he made me, the Respect he preserved for the late King. 'That Reason alone,' replied he,

* The Duke of *Orleans*, Regent of the Kingdom,

'woul

'would have obliged me, Madam, to pay you 'a Viſit, without the leaſt Regard to the 'Eſteem I have for you; I have taken Mea-'ſures for ſecuring to you what the King al-'lowed you out of the Coffer.' I anſwer'd, that I did not at all deſire that Sum, and that it was too much, conſidering the Condition the Finances were in. 'It is a Trifle, ſaid he; it 'is true, however, that the Finances are ex-'tremely diſordered.' I told him I would employ that Sum in good Works, and getting Prayers ſaid for him. 'I have great need of 'them, anſwered he, and begin already to feel 'the Burthen that is laid on me.' I aſſured him that he would find it heavier hereafter. 'I have, ſaid he, no other Object in View, 'than to deliver up to the young King his 'Kingdom in a better Condition than I have 'received it, and after ſurrendering him the 'regal Authority, enjoy the Tranquility and 'Honour I may have acquired, I told him that Deſign was much worthier of himſelf than that of reigning, which ſome People charged him with. 'Had I the Misfortune to loſe the young 'King, replied he, could I reign in Peace? '... ot be engaged in a War with ... ſaid I to him, I will never be-... ports that are ſpread to your Pre-... ng Experience has made me ac-quainted

quainted with the Malice of Mankind: I have nothing elſe to do now but confine myſelf within the Obligation of the Benefaction you give me Aſſurances of *(The MS. deficient)* I engage upon Honour, ſays he, to break off all Correſpondence with *Spain.*—I ſhall lay aſide all Thoughts of public Affairs, and content myſelf with praying for the Proſperity of *France.* He again made me Proteſtations of his Kindneſs to me and to *St. Cyr*, and deſired that I would always apply directly to himſelf. He then called for the Ladies of the Community, and thus addreſſed them; 'Ladies, I have ſent for you, to aſſure 'you of the Protection you'll always meet with 'from me: The King recommended you to 'me, and that is ſufficient: I am no Stranger 'to the Merit of a Houſe ſo uſeful to all the No-'bleſſe: You may addreſs yourſelves to me 'whenever you ſee Occaſion: I am come to 'aſſure you of it in Perſon, and to commend 'myſelf to your Prayers, that God may give me 'Strength to bear the heavy Burthen laid on 'me.' *Madame* came alſo to viſit me towards Evening, and gave me Notice of the intended Viſits of the Ducheſs of *Berry*, and the Ducheſs of *Orleans*, for which I ſent them my Thanks, with a Requeſt not to come, that I might indulge my Grief in Solitude.

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LETTER CCLXX.

To the Rector of Maintenon.

Sept. 8, 1715.

NONE but God can comfort us for what he has deprived us of. I am no longer to be depended upon; I can be of no farther Service. I shall no more stir out of *St. Cyr*. Pray to God to bless this Retirement, which shall be my Preparation for Death.

LETTER CCLXXI.

To the Princess des Ursins.

Sept. 11, 1715.

WE must humble ourselves, Madam, under the mighty Hand that has smitten us. I heartily wish that your Situation was as happy as mine. I have seen the King die like a Saint and a Hero; have quitted the World, for which I had no Relish; and am in the most agreeable Retirement. In this and all Places I shall ever remain yours, &c.

LETTER CCLXXII.

To M. Fagon.

Sept. 18, 1715.

I HAVE been told, Sir, that you have retired to the * King's Garden: Nothing is more

* A House and Garden in *Paris*, maintained by Government, where Lectures are made *gratis* in ...ny, Anatomy, &c.

suitable;

ſuitable; I hope you'll find Reſt there. I conjure you to live from henceforth only for yourſelf, and enjoy the Company of one of the moſt honeſt of Men, which you may find in your Son. My Retreat is pleaſant: I ſaw the King die like a Saint; the Thing I ever wiſhed for. I have forſaken the World, which you know I had no great Love for. My Life will be ſhort: I am ſcarcely to be pitied; it is honourable to have a King to mourn for.

LETTER CCLXXIII.

To M. d'Aubigné, *Archbiſhop of* Rouen.

I AM apprehenſive of Pride, my Lord, when I recollect all the Bleſſings God has beſtowed on me; and I dread Ingratitude, in not acknowledging, with thouſands of Thanks, the Hand that ſupports me, and renders me almoſt inſenſible of my Loſs and of my Fall. Don't write to me without dropping in ſome Exhortation: It's your Province, and 'tis my Duty to give you an attentive Hearing.

LETTER CCLXXIV.

To Madame de Caylus.

Sept. 23, 1715.

THERE is always one Advantage in removing: I have amaſſed more Riches, I find, than I thought myſelf Miſtreſs of. You'll receive a black Bag, in which are ſome Things that may be acceptable to your Children: I have added to it two ſmall Trunks which you'll ſet a great Value on. As I always tack a little Avarice to my Liberalities, you ſhall make me a Preſent of a Silver Bell to lie upon my Table. However I may have been accuſtomed to good Attendance, I was never ſo expeditiouſly ſerved as here; yet I foreſee the Bell will be uſeful to me. My Retreat is indeed delightful.

LETTER CCLXXV.

To the ſame.

Octob. 7, 1715.

COME and ſee me, but come without Attendants and without Noiſe. It is very happy for me that I can end my Days in ſo fine a Retreat. I riſe at Six, go to Maſs at Seven, and ſometimes aſſiſt at the Exerciſes and at the Recreations of the Ladies, whom I have deſired to give me Notice when they ſhall perceive me beginning to dote. It muſt be confeſſed, that

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it is very honourable to live long: It is now thought no leſs than an Elogium on me to ſay, *She yet reaſons well*; *ſhe ſtill writes with a ſteady Hand.* This is great Praiſe; enough, indeed, to encourage Self-love!

LETTER CCLXXVI.

To the ſame

Nov. 10, 1715.

I AM very ſorry your Son is not devout; an honeſt Man is at no great Diſtance from God; he need only take him for the Object and the End of all his Actions; it is not at all neceſſary for us to be for ever in a Church. For the reſt, I think you extremely happy in the Company of a Son that loves you tenderly. I have been told you are melancholy: Shake it off, my dear Niece; Sorrow is neither good for this World, nor for the next. I have ſeen the Duke *de Noailles*, and I have deſired him, and very ſincerely too, not to be haſty in paying me another Viſit; for Viſits do me much Harm, in putting me in mind of what I am endeavouring to forget: They bring back to me all the Bitterneſs of the Court. Our Cardinal, who is no longer ours, is no more to be pitied than we. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXVII.

To the same.

Decemb. 5, 1715.

I HAVE seen the Marshal *de Villeroy*: He is more dejected than ever, and really much to be pitied; for he has nothing to afford him Comfort: God will, perhaps, touch his Heart by Crosses and Misfortunes. The Small-pox is rife here; I shall be as solitary as I desire. I sometimes pretend Business, in order to shut myself up; I write, I weep, I make up Paquets, and seek for Employment. I had the Courage some Days ago to look again at the Reliques which the King used to carry about him; your Attachment to his Person and your Piety induce me to believe, that you will not be sorry to have some of them in your Possession.

LETTER CCLXXVIII.

To the same.

Jan. 1, 1716.

A Good Day and a happy new Year to you, my dear Niece: I wish you an Encrease of Piety, of Understanding, and of Health; these I take to be the greatest Blessings. I am in Fear for the Duke *du Maine*; his great Demerit is to have been too much beloved by the King.

King. I can more eaſily bear the Ingratitude of ſome and the Forgetfulneſs of others, than the particular Friendſhip which is ſhewn me; that Prince redoubles his for me; ſo that, by intereſting myſelf in the Concerns of a certain Number of Perſons, I am ever ready to ſhare in their Afflictions without partaking their Pleaſures. The Archbiſhop of *Rouen* has given me an Account of his Troubles: They daily inſult him, by telling him, that we muſt no longer build upon what was done by the King: Yet I defy them all to take wiſer Steps. God be praiſed!

LETTER CCLXXIX.

From Mademoiſelle d'Aumale *to Madame* de Maintenon.

Jan. 14, 1716.

THE Duke *du Maine* is puſhed to Extremities: You know what his Crime is: They counterfeit an Apprehenſion of ſome deſperate Step. M. *d'Argenſon* is recompenſed. I tell you again, it would be right to ſpend your leiſure Hours in writing your Life: It will be read with Pleaſure, and be very edifying: A Conſcience, ſo tender as your's, ought to look upon it as a Duty to prevent the Falſities which Hiſtorians, taking their Information from your Enemies, will throw out concerning you; for the

the pureſt Virtue is no Security againſt Calumny and Credulity. 'Tis the Opinion of the Archbiſhop; 'tis the Opinion of the Marſhal; 'tis mine, and conſequently the Voice of the moſt faithful Attachment.

LETTER CCLXXX.

To Mademoiſelle d'Aumale.

Jan. 18, 1716.

I Would have willingly glorified God, by making known all that he has done for me, but it's now impoſſible: I have burnt all the Materials, and am therefore incapable perhaps happily of proving any thing. My Life abounding with Effects of Providence, would indeed be agreeable to thoſe who love God, but totally inſipid to ſuch as would expect Intrigues and public Events in it, and then find themſelves diſappointed. Such a Life is not made for this Age: Would it be believed, that in the Time of Splendor and Credit I never thought of myſelf, and was in high Favour only for the Good of others? That when I thought myſelf obliged to it, I have given Counſel againſt a Friend, and begg'd a Favour for an Enemy? If the World would but think ſo, what Amuſement could they, that love Books of Entertainment only, find in peruſing ſuch Things? I look upon my Life as a Miracle, when I reflect, that

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I was born impatient, and that the King never perceived it, even when I found myſelf wound up to the higheſt Pitch, and ready to quit all: I was born of an open, ingenuous Diſpoſition, and it has been my Fate for ever to diſſemble. During my firſt Years of Favour, I was exceſſively nettled when the King did not grant me all that I aſked him for my Relations; my Cuſtom was to weep when alone; and as ſoon as the King entered the Chamber to cheer up my Countenance, and ſeem to be well pleaſed. My Deſign, from the Beginning, was to reſcue him out of the Hands of Women, and give him to God. It would have been impoſſible to have ſucceeded in this without extreme Complaiſance. God alone knows all I went through; I was at Court, in order to ſanctify the King, and to ſuffer, when he ran counter to me. Judge then, whether the peruſal of theſe Things would prove an Amuſement: I ſhall not therefore write my Life, ſince I ought not to conceal the Workings of God, and (I repeat it again) am determined not to tell every thing.

LETTER CCLXXXI.

To Madame de Caylus.

Feb. 1, 1716.

WHAT a Misfortune, my dear Niece, is it to be concerned for the public Good! But does

does Retirement make a Change in us? The Marſhal *de Villeroy* has wrote to me in a Stile more tragic than that of *Racine*, nay, more than that of *Longe-Pierre*. I hope my Penſion will be paid; however, be not uneaſy about me: *Maintenon* is ſufficient to keep me from ſtarving. Madame *de Mailly* I find is reduced; God be praiſed! I ſay it cordially, as devout Folks uſually do, but not with that Unconcern. The little Phraſe of *Dangeau* has pleaſed me. My only Pleaſure now is, that of keeping up a Correſpondence with thoſe that loved the King: It coſts me however ſome Tears, but even they are much more pleaſant than hearing of the Ingratitude of Courtiers. Adieu, my dear Niece; live betimes like an old Woman as I have done, and you'll live as long as me.

LETTER CCLXXXII.

To the ſame.

March, 1716.

THE Archbiſhop of *Rouen* is like *Job* afflicted in Body and Mind, on account of the State of Religion; and is inſulted too and reviled by the Party. The Prelates who ſtand up for the good Cauſe, are apprehenſive the Cardinal *de Rohan* will deſert them. I ſhall pity Mademoiſelle *de* * * *, if ſhe loſes her Mother; but I cannot pity thoſe who die. Don't increaſe your Expences;

Expences; 'tis nothing but Vanity that makes us wish for so many Things: A plenty of Necessaries is contained within a narrow Compass. Get me a black Robe; let it be made like a Sack; I can bear neither Plaits nor Girdle, I am so fell away. Within this Fortnight I am grown about fifteen Years older; and yet M. *Dangeau* has wrote me a few Words in a very gallant Strain. It was a long while since I had heard any thing about my fine Eyes. I think myself happy however in their being good enough to write to you so frequently.

LETTER CCLXXXIII.

To the same.

Sept. 1716.

YEsterday was not spent so agreeably between Madame *Dangeau* and I, as the preceding Day: She entered into a long Ecclairciffement about Jansenism; according to her there is no such Thing as Jansenism; 'tis only a Pretext made use of to persecute very honest People, whose Morals are irreproachable: The Contrast between the Cardinals *de Rohan* and *Noailles* was not forgot: All those, whom we call the sound Party, were willing to please the King for their own Interest, and that Point was amply and frankly discussed on both Sides. Don't think this Dispute has occasioned the least Coldness

between us: I anſwered her with great Calmneſs; and ſhe expreſſed ſo much Tenderneſs for me, that it was impoſſible not to be affected with it. I cannot conceive how ſhe ſhould have ſo great an Affection and Friendſhip for a Perſon like me, who can no longer excite any Paſſion, but thoſe of Pity, Diſguſt and Sorrow. You are warmer than I on the Article of Janſeniſm; but I pardon you, for we ought to ſuffer every one to have his own Way of thinking: It is true, Uniformity in Sentiments contributes much to increaſe Friendſhip; but this is entirely out of our Power.

LETTER CCLXXXIV.

To the ſame.

Nov. 4, 1716.

YOU will hardly believe that I am a Sufferer by the Chamber of Juſtice; yet is it true, for I am plagued with a Multitude of Petitioners, begging Recommendations to the Duke *de Noailles*. I am ſo well perſuaded that all my Requeſts would be politely heard, and neglected with Indifference, that I give every body a Denial. The Duke *du Maine* avers, that that * *Engliſhman* has neither Honour, Religion, nor Faith; that his Project was rejected by the Parliament of *Scotland*. That Man and *Dubois*

* Mr. *Laws*. See *Voltaire*.

are going to ruin *France*. Alas! The King was thinking, a Month before he died, of nothing but easing the People, and enriching the State.

LETTER CCLXXXV.

To the same.

Nov. 1716.

THE Bishop of * *Frejus* has paid me a Visit: The Affairs now on the Carpet are of so different a Nature from those of former Times, that I cannot say our Conversation was pleasant; however, it is agreeable to converse with him. The Stories I hear make me so melancholy, that I could even return to *America*, did not my Age forbid it. How many extraordinary Things have I seen! The Duchess of *Burgundy* obtained every thing by her Tears, and by such Ways as would have occasioned the Fall of any other. Madame *de Montespan* had six Mice harnessed to a little Coach of Filligree, and suffered them to bite her fine Hands: She kept Pigs and Goats under painted and gilt Ceilings: And the King would shew her to his Ministers as a Child; yet she knew the Secrets of State, and gave Counsel, sometimes good, sometimes bad, as her Passions guided her. Adieu; you have great Reason to expect an irreconcileable Hatred

* Afterwards Cardinal *de Fleury*.

from the Party: They know what they have loſt in loſing you. I fancy the Papers found upon Father *Queſnel* are in the Hands of the Jeſuits: It was from them that the King received them by a few Sheets at a Time: I ſpent many Evenings in peruſing them.

LETTER CCLXXXVI.

To the ſame.

May 14, 1717.

I SHALL always be chearful; this is what my Heart anſwers you: But Reaſon tells you, that far from multiplying your Viſits, you are to forbear them to one, who ſhould now be forgotten, and made to forget every thing that is not agreeable to me. I have thought more than once of the Removal of your Son the Chevalier. You know it is my Misfortune to be no Stranger to the Senſations of a Mother: You have Mortifications: I am much afraid the Remainder of our Lives will not prove more comfortable. We pay dearly for the Pleaſures and Giddineſs of Youth. I find, in reviewing my Life, that ſince the Age of thirty-two, which was the Beginning of my Fortune, I have not been a Moment without ſome Uneaſineſs, and that my Afflictions have always been upon the Encreaſe. Adieu; I don't regard *Telemachus.*

Next

Next *Wednesday* we'll talk of the Czar, who ſeems to be a great Man, at leaſt ever ſince he enquir'd after my Health.

LETTER CCLXXXVII.

To the Marchioneſs de * * *.

May 12, 1717.

I Plainly diſcern the Marſhal *de Villeroy's* Character, in the Application he has made to the Duke of *Orleans* without letting you know any thing of it: He did the ſame for me at the Death of the Queen Mother: He begg'd of the King a Penſion, though he had ſcarcely ever ſpoke to me. He has juſt wrote to me in a very tragic Stile on the Affairs of the Times. I ſhould be glad to be the third Perſon in Company when you are weeping with Madame *de Chevreuſe*: Her Tears are very ſincere, and ſhe has great Reaſon to mourn. How will M. *de Dangeau*, who finds fault with nothing, get clear of the preſent State of the World? God has highly favour'd you in giving you a Reliſh for Solitude; for you are naturally fit for the World, I mean that World I was formerly acquainted with. 'Tis not the only Bleſſing you have received, I know no one that owes ſo many Acknowledgments. God grant that the Repreſentation of *Athaliah* may produce ſome

Converſions! I think it is the fineſt Piece I ever ſaw. I am ſurprized that the Cardinal *de Noailles* does not oppoſe its being acted by Comedians: You may well ſuppoſe that this is very ill reliſhed at *St. Cyr.*

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

To Madame de Caylus.

June 11, 1717.

I HAVE ſent to inquire about your Health; and this Moment a Meſſenger acquaints me, that the Czar intends to be here in the Afternoon, if I have no Objection to it. I did not dare to anſwer in the Negative; and I will wait for him on my Bed: I know not whether we are to receive him with Ceremony, nor if he is for ſeeing the whole Houſe. * * * * * *
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At ſeven in the Evening he arrived; he ſat down by my Bed's-Side, and aſked me by an Interpreter whether I was ſick? I ſaid that I was; he aſked what my Ailment might be; I anſwered, great Age and a pretty weak Conſtitution. He knew not what to reply, and his Interpreter ſeemed not to underſtand me. His Viſit was very ſhort; he cauſed the Curtain to be open'd at the Bed's-Feet, in order to have a

Peep

Peep at me: And you'll allow that it muſt have given him a mighty Satisfaction.

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

To the ſame.

Nov. 1717.

I Should be very ſorry to be obliged to blot out the Cardinal *de Rohan* from the Liſt of thoſe I eſteem: It is already a very ſhort one. I ſhall be much ſurprized, if the * Cardinal's Acceptance contents the Pope. 'Tis pity we ſhould ſo late improve our Minds! I ſhould have ſpared myſelf great Trouble, had I known every thing that Kings and Popes can do. Methinks it is dangerous to remain where we are; temporizing will not do the Buſineſs: What has been done would redound to the Credit of our Biſhops, if they make an End of the Work; and will be conſtrued as Weakneſs, if they don't. 'Tis my Opinion; perhaps only the Opinion of a Woman.

LETTER CCXC.

To the ſame.

March 10, 1718.

I AM extremely aſhamed that I have not here the Contract of my Grandfather: I muſt

* Cardinal *Noailles*, who for a long Time oppoſed the Conſtitution *Unigenitus*.

needs have left it among the Writings of my Eſtate of *Maintenon.* It is ridiculous enough in me to have always lived in that Careleſſneſs about Things that perſonally concern me. The Superior of Saint *Cyr*, who is warmer than I on this Head, has brought me to the Proofs exhibited for my Brother. They are as reſplendent as the Sun; but I look upon them as a Work of Flattery made for a Perſon in high Favour. I have extracted nothing from it, but the Date of my Grandfather's Contract, which is as follows. ‘ Marriage Contract between ‘ *Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné*, Eſquire, Lord of *Landes*, *Guillemer*, and *Chaillou*, Equerry to the ‘ King of *Navarre*, and Gentlemen in ordinary ‘ of his Bed Chamber, Son of *John d'Aubigné*, ‘ Lord of *Rie*, and of Dame *Catherine de l'Eſtang*, ‘ with Damoiſelle *Suſanna de Lezay*, Daughter ‘ of the Noble and Puiſſant Lord *Ambroſe de* ‘ *Lezay*, and of Damoiſelle *Rinée de Vivonne*. Never have I yet had ſo much Trouble about my Nobleſſe, as in copying all this. This Contract is of the 6th *June* 1583, received by *Vaſſé* Notary, &c.

LET-

LETTER CCXCI.

To the Marchioneſs de * * *.

I Never doubted of the Succeſs of this Affair, though my † Niece is very young. It would have been difficult for M. *d'Armagnac* to have found more Riches and Support. The Survivorſhip, the Brevet of Retainer, the immenſe Dowry, all put together, are rare Things in theſe Days. The Duke of *Orleans* has done more than the King himſelf would have done: At leaſt I durſt not have carried my Hopes ſo high. My Timidity has ſpoiled many Things, and my Diſcretion has often been the Cauſe of my doing Service by Halves. Had I known the full Extent of my Power, I might, perhaps, have made an Abuſe of it; and had the King liſtened to me leſs, I ſhould, perhaps, have been more important. The Biſhop of *Frejus* has wrote me a congratulatory Letter, which does him ſtill more Honour than it gives me Pleaſure. I conceive how joyful the Cardinal muſt be: All this Affair is his Work. The Abbé *de Lorraine* is not the Man he wants. Formerly they thought ſo. In our Days the Houſes of the Grandees

† Mademoiſelle *de Noailles*, Daughter of the Duke *de Noailles*, and of Mademoiſelle *de Aubigné*; married Prince *Charles* of *Lorraine*, Son of M. *de Armagnac*: She was not yet thirteen Years old.

are like thoſe of Sovereign Princes. I have ſeen the Birth of all theſe Contradictions.

LETTER CCXCII.

To the ſame.

SO then, neither Forms of Juſtice nor Ties of Blood are any longer regarded! The late King was miſtaken, in fancying Men were leſs wicked than they are! It was in order to prevent all that they are now doing againſt the Duke *du Maine* and the Count of *Toulouze*, that he matched their Siſters with the * three Branches. He thought by that to ſecure their Rank, and attach them for ever to the Tree of the *Bourbons*. What will the Ducheſs of *Berry* do? There would be no room to heſitate, if ſhe was willing to acquire Glory. To ſay that the Parliament acts in this Caſe only thro' Complaiſance or Fear, is groſly impoſing upon the whole World. The Right of Succeſſion is too diſtant a Right; it was granted only in order the better to ſecure the Right of the legitimate Princes. In ſhort, that Petition is ſcandalous. The Memorial of our Princes is very energic: I don't ſee what Anſwer can be made to it; but ought I not to recollect, that now-a-days nothing is done according to the Rules of Reaſon and Juſtice? Bleſſed be God! His Will be done.

* *Orleans*, *Condé*, and *Conti*.

LET-

LETTER CCXCIII.

To the Marchioneſs de * * *.

1718.

THEY ſtill dwell upon Father *le Tellier*, as if every thing he did was a Crime. You know I never liked him; yet I am really concerned to ſee them lay Things to his Charge in which he never had any hand. The Ill-enclined make uſe of his Name, in order to render the ſound Doctrine odious, and vilify all the Meaſures that have been taken to ſupport it. The Reſolutions of the Aſſembly were very juſt. Every thing that weakens or invalidates them, tends to Schiſm and Rebellion. You know how many Perſons I have in that Party that are dear to me; judge then what a Mortification it would be to protect what I look upon as a great Error.

LETTER CCXCIV.

To the ſame.

WHAT you tell me concerning the Marſhal *d'Uxelles* does not ſurprize me; but the Conduct of the * C. *de N.* gives me a great deal of Uneaſineſs. That fixed Point, which he ſo often promiſed me, does not agree with his irreſolute Temper. But why did he deceive

* The Cardinal *de Noailles* probably, from the Context and from other Letters.

me? After having tried every Expedient, he will perhaps return at laſt of his own accord to the only one that can reſtore Peace to the State and to the Church. We have ſeen one another again with all the Demonſtrations of our former Friendſhip, without ſtifling in our Hearts the Complaints we owed each other for Interruption's Sake. I like M. *de Villars* exceedingly, for not concerning himſelf with theſe Iniquities; I could only wiſh that he did through Piety what he does from Prudence. I never was more ſenſible of the Decay of my Senſes: It gives me no Uneaſineſs: What does it ſignify, whether all Things be in Order or Confuſion, when we have but few Days to live?

LETTER CCXCV.

To the ſame.

I AM very ſorry to have no good News to tell you of Mademoiſelle *de Baſſigny*: She is ſtill in the ſame Condition: I very heartily commiſerate it, and am concerned at all your Troubles. Offer them up to God, my dear Marchioneſs: He alone can make us amends for them, and at our Years it is Time to be ſenſible of the Vanity and Emptineſs of human Things. M. *de Villeroy* would do better to quit a * Country which he is not made for: He is too virtuous

* Meaning the Court.

for it. He is much grieved, but has not Resolution to break loose, and comforts himself in his present Disgrace by the Remembrance of his past Credit. For my Part, I cannot in my whole Life recollect any Scenes of Pleasure so exquisite as my present Afflictions are bitter; and all my Consolation centers in the Expectation of that last Hour, which will soon come and put a Period to all my Joys and all my Sorrows.

LETTER CCXCVI.

To the same.

ALL these Disorders rack me, and if God does not give me more Patience under them, I shall not die of old Age. The Cardinal *de Rohan* has deceived me more than all the rest: I answered for him to the late King, but he has doubtless forgot upon what Conditions. The Duchess *du Maine* writes to me in a Strain that excites Compassion: I receive no Intelligence from the Count of *Toulouze*: However uneasy I may be, I am very glad of that prudent Conduct. M. *de Tessé* has made me a Visit. It is very melancholy to discourse with Men fully sensible of their Misery, and who want Fortitude to extricate themselves! I shall write no more to you, for the Dead write not, and I reckon myself amongst them. The Breath of Life is almost gone. It is high Time to die.

Why

Why ſhould I ſtay any longer in this World? I have nothing to do in it, and 'tis Buſineſs only that makes us fond of ſtaying here.

LETTER CCXCVII.

To the ſame.

THE Duke *du Maine*'s Misfortune more grieves than ſurprizes me. I am ſure he is innocent. God will avenge him. What ſtrange Things was I born to ſee! The late King foreſaw a Part of them, and I made him eaſy about the reſt. He reckoned when he died, that his People would at laſt enjoy the Tranquility which his Labours had procured them.— I am aſhamed of ſending my Receipt to the Treaſury: I could wiſh to be under no Obligation to *C——h——l*. 'Tis nót his Eſteem for me, 'tis my great Age that ſcreens me from his Perſecution and his Attempts. Would he were but ſenſible of all he owes me! I pity the poor Cardinal, and ſtill more in his Triumph than in his Diſgrace. There's no Religion left: How then do you expect any Juſtice? I am gone to Bed, and hope never to riſe out of it. What ſhould I do longer in this World? I have ſeen in it Things horrible enongh: The Meaſure of Iniquity is filled up.

LETTER CCXCVIII.

To the same.

HAD the * Archbiſhop of *Rheims* leſs Zeal and Steadineſs, he would doubtleſs be happier. Let us thank God there are yet Men in his Church, who cannot be brought to bend the Knee to the Grandees of the Earth. This Schiſm cuts me to the Heart. What Pains did not the late King take to make Peace in the Church! All the Meaſures they are now taking will plunge the Kingdom into the greateſt Calamities. They are ruſhing upon Deſtruction; they'll perceive it, and endeavour to retreat, but they will not be able to do it; as they are not terrified on the Edge of the Precipice, it won't be in their Power to get out, when once fallen into it. The violent Conduct of Father *Le Tellier* is no Excuſe for theſe Proceedings: Zeal for the ſound Doctrine ought not to make us

* *Mailly*, Archbiſhop of *Arles*, and afterwards of *Rheims*; a great Stickler for the ſound Doctrine, Brother of the Marqueſs *de Neſle*, and of the Count *de Mailly*, who had married Mademoiſelle *de St. Hermine*, Neice, *a-la-mode de Bretagne*, of Madame *de Maintenon*, who had obtained him the See of *Rheims*. He had ſigned two Pieces, which the Parliament of *Paris* ordered to be burnt by the Hands of the common Hangman. *Mailly* thanked God for it by a ſolemn *Te Deum*. God rewarded him. The Pope made him a Cardinal.——See *Voltaire*'s Age of *Louis* XIV. *Chap*. 33.

resemble the Abettors of Error. I receive Compliment upon Compliment, but nothing assuages my Grief. I am now thoroughly sensible, that we are never more attached to this World, than when we are just ready to leave it. Pray to God to give me that Contempt of it, which so well becomes a Person of my Age.

LETTER CCXCIX.

To Madame de Caylus.

March 17, 1718.

I Greatly disapprove what has been done about the Letter of the Archbishop of *Rheims.* I likewise find great Fault with the Regulation concerning the Troops, and take upon me to draw bad Consequences from it. I never was so much taken up with great Affairs: 'Tis well-timed indeed! Will our Bishops do nothing to revenge the Affront the Episcopal Order has just received? Solitude now appears very melancholy to me. The Remembrance of past Times is Death to me; the present makes my Blood boil, and Futurity stagnates it. I am no longer able to write; I am now capable of nothing but Rest, which is a sad Occupation. The Nun that lies over my Head is dying: They are actually giving her the Extreme Unction. Her Confessor, who is also mine, stept in as he was going up to her Room. He came into my Chamber to reconnoitre his Post.

CHA-

CHARACTERS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I Imagined the Reader would with Pleaſure peruſe the following Characters. They are not all drawn by Madame *de Maintenon*: Thoſe only of *Turenne*, *Condé*, *Colbert*, *Louvois*, Madame *de Longueville*, and the Duke of *Orleans*, belong to her: The reſt are by another Hand. I don't know that they have yet appeared in Print. They are Fragments of Memoirs which Madame *de Maintenon*, and one of her female Friends, had wrote on the Reign of *Louis* XIV. and on ſuch Events at Court as they had been Eye-Witneſſes of. Theſe Memoirs are yet extant; and if a Copy of them can be procured, the Publication of them may be depended on.

The

The Prince of Condé

LIved and died like a Hero. He had the Physiognomy of an Eagle. In his Youth he was a Fop: During the Civil Wars he followed Gallantry only to compass political Ends. He was a weak Friend, but an open Enemy. It is said that he had a languishing Eye in the Field of Battle. He was too fiery to spare the Soldiers; yet humane, and much beloved by the Troops. He protected and debased the Parliament. His Disgraces and Misfortunes always rendered him more haughty; and yet he was insolent in Prosperity. He despised the Coadjutor as sincerely, on account of his Licentiousness, as he hated *Mazarin* for getting him imprisoned. He tenterly loved his Son, and detested his Wife. In his Vengeance there is something that disgusts even those who esteem him. His aiming at the Crown of *Poland* did him Honour in *Paris*, and made him a little ridiculous at Court. The Conquest of *Franche-Comté* reinstated him in the King's Favour, who said in the Presence of *Barbesieux* and *Villeroy* when he heard of his Death, *I have lost the greatest Man in my Kingdom.*

Madame de la Valiere.

THERE is not a more amiable Man than the King, nor did ever Woman love him more tenderly

tenderly than Madame *de la Valiere*. Her Heart was ſimple and pure, incapable of Fraud, Artifice and Meanneſs. I never knew a brighter Soul: She was formed for God. Mild and gentle, of an even Temper, and always in that languiſhing Diſpoſition which charms a Lover; liſtening to nothing but the Dictates of her Heart; too much taken up with the King to mind her own Fortune, or that of her Relations and Friends.

M. de la Rochefoucault

HAD a happy Phyſiognomy, a noble Air, much Wit and Judgment, and little Learning: He was intriguing; flexible; had Fore-knowledge; and as ſome have added, was falſe. He was repreſented by many as having a bad Heart: If this be true, Retirement and Age muſt have mended his Character. I never knew a Friend more firm and open-hearted, nor a better Counſellor in that Quality. He loved to be uppermoſt. Perſonal Courage ſeemed a Folly to him, and he could ſcarcely keep that Opinion to himſelf; nevertheleſs he was brave. He retained to his dying Day his lively and witty Humour, which was always entertaining; tho' he was naturally grave. His Son cauſed the Father's Faults to be forgotten, diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his Talents, gained the

Affection

Affection of many by his Politeneſs, and roſe to a certain Degree of Favour at Court.

Madame de Monteſpan

WAS agreeable and beautiful. If any thing could have impair'd the Splendor of the moſt brilliant Reign, it was the King's Paſſion for this Lady, the only Circumſtance capable of tarniſhing his Glory. Madame *de Monteſpan* had lovely Eyes, childiſh Airs, and the fineſt Complexion in the World, even after having had ſeveral Children: She had Wit, Pride and Haughtineſs. Never did any Miſtreſs reign more; yet was ſhe wholly unfit for ſuch a Station: She loved the King by Fits and Starts, but Money much more. Her Whims daily plunged him into exceſſive and idle Expences. She never loved her Children, and yet ſpoiled them.

The Duke of Vendome

REſembled *Henry* IV. in many reſpects: Like him he was frank, liberal, haſty, without Spleen, Pride or Oſtentation. He was too long left in Indolence and Inaction. The Soldiers called him Father. His Reputation rather than his Abilities beat the *Imperialiſts* in *Spain*. He had a Fund of Sloth and Indolence, a great ſhare of Senſe and ſome Knowledge of

Hiſtory.

History. He would have the Abbé *de Chaulieu* write the History of his Campaigns. Though a bad Orator he spoke with Energy. He loved Pleasure too much, and was too indelicate in the Choice of his Companions: It seemed as if he imagined his Presence was sufficient to endow a whole Assembly with Merit equal to his own.

The Dauphin

HAD an excellent Heart, was a good Father, a dutiful Son, a tender Husband, and a sincere Friend. As a private Gentleman, he had been adored; had he reigned, he would have perceived that all these Qualities were not fit for the Throne. His Manners were gentle; he was quite void of Ambition; and sincerely dreaded to survive the King.

Madame de Longueville

WAS very beautiful, had great Wit, and died like a Saint. Her Youth was spent in the Intrigues of the Civil Wars, in which she behaved with more Art than Wisdom. God touched her Heart, and she unfortunately fell into the Hands of the Jansenists, whom she favoured. She led an austere Life; her Devotion was severe, but not ridiculous; and though naturally of a tender Constitution, would chuse to stand, by way of Mortification. 'Tis said she

ſhe died of a Decay, occaſioned by denying herſelf ſufficient Nouriſhment.

Marſhal Turenne

WAS one of the greateſt Men of the Age. As his Eye-brows met, his Aſpect was bad, and very deceitful, for more Mildneſs, Benignity and Humanity were never found in a Man. Though he was lofty, yet he knew how to be extremely modeſt. He was a Stranger to Self-Intereſt, whether in great or ſmall Matters, and knew not even his own Circumſtances. He committed a Fault in imparting to his Nephew the Cardinal *de Bouillon*, what he ought not to have truſted him with. Another Error may be placed to his Account, and that was, revealing an Affair of great Importance to a young Lady, whom he loved. But why ſhould we ſeek Faults where there are ſo many Virtues to be admired? He was always compared to the Prince of *Condé*. Without deciding in favour of either, the Prince's Valour was more conſpicuous, and that of M. *Turenne* more prudent. He was a Stranger to every Vice. The King uſed all his Endeavours to convert him, but he was convinced long before he abjured: He deferred that Moment, leſt it ſhould be imputed to Complaiſance to the King. He was an Eye-witneſs of the Miracle that happened at the Louvre: A Fire having broke

broke out in the Gallery, and threatening a terrible Conflagration, the Host was brought near, and the Fire went out: Upon which he could not help saying, *I have seen it, and cannot doubt of it.*

Monsieur Colbert

RESTORED the Finances, which the Prodigality of *Fouquet* and the Avarice of *Mazarin* had greatly disordered. He was the Patron of every Man that distinguished himself by any Merit or Talent. He encouraged Commerce. He was hated, on Account of his being harsh and cool. He was modest, and yet weak enough to give himself out for a Gentleman. He was extolled after his Death; but his greatest Elogium is to be found in the Conduct of all his Successors. The Vexations he met with from M. *de Louvois*, who made the King launch out into all Sorts of Expences, shortened his Days. He raised his Family too high; but it is certain that they served the King faithfully.

The Marquiss de Louvois

WAS a Man of great Parts, indefatigable, versed in the lowest Branches of Business, of profound Secrecy, prying into every Thing, and wanting to know even the most common Handicrafts. He was rough and severe, attached to the King and to the State, but so presumptuous

and contradicting, that he thereby became intolerable to his Master. He had a quick Conception of Things, formed his Plan speedily, and executed it as readily. The Military Men were much divided in their Opinions of him: He was almost as much beloved as he was hated. His constant Error was, that he always hindered Marshal *Turenne* from pushing his Conquest. Without Wars he could not have kept his Post, and he was sensible of it: After his Death his Heart was found uncommonly contracted, by which some thought he died of Grief; others said he was poison'd.

The Prince of Conti

HAD great Talents both natural and acquired, a magnanimous Air, an awful Manner of speaking, a noble and easy Carriage. He was versed in the Art of War, and had Courage. Gratitude was none of his Virtues: Had he known how to bend, he had been King of *Poland*. The King was not sorry that he aimed at that Crown, but would have been concerned if he had attained it. He thought with more Wisdom than Ambition: spoke gracefully, and wrote well. He committed a Fault in betraying a Kind of Contempt and Hatred of the Jesuits: He was suspected of adopting the new Opinions, but raised himself

so

ſo far above thoſe Suſpicions, that the King did not eſteem him the leſs; but he could never love him.

Marſhal Luxembourg

WAS brave, and Maſter of his Profeſſion; but he ſo ill improved his Advantages, that one would have been apt to think he conquered rather by Inſpiration than by his Abilities. He had ſomething ſiniſter in his Countenance, but the Prejudice conceived from it wore off after a little Acquaintance with him. He was the perſonal Enemy of *Louvois*, who gave him the utmoſt Provocation: He revenged himſelf on his Enemies at Home only by his Victories. When in Priſon, he vowed their Deſtruction; the Moment he was ſet at Liberty, he ran to embrace them, and forgave them. Such as accuſed him of magic Arts ought themſelves to be accuſed of Credulity; and thoſe who could think him guilty of poiſoning, were at leaſt guilty of Malice. He was pious towards the End of his Life; fond of being compared with *Turenne*; and laughed when he heard *Condé* compared to that great Man.

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Father de la Chaise

HAD good Senſe and an upright Heart. His Morality was pure as his Manners: He was nevertheleſs accuſed, with ſome Foundation, of not having always been ſo ſevere. It was a ſuperficial Knowledge of Medals that made the King take a Liking to him. His Meridian was brilliant, but his Beginning and his End were not anſwerable to it. He was of a pliant Temper, and tho' envied by many, yet had but few Enemies.

Madame de Fontanges

WAS great in every thing; magnificent, prodigal, lofty; a Contraſt to *la Valiere*. The Splendor of Favour affected her more than the Pleaſure attending upon it. There was ſomething majeſtic in her Beauty. Her Imagination carried her to every Thing that was grand and elegant. The King loved her paſſionately, doubtleſs on Account of a Similitude of Character; but his Love laſted not long, becauſe ſhe wanted good Senſe.

The Dauphiness

WAS devout, but Devotion did not cure her of her odd, whimsical Ways: She was haughty and distrustful; and the Ladies that attended her, suffered a great deal in the last Months of her Life. The Dauphin would have loved her, had she been pleased to have permitted it.

M. de Harlai, *Archbishop of* Paris,

WAS never liked by the King: He was very zealous, but his Zeal was ill natured: His Ambition, like his Genius, knew no Bounds. He attacked Heresies rather to obtain Favour at Court, than for the Sake of Truth. Had he been as great a Man as he imagined himself to be, his Passion for Women was sufficient to stain his Glory. This Irregularity was so notorious, that it could not but give the King a Disgust to making any Use of him. Madame *de L* * * * made him commit many Faults, and procured him no Comfort for his Disgraces.

The. Marquis de Seignelai *

CAPABLE of governing the State, was at the ſame time incapable of managing his domeſtic Affairs. Never did any Son leſs reſemble a Father: He had none of his Principles, though he had been long employed under him. He differed from *Louvois* in that his Views reached to the moſt diſtant Objects, whereas *Louvois* was intent only on the neareſt. He aimed at being a Philoſopher, a Miniſter, and a Soldier; and this Whim of excelling in every thing, procured him great Succeſs and a great deal of Ridicule. He was active, vigilant, upright; and loved the State ſtill more than the King. His Debauches ſhortened his Days. He died poor, through his own Fault.

Louis XIV

HAD no other Defects than thoſe of his Education. In Youth he was the moſt amiable Man in his Kingdom; in Age the beſt Chriſtian in it. Adverſity did not ſhake him. He got the better of all his Paſſions, except his Taſte for Magnificence. He loved all thoſe that ſerved him punctually and heartily. He hated Calumniators, Slanderers, and wicked Men: Was very reſerved, yet very ſincere.

* Son of *Colbert.*

Marshal Catinat.

FEW Men knew him, for he was averse to being communicative. At Court he was not relished: His outward Carriage discovered nothing of the great Man in him. He was hardly known in *Paris*: In the Army he was adored. No Man ever had fewer Friends; but those were remarkable for a Zeal and an Admiration to be seldom found in Friendship. When he was out of Employment, it used to be said of him, that he was capable of executing any thing. He raised himself without caballing: He never sounded his own Praise: He scorned to ward off any Blow, which envious Persons, for he had no Enemies, aimed at him. He died calmly, fearing nothing, hoping nothing, perhaps believing nothing. His Merit was natural; it cost him nothing. He was above Honours. Though charged with Irreligion, he was never accused of any Vice.



FINIS.

